

Halifax

THE GIBRALTAR OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA

WRITTEN BY ROLAND BELFORT. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

THIS famous stronghold, the capital of Nova Scotia, and Britain's principal naval station in the Western Hemisphere, occupies a commanding position on the shores of a noble harbour, spacious, completely sheltered, easy of access, summer and winter. Both city and

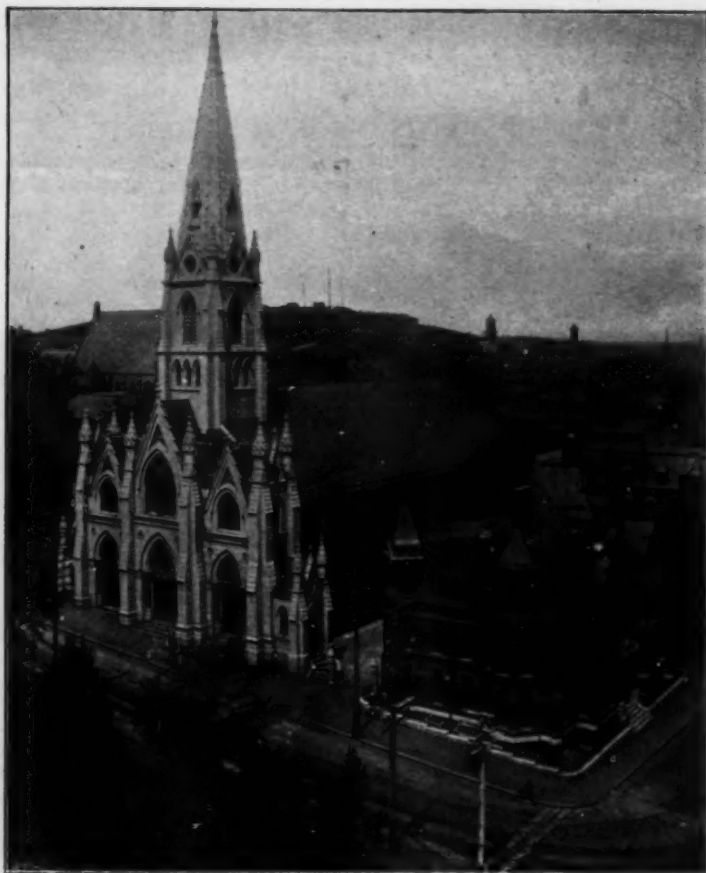
on the right, while in mid-channel are the fortified islands of St. George and Nacnab, provided with powerful armaments and all the latest warlike engines known to science. The British flag proudly floats over the old Citadel which, standing 250 feet above the sea level, crowns the summit of the hill on and around which the city is built.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, HALIFAX

harbour are so well protected by numerous powerful fortresses, established at important strategic points, that experts pronounce Halifax to be practically impregnable from the sea. Passing Devil's Island lighthouse, our transatlantic liner slowly steams up the harbour towards the city. York Redoubt and Fort Clarence

Riding peacefully at anchor are a number of war ships and merchant vessels, while the harbour front is occupied by docks and wharves crowded with ships flying the flags of all nations. A railway bridge spans the harbour at a point called the Narrows. Beyond this bridge the harbour widens, until it develops into Bedford Basin, a picturesque lake,



ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL AND GLEBE HOUSE

surrounded by lofty, pine-clad hills and affording ten square miles of secure anchorage. Directly opposite Halifax is Dartmouth, a small town built at the base of a range of verdant, well-wooded hills. Nestling here and there along the Dartmouth shore are pretty villas belonging to Halifax merchants. A prominent landmark is Mount Hope Asylum, an imposing castellated building which dominates the harbour. The two towns are connected by a steam ferry on the American plan.

Halifax was colonised in 1748 by emigrants from Britain and loyalists exiled from America after the Revolutionary War. Although the population

of these are solid in construction and elegant in design. Among the notable public buildings are Government House, the official residence of the Lieutenant-Governor, who is also Commander of the Forces, St. Mary's Cathedral, and Parliament Building, comprising halls for the House of Assembly and the Legislative Council, and a valuable library. Then there is the handsome Provincial Building, which accommodates the Post Office and the Provincial Museum, in which is exhibited a gilt pyramid representing the amount of gold produced in Nova Scotia between 1862 and 1870—£674,680. Around this building is held the weekly

is under 50,000, the city covers an extensive area. The streets mostly run parallel with the harbour, or at right angles down the slope from the Citadel. The older and more central streets constitute "The City," the South End is the fashionable quarter, the North End is the populous district, the regions lying west of the Citadel being distinctly suburban in their general aspect. Hollis, Water, Barrington, and Granville Streets are the busiest thoroughfares, and contain many handsome hotels, wholesale warehouses, banks, and shops. Most

market, attended by a picturesque crowd of country people, fishermen, and Micmac Indians, for a few of the latter are still found in Nova Scotia. The Halifax Club occupies a massive brown stone building. Other architectural monuments are the City Hall, the Blind Asylum, the City Hospital, and the stately Convent of the Sacred Heart, which overlooks the pretty Public Gardens.

The city, which is extremely healthy, is well governed by a Mayor and Council of Aldermen. It is lighted throughout by electricity, and copiously supplied with pure water from lakes lying so high above Halifax that the water is forced over the loftiest houses by natural pressure. There is an efficient fire-alarm telegraph, a smart, well-equipped volunteer fire brigade, and a good tramway. The city is a centre of religious and social activity, and all denominations are adequately represented. Naturally, officers, soldiers, and sailors are always *en evidence*, making Halifax resemble Portsmouth. An extensive trade is carried on with the Mother Country, the United States, and the West Indies, as well as with Newfound-

land, and every outlying port along the coast.

In and around the Citadel are centred the various military establishments constituting the Halifax garrison. The Citadel works were commenced by the Queen's father, the Duke of Kent, who was then Commander of the Forces. He employed a large number of maroons — prisoners of war. Endless changes and additions have resulted in the present formidable stronghold. The massive walls defy assault, the extensive barracks within are bomb-proof, formidable guns sweep city and harbour. The dockyard, which occupies half-a-mile of the shore of the upper harbour, employs a large staff, and comprises docks, arsenal, hospital, storehouses, and all the adjuncts of a first-class naval establishment. In the vicinity is the Admiral's official residence. Here also stand Wellington Barracks and Halifax Railway Station. During our wars with the French and the Americans Halifax was the base of naval and military operations. Many warlike trophies were formerly exhibited here, the figure-head of the *Chesapeake*, for instance. These invidious emblems



RAILWAY STATION



HALIFAX, LOOKING S.E. FROM CITADEL

of strife were, however, removed some time ago.

Halifax abounds in charming "bits" of scenery. The view from Citadel Hill is really superb. Here one can dominate the entire city, look straight down on the decks of the ships at anchor and embrace the verdant Dartmouth shores, the blue, landlocked bay, the fortified islands and the glistening waters of Bedford Basin. Behind the Citadel stretch extensive green plains, dotted with white cottages and bounded by undulating hills whose contours are clearly defined against a cloudless sky. To the south lies the vast expanse of ocean, its heaving, swelling waters shimmering in the sun.

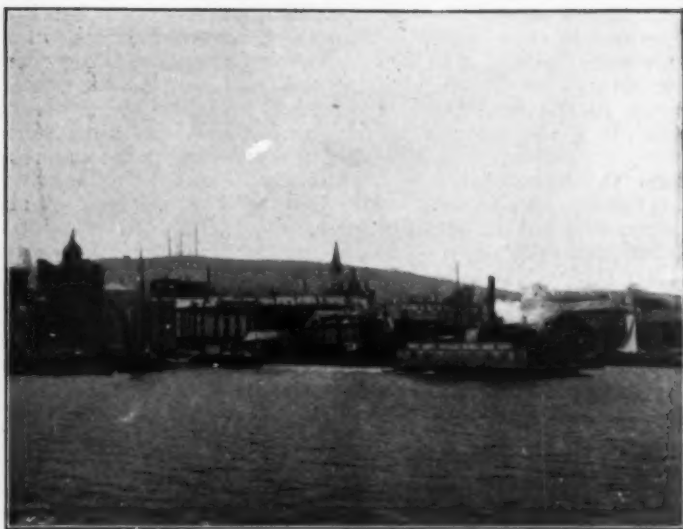
At the mouth of the harbour, and about a mile from the Citadel, stands Point Pleasant Park. Fifteen hundred acres in extent, it possesses a distinct charm resulting from its bold and picturesque site, its shady, flower-decked avenues, and its wealth of pine, evergreen, maple, and other hardy trees. It is studded with invisible, heavily-armed forts, capable of hurling forth death-dealing shot and shell. Caught between a heavy cross-fire from here and from Macnab's Island, no ship could escape destruction. The Park is skirted

by the North-West Arm, a river-like inlet which, flowing from the sea, ascends to within two miles of Bedford Basin. The Arm is a favourite spot for picnics, bathing and boating in summer, and skating in winter. Its banks are studded with charming villas belonging to the more opulent Halifax merchants.

Halifax is rich in historical associations. Here was elaborated that fateful proclamation by which the Acadians were banished from the "Land of Evangeline" immortalised by Longfellow. Along the shores of Bedford Basin were established the mournful camps and hospitals of the French Armada despatched in 1746, "to conquer the North American coast from Newfoundland to Virginia." Alas! this ambitious design was cruelly frustrated. The fleet was dispersed by several terrible storms, only two men-of-war and a few transports reaching Halifax. The Admiral, Duc d'Anville, died of apoplexy, induced by grief at his disastrous failure. His successor, Vice-admiral d'Estournelle, committed suicide shortly afterwards. A thousand French soldiers died from scurvy and other diseases, the barracks were transformed into hospitals and the shores of Bedford Basin into one vast cemetery. Finally, another fleet was mobilised and

order
tack
Roya
terr
cane
Cape
tering
Ma
peris
survi
ted
water
harbo
saile
friga
prou
the
frig
peak
after
twen
stru
whic
lish
by
dog
ever
siste
Will
Ingl
ford

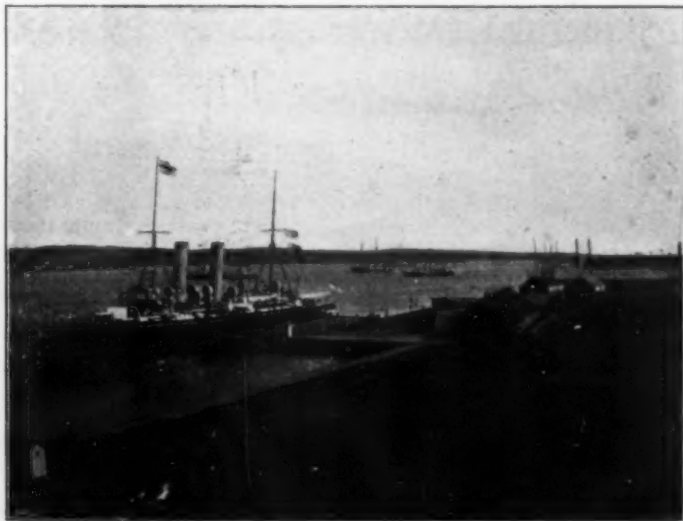
ordered to attack Annapolis Royal. But a terrible hurricane arose near Cape Sable, scattering the fleet. Many ships perished and the survivors quit-
 ted American waters. Up this harbour, in 1813, sailed the British frigate *Shannon*, proudly towing the American frigate *Chesapeake*, captured after a terrible twenty minutes struggle, in which the English conquered, by sheer bulldog pluck, the finest crew the Yankees ever mustered. Sir Provo Wallis, who assisted at this famous victory, Sir Fenwick Williams, the hero of Kars, Sir John Inglis, the defender of Lucknow, Welsford and Parker, whose heroism during



THE HALIFAX-DARTMOUTH FERRY BOAT LEAVING HALIFAX

the Crimean War is commemorated by a fine monument erected opposite St. Mary's Cathedral, Samuel Cunard, founder of the Cunard Steamship Company, and Sir Charles Tupper, are celebrities of whom Nova Scotians are justly proud.

The climate is subject to sudden variations. Fog and rain are not infrequent. From November to April the winter is arctic in its severity. The lakes, rivers and roads are frozen; so, indeed, are many of the inhabitants' ears and noses. Hence the Nova Scotian cognomen, "Blue-nose." For months the country is enveloped in an intermittent snowy mantle,



DOCKYARD WITH WARSHIPS

and ice blizzards are not unknown. Skating in the streets becomes a possibility, while walking without a barbed stick or "creepers"—steel spikes fitted to the boot-heels—is extremely difficult. The summer is not much warmer than our English summer. Perhaps the most enjoyable months are September and October—the Indian summer—when the days are bright and balmy, the evenings cool and fragrant. Then the heights of Dartmouth and Bedford Basin are ablaze with golden foliage, and glorious sunsets illuminate

in American cities is not observable here, where business and pleasure receive due attention. Progressive Haligonians complain that the preponderating influence wielded by the naval and military authorities has hitherto deadened the energies of the citizens, who are, moreover, constitutionally cautious and conservative. The men are sturdy, hard-working, hard-headed fellows, as ardent in sport as they are keen in business. They make the money, and their wives do the rest. The ladies are lively, handsome creatures, who keep in the van of fashion. With



CITY HALL

the surface of the waters and invest the landscape with a ruddier glow.

Halifax has several well-edited daily and weekly journals, one being devoted to "Society." For, as New York boasts its "400," so Halifax rejoices in its "300," select, exclusive, prone to the practice of protective ostracism. But the Haligonians are mainly hearty, good-natured people, with generous ideas about hospitality. In tone, mode of thought, manner and habits, they are distinctly English, even the street names: Buckingham, Grafton, Albemarle, Wellington, Granville, remind one of fashionable London. The feverish activity prevailing

their lithe, robust forms developed by constant outdoor exercise, and their delicious pink and white complexions maintained by the variable climate, they make their pale, nervous American cousins feel quite "mad." They indulge in every form of sport with a cheerful conviction and a tireless energy that captivate the military and naval officers, who regard Halifax as an ideal station. The young matrons are as ardent in the pursuit of pleasure as the sweet girl bachelors, thanks to a social system which enables them to devolute domestic duties to other hands. In the summer they indulge in bicycling,



PARLIAMENT BUILDING, HALIFAX



VIEW OF HALIFAX



HOLLIS STREET, HALIFAX



MARKET DAY IN HALIFAX

yach
fame
tenn
the
ing
thea
tary
of t
who
ishe
plea
mar
find
trea
the
by a
amb
daug
T
prom
beco
litic
The

yachting, regattas—Halifax was always famous for its rowing men—picnics, tennis parties and informal dances. In the winter there are skating and sleighing parties, ice carnivals, masked balls, theatre parties, and concerts. The military and naval balls are the great events of the season. Even Prince George, who spent some time here, was astonished at the Haligonians' capacity for pleasure. Nevertheless, the officer who marries a Nova Scotian maiden usually finds that she develops into a domestic treasure. He appreciates her as he does the goodly Canadian dollars amassed by a prudent papa, and sacrificed by an ambitious mamma, anxious to see her daughter enter a higher social sphere.

The future of Halifax is decidedly promising, and everything points to its becoming of vast commercial and political, as well as naval, importance. The imperial route to the East may now

be considered as definitely established. Halifax thus becomes the Atlantic terminus for fast steamers to connect, by means of trans-continental trains, with those already running across the Pacific. Halifax will shortly be an important telegraphic centre, with lines radiating to Britain, Bermuda, the West Indies, and across Canada, and ultimately across the Pacific to Australia. Finally the magnificent position and extensive area of the city, its noble harbour and splendid water frontage, its proximity to England (2,300 miles), its railway and telegraphic facilities to all parts of the American continent—all these advantages entitle Halifax to take rank as the New York of Canada—the principal eastern port of entry and exit for men and merchandise, besides forming an important intermediate station on the Queen's highway to Australia and the Far East.



POST OFFICE

The Master Criminal

WRITTEN BY FRED. M. WHITE. ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL HARDY

XII.—GENERAL MARCOS

CHAPTER I.



HE Cretan ferment was at its height. Daily did the *Chronicle* fume and fret, and call upon England to do something. And yet business proceeded as usual, for level-headed men refused to "enthuse" over gallant Greece in her attempt to obtain immortality and Crete at one and the same time.

Still, there were not wanting thousands of people ready to find both money and sympathy for the cause of liberty. And when the Athens correspondent of the *Chronicle* announced that General Marcos was on his way to England, a gentle thrill of excitement swayed the pulses of the humanitarians.

Marcos' mission was twofold. In the first place, he desired to make clear the Hellenic side of the question, and collect subscriptions for the good cause at the same time. For, beyond all question, the descendants of those famous warriors were very hard up indeed. And Marcos, who had a fine histrionic talent, and some little knowledge of war, hoped to clear some thousands of pounds by the expedition.

It was rather unfortunate that neither the *Star* nor *Chronicle* could supply their readers with the photograph of the illustrious warrior who had so suddenly

flashed out of nothingness into the concrete form of a celebrity. An urgent wire to Athens was despatched, asking that the void should be filled.

Meanwhile an astute brain was doing its best to supply the deficiency. There was here the material for an adventure, and an opening for ultimate income after Gryde's own heart. He had come along in the hope of something turning up in the near East, and it looked as if he were not to be disappointed.

The newspaper man was up country—at the residence of General Marcos, in fact—when the demand for the photograph came. The American war correspondent, Horace Melville, also formed one of the party. To clear the situation, it would be as well to state that Melville and Gryde were one and the same person. The newspaper man had taken quite a fancy to the jocund American.

"By Jove! I never thought about the photograph," he said. "Marcos is sure to have one. But how to get it to Athens? I can't possibly leave here for a day or two, and then I am going down to the coast when the General's departed."

"I'll go," Melville said promptly. "It's a bit of a risk over those hills alone, but I daresay I shall manage to get through, I've been in Greece so many times."

The disciple of the journalistic-hysterical thanked Melville warmly. Just now his hands were very full indeed, coaching Marcos, whose English was only fair, and further down the coast some English marines had been stealing cockles, or some other blazing atrocity.

"You are very good," he said, "and I accept your offer. Perhaps you wouldn't mind posting a batch of copy

for me as well. I'll put the photo inside."

Gryde promised to do as desired. It would be a week later, he heard, before Marcos passed by the same road that he was taking to the coast. Then the messenger rode off as if all the furies were pressing close behind him. Not that he proceeded straight to Athens with his native servant; he had a little business to do first. He turned out of



"'LULI GAVE YOU MY MESSAGE, OF COURSE,' SAID GRYDE."

the beaten track, and rode far into the hills till night began to fall.

The place where Gryde and his servant Luli pulled rein at length was wild and deserted. High above them towered a range of mountains, fir-covered almost to the summit. There was no sign of life anywhere.

"If this is the spot," said Gryde, "you can give the signal, Luli."

The murderous-looking and none too cleanly Greek placed his fingers to his lips and three times emitted a peculiar whistling scream. Presently there came an answering reply. Two men dropped hand over hand, apparently from the heights, and in a short space of time stood before Gryde and his companion, Nicholi bowed, with the air of one who appreciates his worth. He had the reputation of being the most daring brigand on the peninsula.

"Luli gave you my message, of course," said Gryde. "You know what to do?"

Nicholi nodded, and pulled draughtily at his cigarette.

"Oh, yes," he responded. "I am to make myself master of the General. Also I am to detain him here until I hear from you again; also you are to pay me——"

"Five hundred pounds in good English gold," said Gryde. "Here are the sovereigns. As to the rest, Marcos passes this way on Tuesday. He will have one servant only."

"And my band number seven," Nicholi said, with a smile. "If I remember, your Excellency was to provide me with a pair of American revolvers."

"I have brought them. You fully understand me? The thing is quite simple and easy. As to the rest, Luli will let you hear. I can stay with you no longer; in fact, I must be in Athens by daylight."

When finally Gryde did arrive in Athens, it was alone, for he had rid himself of Luli. And, moreover, he was disguised beyond recognition. He wore the undress uniform of a Greek general, and he looked the character to the life. There was no need to ask any questions, because Gryde knew Athens perfectly well.

Once Gryde had thoroughly rested himself and partaken of food, he proceeded to the modern part of the city, and there entered a photographer's establishment. Needless to say the proprietor was an Englishman, nothing of an up-to-date character like that could have appealed to the Greek native. And there were always plenty of tourists there.

The proprietor received Gryde in person, and asked his requirements.

"Well," Gryde responded, "I want my photograph taken. One good cabinet will be sufficient, and I shall require it to-morrow afternoon, properly mounted. I know I am asking a great deal, but I am prepared to pay for the accommodation."

The photographer demurred a little, and finally agreed, as Gryde knew quite well he would. These were the little things that money always procures. The first attempt proved quite successful, and Gryde left the shop with the assurance that the mounted print would be ready for him on the following afternoon.

He was perfectly satisfied with the same when he got it. So far everything had proceeded with the greatest smoothness. Gryde had embarked in more promising ventures, so far as their pecuniary side were concerned, but he could recall nothing that pleased him better than the present undertaking, there was such an element of adventure about it.

Gryde smiled as he laid the portrait on the table of his sitting-room. Then he produced the bulky envelope he had promised to forward to the *Chronicle* office. A little hot water released the flap, and Gryde proceeded to exchange the two photographs, substituting his own for the original, which he carefully destroyed.

"The thing looks like a success," he muttered, "nobody will know but what Marcos is in England; indeed, will they not see his name in the papers? Who would dream that he was close to his own house all the time? And Nicholi will hold him safe, or forfeit the other half of his money. I've only to wait till Tuesday and then——"

Tuesday came in due course, and towards nightfall Gryde strolled out of the city. At a place where the road was



"BENEATH HE FOUND A PIECE OF DIRTY FOLDED PAPER"

deserted he paused before a flat stone lying in the rank grass and flowers. Gryde raised this.

Beneath he found a piece of dirty folded paper. He opened it, and read the pencilled scrawl with more eagerness than usual.

"We have caught the bird," it ran, "and caged him. Nicholi."

Gryde gave a smile of satisfaction.

"The time has come," he said, "the time to act. Positively my last venture looks like being the most fascinating of the lot."

Twenty-four hours later Gryde was steaming towards England.

CHAPTER II.

THE portrait of General Marcos duly appeared, and for once in a way did not constitute the libel which generally follows on pictorial art in penny daily papers. A glowing biography was attached, the perusal of which caused Gryde to smile, for, sooth to say, his insight into human nature was extensive and peculiar; and, from personal knowledge of Marcos, Gryde would not have written him down either as a hero or philanthropist.

Still, there is always an opening for a lion in London, even though there may be more than a suspicion of clockwork about him, and just for the present the celebrity market was tight. Nansen was elsewhere, and there was nobody to take his place. Moreover, the Greeks had not hitherto forwarded anything like a favourable specimen; and the Cretan question really was occupying a good deal of public attention.

There were some hundreds of thousands of people who were burning with sympathy and full of natural horror of the unspeakable Turk. The morning following "Marcos'" arrival, he held quite a levée in his private room at the Métropole.

Quite a knot of prominent journalists—the kind who write "program"—were there. In their raid they had captured a Duke, a poor thing from a democratic point of view, but quite the most reliable brand in the way of a chairman. The Duke of Clifton, who was young and terribly in earnest, spent most of his

time occupying chairs. For the rest, his flagrant socialism was quite a matter of the cuticle.

"We can promise you a grand reception," said the editor of the *Telephone*; "a strong committee has been formed of which his Grace here is the chairman."

"His Grace is very kind," Gryde said solemnly.

"And we have arranged for a great demonstration in Hyde Park on Sunday!" another journalist put in eagerly. "We estimate that half a million will be present. It is very fortunate, General, that you have such a command of our tongue."

"You expect me to speak?" Gryde asked. He had overlooked this fact, and to boil up the necessary enthusiasm would be a strain.

"It will be absolutely essential," the Duke remarked; "the very thing we require. You will be able to sway your audience at will."

"And touch their pockets also," Gryde said, with a queer smile. "Shall I confess I came here for that purpose. A poor nation like Greece—"

The Duke hastened to give the desired assurances.

"We have not been idle," he said, "mass meetings are already arranged in all the great towns. Thousands will respond cheerfully to the call. On Sunday you will get an idea what England is like when her ire is roused."

For the first time since the commencement of the present adventure, Gryde began to wish that he had turned his genius in some other channel. It looked, as if he was going to be profoundly bored by the whole thing. And if there was one human attribute he disliked more than another it was enthusiasm. Enthusiasm led to all kinds of troubles.

All the same, there could be no drawing back now. The great demonstration duly came off, but the half million of people were conspicuous by their absence. Round the dozen platforms a thin black line gathered, and then finally it came on a pelting storm. Gryde rejoiced from the bottom of his heart.

Nobody appeared to be pleased save the editor of the *Telephone*. He spoke of the enthusiasm and the crowd, though he was not quite certain that the

attendance numbered half a million. He desired to be quite fair, he had no desire to menace the Government unduly as he nobly knocked off an odd fifty thousand.

"All the same," Gryde remarked subsequently, "the thing was an absolute failure. If the North of England only turns out to be the same."

But your real journalist is nothing if not sanguine.

"Wait till you have been to Ironborough," he said.

And after Ironborough, Gryde was fain to confess that things were better than he had anticipated.

The town in question was a great Radical centre; its leading lights were men of wealth, and some six thousand people had gathered for the occasion. At the end of three hours Gryde retired to his hotel the richer by over £4,000.

This collection being so large, it was only natural that Coalville, an adjacent and small city, being a city, should desire to go one better. £6,000 odd were collected, and, in the course of a fortnight, Gryde began to feel that he was not living in vain.

An immense concourse of people were packed into the Maryport Town Hall. The Duke of Clifton occupied the chair, and the platform boasted of many a shining light besides. A month had passed, and this was the final meeting in the North, a special effort to wind up a successful tour.

Gryde sat waiting for his turn to speak. He was fairly satisfied, and utterly tired of the whole business. Nearly a hundred thousand pounds had passed into his hands, and he had quite made up his mind, once London was reached, to conveniently disappear. His thoughts were wandering away in the direction of the Southern seas, visions of rest and peace, and sunshine, floated before his eyes.

Then he aroused himself with an effort. Somebody was tugging at his coat-tails. A verbose local actor had just sat down amidst an audible but not too flattering sigh of relief, and Gryde declared that his time had come to speak.

As he lifted himself to his feet a hurricane of cheers burst forth. All he could

see was a seething sea of faces as his vision cleared and his senses grew alert. For twenty minutes Gryde was followed with rapt attention. The silence was vivid. A disturbance at the door was followed by a long and angry hiss.

Gryde paused. He could hear voices, one of which struck him as familiar. Somebody was trying to come in, and the doorkeeper seemed equally anxious to keep the intruder out. Then the dispute seemed to be ended and two people entered.

Not a muscle of Gryde's face moved, although in that instant he recognised the fact that he stood in the most deadly peril. To a certain extent he was prepared for this emergency—if only he were outside the hall.

But then he was penned in by thousands of people. Instantly Gryde's hand went behind him, and the touch of something hard in his pistol-pocket had a reassuring effect. For in those two men standing there grim and quiet in the door way Gryde recognised two enemies.

They were the Athens correspondent of the *Chronicle* and the real General Marcos!

Gryde had no occasion for any one to tell him what had happened. Either Marcos had escaped or the brigand Nicholi had betrayed him. Then these two had met, they had compared notes over fugitive English papers, and come to the logical conclusion that some one had played a daring and rascally trick upon them.

It mattered little to Gryde whom they suspected. To all practical purposes they had the daring impostor at their mercy. And meanwhile, given a few minutes' start, Gryde could have laughed at his victims. He had all his changes ready to be used the moment they were required. And in moving from town to town he had not neglected this precaution.

He spoke on quietly and steadily. Not for a fraction of a second did his iron nerve desert him. And all the time he was racking his brain for some way out. Then, with a reckless trust in his own good fortune and fertility of resource, he sat down.

By this time the enemy had pushed

their way forward to the edge of the platform. The mine was about to be exploded.

"Excuse my interruption," said the "Special," with slow incisiveness, "but I have a painful task to perform. The man who has just sat down is a swindler and impostor. The gentleman by my side is the real General Marcos."

No uproar followed the statement, it was too stupendous.

"Does anybody know the speaker?" some one asked at length.

"I know him for one," the Chairman replied; "in fact, a good many of us do. This is a serious charge made by a responsible man. What does our friend say?"

The Duke turned interrogatively to Gryde. He smiled calmly.

"Nothing whatever," he responded, "only that this is a dramatic interlude which I did not anticipate. My character is entirely in your hands. If you will permit me to retire——"

A burly figure on the platform barred the way.

"A, no ya don't," came the grim response. "This has to be settled here and now."

Gryde resumed his seat with a polite smile. The audience followed spell-bound.

"Perhaps it would be as well," suggested the Chairman, "if those gentlemen came on the platform and made their charge in a more regular manner."

The thing was done accordingly. The "Special" was first to speak.

"What I am going to say I am in a position to prove," he said. "Who that impostor really is I neither know nor care. For the present I suspect him to be one Melville who imposed upon me under the guise of an American correspondent. The rest emanated from his own busy brain. Knowing the country well, he bribed a noted brigand, Nicholi by name, to kidnap the general. Then he proceeded to Athens with a letter of mine containing a photograph of my companion. This was artfully changed for one of his in the character he now represents. The plot was all the more ingenious because nobody in England knew the real Marcos, and so long as we saw his name in the papers

we should not dream that any evil had overtaken him. Fortunately we are in time to prevent further mischief."

Gryde did not need to look up to see what effect this statement had on the audience. He could feel that they believed every word. An angry murmur swelled to a roar.

"Silence!" the Chairman cried; "we must hear the other side. Now, sir?"

He turned to Gryde, who shrugged his shoulders.

"Have you nothing to say?" asked the Duke.

"Absolutely nothing," Gryde smiled. "Why fight facts?"

"Then you admit you are an impostor. If you would like to do anything——"

Gryde rose to his feet, his hand went behind him. The light of battle was in his eyes. It was one man against thousands. There was a million to one chance.

"I should like," he said, "I should like to do this."

As the last word escaped his lips he jumped from the platform to the floor. Then the gas-lights gleamed upon a revolver barrel.

"Back!" Gryde cried. "The first man who touches me dies."

The terrified crowd huddled on either side like sheep. The glare in Gryde's eyes seemed to freeze them. As one bolder than the rest put out a hand, Gryde fired past his head. Women screamed and fainted. Gryde pushed his way to the door.

His resolute will seemed to carry all before him. He could see the darkness of the street beyond. Once outside and he might yet be free. A resolute dash, and then——

Then a stalwart policeman grappled with him. A second later and others would overpower him. There was a whip-like crack, a dazzling flash, and the officer's right arm hung useless at his side. With a yell of triumph, Gryde dashed into the street.

But all danger was not yet averted. There were men young and strong in the audience who tumbled down the steps of the hall and dashed after the fugitive. Sprinting was not one of Gryde's accomplishments, and he found himself hard pressed.

More than once he doubled and turned. Folks passing stopped and wondered; and there was the chance of being pulled down at any time. Gryde became suddenly conscious that he was passing the door of his own hotel.

Could he dart sideways into this unseen and lie hidden till the foe had passed? There was just a chance that he might do so. A minute later he had flashed into the hall and taken his way up the stairs to his own room. Here he washed his face and cast off his disguise. Then he crept to the head of the stairs and listened.

Silence below, silence for a little time, and then familiar voices. Gryde could hear what they were saying distinctly. Every word he followed intently.

"We must wait till the police come," said one. "No doubt he thinks he has tricked us finely, and for the present he will remain where he is. As the fellow is armed, we shall have to proceed cautiously."

The slow minutes passed. If only Gryde had a disguise here. But that was lying hidden in a spot outside the town. A bell rang close by, a waiter came along carrying something on a tray for a sitting-room on the same landing. Gryde stood hidden in the doorway until the waiter passed again.

Then he stepped out. He had made up his mind what to do.

"You are busy?" he asked.

"No, sir," responded the other, "I am just going off duty. Can I do——"



"I AM GOING NOW, AND I SHALL CLOSE THE DOOR BEHIND YOU"

He said no more. Gryde had him by the throat with a grip like steel. He dragged the frightened man into his room and closed the door. The waiter made no struggle, he was absolutely limp with fear.

With a smile Gryde relaxed the scalding grasp.

"I should advise you not to make a noise," he suggested grimly.

"I've got a wife," the panic-stricken waiter gurgled, "and two kids, and I—"

Gryde froze the man with a look. There was no time to lose.

"Now, look here," he hissed; "if you make the slightest noise, I shall be under the painful necessity of scattering your cerebral tissue all over this very tasteful carpet. I should be sorry to do so for the sake of the landlord—and your own. If you care to listen to reason you will be the richer by £50."

The waiter showed signs of returning sanity.

"Seems to me there's no chance to do nothing else," he muttered.

"Quite so. Without asking any further questions, take off your clothes at once. Now then, see if you can do it quicker than I can."

Gryde commenced to peel off his outer garments. In an incredibly short time he had changed places with the waiter. Then he pounced upon the man and with his braces pinned him skilfully to a chair.

"The money I will put in your boot thus," he said. "I am going now, and I shall close the door behind you. See the clock yonder? When that clock ticks off five minutes you can call for help. All you have to do is to tell truthfully how you have been treated, omitting any reference to the Bank of England paper in your boot. But I don't think that I need have any anxiety on that head. You understand?"

The waiter smiled slightly. He began to see that no harm was likely to come to him from the adventure. And he was about to earn more money than he had ever had in his life before.

"All right, guv'nor," he whispered hoarsely, "I'll do as you say, and I hope you'll get out of your bit of trouble all right."

Gryde smiled as he pointed to the clock.

"Once I am outside I will take care of the rest," he said. "Five minutes, remember. I'm afraid you will have to invest in another dress suit, though."

Standing calmly before the glass, Gryde re-arranged his white tie, and then calmly left the room. Down in the hall an excited group was gathered. There were blue uniforms there amongst the rest.

Gryde skirted by them without undue haste. He noted the landlord's agitated face, and heard his trembling tones.

"For heaven's sake, gentlemen," he said, "let there be no violence. It would ruin me."

"We will be careful," the Duke of Clifton was saying. "A desperate character—"

Gryde waited to hear no more. The conversation was not sufficiently interesting. With a matchless audacity, all his own, he elbowed his way through the very people who were thirsting for his blood, and took his way to the hat-stand. Here he selected an overcoat and hat, and putting the same on, left the hotel.

Hundreds of people had gathered there, for the news had spread like wildfire. Gryde muttered savagely to himself as he found himself shut in. At the end of five minutes he had not progressed beyond the end of the street.

Then suddenly a hoarse roar went up. It spread as if by magic to the edge of the crowd that the impostor had escaped—and how. There is no telegraphy like that which flashes through a huge concourse of people.

Gryde burst through and hailed a passing cab. He plunged in headlong.

"Get me to the top of Craven Road in ten minutes," he shouted, "and I'll give you a sovereign."

The driver whipped up his horse, and was in a deserted side street immediately, neither was he aware of the nature of his fare. In the given time the destination was reached.

Gryde paid his man, and hurried away into the darkness. There was a wild thrill of triumph at his heart, for he was free. He was close to the place where his disguise was hidden, and before midnight the same was assumed,



"THIS IS THE LAST TIME," HE TOLD HIMSELF

and the dress clothes sunk at the bottom of a deep pool. By daybreak a respectable looking mechanic passed out of Nottingham station to the other side of the town.

Later in the afternoon, Gryde, in *propria persona*, travelled up to London in a first-class carriage.

"This is the last time," he told himself. "I have more money than anyone wants, and sooner or later I'm certain to make some mistake. I'll destroy all my wardrobe and settle down as a model country gentleman."

In one of the most perfectly appointed houses in the North lives Felix Gryde, an English-American, who is reputed to have made a fabulous fortune in the States.

Gryde is a popular and respected figure, and his popularity is shared by a wife who is called Cora. Mrs. Gryde takes a prominent place in society, and the younger men find her extremely fascinating. Like most women, she imagines that her husband has no secrets from her, in which she is greatly mistaken—Gryde's adventures will never be told by him.

"If I had my deserts," he frequently tells himself, "I should be a life convict. And after all there are thousands of greater scoundrels ruling the country and helping to make our laws. They have not been found out, neither have I. And assuredly the wicked flourish like a green bay tree. I *ought* to know."

THE END.



WRITTEN BY G. BOOTH. ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES LOREIQ

“**M**AKE your game, gentlemen, make your game.” In these few words you have the whole secret of the attractiveness of Boulogne to English tourists. If it were not for the Casino and the tables, the Picardy watering place could put up its shutters. It has a very fine beach, and the bathing is magnificent; but many other places offer the same inducement; and besides these what has Boulogne to offer in its own defence? Out of season, when, the Casino is closed, and, so to speak, wrapped in brown holland, it is a kind of Continental Erith which so depressed Charles Dickens. What little is to be found in the place of life and movement flows not towards the Plage, but ebbs sadly towards the centre of the town. The port may be busy, if statistics are to be trusted, but it is never attractive, and is only less offensive in its odour than in the summer. The cafés are dismal places when shorn of the tourist element, and with the exception of irregular performances at the municipal theatre, the only

forms of amusement outside the domestic circle are the cafés concerts, and that deepest depth of dullness, the masked ball. The festive Boulonnais must have an awful time during the winter months, and must perforce take his pleasures as sadly as the most typical Englishman.

But when the 15th of May brings the summer season all this is changed. The tide turns and flows from the town to the Casino and the Digue. The port, however important it may be, takes a second place, if indeed it is not only allowed to remain to give a general character to the picture. And the industry of Boulogne is fully occupied in making as much as possible out of the tourists. Play is Boulogne's business during the summer, and just before the August Bank Holiday the high change is reached in this mart of pleasure. The overture is the race meeting, which is held on the hills beyond Winnereux, and which is generally brought to a close on the Sunday before the Bank Holiday. On that day a peculiarly Continental fair begins outside the walls of the old town, a very tolerable circus is

usually opened, and the final arrangements for the annual regatta on the Leane are announced, and for a full fortnight everyone takes life at top speed, pulling up suddenly on the third Sunday in August with a religious fête and procession, which is one of the glories of the town, and as a sight is well worth seeing. After this the season behaves itself decorously until October 15th when it closes with a snap, and Boulogne stagnates for another seven months.

Boulogne seems to have been the

and recalls the days when the English were frequent and unwelcome visitors, endeavouring to pay off old scores in the shape of the first Roman invasion somewhere in the B.C.'s, which was planned at and started from Boulogne, which then disguised itself under an alias with a classic sound about it.

But the ordinary tourist, who goes over to Boulogne to enjoy himself, does not trouble much about the old town. The fascinations of the fair take him as far as he wants to go from the beach and the Casino. The fair, which is held



BATHING AT BOULOGNE

result of second thoughts. It was originally a fortified town, built on the spur of a hill a short distance from the sea-shore, but finding the nucleus of a natural port and an attractive beach along their littoral, the Boulonnais decided that they would slide down the hill, and all their modern efforts have progressed in the direction of the sea-front until they culminated in a series of sea-side hotels and the Casino. The old town, still enclosed within massive ramparts, and including the cathedral, has a somewhat old-world appearance,

under the shadow of the Cathedral just outside the walls, is a curiously continental affair. There are of course bazaars where you can purchase almost everything you want, any number of side-shows and variety of roundabouts, and a positively ingenious number of different ways of gambling on a small scale. Roulette at a penny a time goes nearly all through the fair, and raffles on the wheel of fortune principle abound, and if you are tempted by the touts it is with the greatest possible difficulty that you escape without having to carry a

couple of live fowls, or some such white elephant, down to town with you.

Boulogne does not bathe in a casual way. It does not have a dip before breakfast and then do something. It takes a light French breakfast and religiously devotes the whole morning to bathing. The stretch of yellow sand from the Casino to the end of the Plage is covered every fine morning. All the chairs are occupied by people who have bathed, or are waiting to bathe, or would like to if they dare, and every machine is engaged. It is no easy task to secure a machine, and the process very often results in a liberal education in vituperative French. But all things come to him who waits, and most people succeed in getting a machine at some time or other. It may be admitted that Boulogne is not so fashionable as some other bathing places, but there are usually some charming costumes in the sea, and the mingling of the sexes adds distinctly to the picturesqueness of the scene. But there is an utter disproportion of cry and wool in the French system of bathing, and the man who goes out into the sea with the idea of having a swim does not find much to tempt him. If you attempt to swim out, your ardour is soon damped by a man in a boat, who threatens to save you with a boathook, and you are bound to return to your glorified paddle, for that is really the whole system of bathing at Boulogne. You easily make up a party in the water, and having joined hands in a circle, you wait an incoming wave, and at the psychological moment you give a nervous little jump, and allow the tide to carry you a little

nearer to your machine. This performance is repeated at discretion, and there is not much room for originality of idea, which, indeed, would not be popular if it were introduced. With flirtations in the water and on the beach, the time passes pleasantly enough, but you generally discover at lunch that most of the swimmers have been to the other side of the

harbour to Cape-cure, where you can get a capital dive into deep water, and the excitement of some stubborn but not particularly dangerous currents.

But the bathing is, after all, only a side show. The play's the thing. The Casino is open in the morning, but it is little more than a club, and that little all runs in the direction of the earlier *établissement des bains*. In the afternoon and evening it is another tune. The tables are going, and you can take your choice of baccarat or of the *petits chevaux*. The former game is played in a large hall, the prevailing tints of which are green and gold, and a good suggestion of the everlasting French mirror. Running down the centre of the hall are four large tables marked out for the game. The seats round the tables are filled, a large proportion with ladies, and punters stand round, sometimes two and three deep. The smallest stake is 5 francs, or a white counter representing that amount, and any person may stake up to the amount that is in the bank. A red counter about the size of a double-florin represents a louis, and sometimes a larger pearl counter, representing 5 louis, is seen on the green baize. The Casino accepts no speculative responsibility in this game. The bank is sold to the highest bidder, the amount of the bid representing the amount for which the bidder will open the bank. The Casino deducts 10 per cent. for its share, and takes no risk. It may be, that more money is stated on the two tableaux, than is contained in the bank, and in that case if the bank loses, all do not get paid, but on the other hand, if the banker win, a larger amount than was in the bank is not collected from the punters, commencing with the person who took the cards in each tableau. This is a bit confusing to the uninitiated, but to regular players it presents no difficulties, and causes no heart-burnings. The odds between the



banker
and lu
To er
suppo
man
person
to pro
But
larger
it is i
cheva
takes
mach
kept g
time
of the
nine
runni
mach
mach
any t
fair.
of so
sidera
afford
tance
mach
An
turns
movin
a line
speed
the h
tually
in a
memo
of the
make
stopp
must
tour
that l
neare
he pa
tiny l
as th
odds
partic
gives
one l
for i
mon
as if
win t
The
croup
you i

banker and the punter are fairly equal, and luck alone brings fortune to either. To enter the baccarat room you are supposed to have a club ticket; but many people manage without, and if a person is challenged it is an easy matter to procure one.

But while in the baccarat room the larger amount of money is won and lost, it is in the rooms devoted to the *petits chevaux*, that the more general gambling takes place. Two of these ingenious machines, dominating six tables, are kept going till past midnight, and all the time money is pouring into the coffers of the Casino. On a centre table are nine little horses of different colours, running in grooves, and worked by machinery underneath the table. The machinery is not concealed because of any trick or deception. All is perfectly fair. A bank that has in its favour odds of something like one in eight, or considerably more than 10 per cent., can afford to do without adventitious assistance. This shows the system of the machine and tables.

An attendant at the machine table turns a handle, which sets the horses moving round, presently brings them in a line, and when they are going at a fair speed, the handle is disconnected and the horses decrease in speed and eventually stop. At the start the attendant in a strident voice, which calls up memories of Orator Frank Richmond of the Wild West Show, invites you to make your game when the horses are stopping, declares that no more money must be staked, and at the end of the tour announces the number of the horse that has won—that is, the one that stops nearest in front of the winning post; if he passes it by so much as a shoe on his tiny hoof he is out of the race. Now as there are nine horses, the natural odds would be eight to one against any particular number, but the bank only gives seven, and therefore practically has one horse—no particular one—running for it the whole time. Again, even money only is paid on the bands, whereas if the middle figure—No. 5—should win the bank collects from both bands. The smallest stake is 1 franc, and the croupiers can always give change, and you may go as high as 25 francs on any

number and even higher on the bands. These figures have been exceeded by arrangement with the management, which is always willing to allow people who have been unlucky a chance of getting their money back. With these odds in favour of the bank, it is impossible for the public to win, but every year you find the English tourist setting out for Boulogne with hope taking its eternal spring; he may, under pressure, express sorrow for the bank, but he is going to break it. Systems without end have been tried and failed; the limit upsets them all. If the stake were unlimited you would only have to double till you won. Pluck and capital would break all banks. But the banks do not gamble. They carry on their business





LES PETITS CHEVAUX

on t
 "He
 may
 win,
 Son
 win
 less
 stead
 may
 of ba
 and
 assis

Th
 curio
 syste
 keep
 num
 the
 happ
 othe
 and
 turn
 Very
 will
 the 2
 ing a
 these
 man
 the l
 pers
 these
 be v
 now
 ance
 up o
 crou
 winn
 winn
 and
 and
 row
 alwa
 pers
 unde
 is th

on the sound commercial principle of "Heads I win, tails you lose." But it may be objected that some people must win, or the *petits chevaux* would stop. Some people do win, but they do not win from the bank. They win from the less fortunate players, and the bank plods steadily on with its percentage. There may be times when the bank has a run of bad luck, but the bank plays regularly, and the science of averages comes to its assistance.

The gamblers round the tables are a curious study. Most of them are playing systems of some kind, and not a few are keeping a religious note of the winning numbers as they turn up. These are the sequence players. It usually happens that certain figures follow each other for a time. For instance, 9, 7, and 2 occur in order, and after a few turns they recur in the same order. Very shortly afterwards, the 9, and the 7, will recur, and there is quite a rush on the 2 for the next tour. It is only by keeping a note of the winning numbers that these sequences can be discovered, and many gamblers make quite a business of the book-keeping. Many ladies play as persistently as the men, and some of these are sharks of whom it is well to be wary. They probably stake a franc now and again for the sake of appearances, but their real business is to pick up other people's winnings. When the croupiers throw the money to the winners, they toss the coins on the winning number or the winning band, and these sharks pounce on one of the lots and appropriate it. Sometimes there is a row, sometimes there is not, but it is always difficult to say that a certain person has not put any money on, and, indeed, it is not easy to discover who is the delinquent. The risk is small,

particularly if the thief be a woman, and the profits are undeniable. One of the habitués used to be an unhealthy-looking Hebrew, who always put on his stake at the last possible moment, and from the time that he parted with his coin till the winning number was announced, he assumed an attitude of prayer. Occasionally you see young men hanging eagerly round the tables, but staking no money. As a rule they are city clerks, or something of that kind, who have come over for a fortnight, and instead of breaking the bank as they hoped, have been cleaned out by the bank in a couple of days. Such cases are frequent.

There is no scandal about the place, and Boulogne is proud of its Casino. Some seasons ago an unfortunate man committed suicide on the Digue, a few yards from the Casino. No attempt was made to hush the matter up, and the Casino officials did what was correct and decorous in the matter. But in the town there was noticeable a spirit of elation, which no Boulonnais attempted to hide. Everyone felt that Boulogne had justified itself, and got one step nearer the glories of Monte Carlo. There was no evidence that the man was ever in the Casino, but gossip credited him with having lost an immense fortune at the tables.

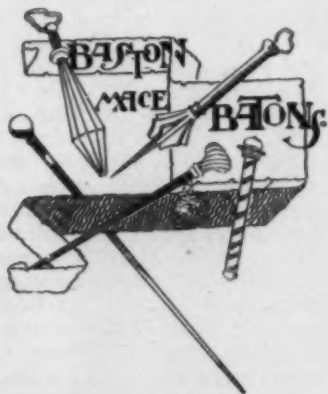
Officially no gambling takes place at Boulogne. The law forbids gambling, and inspectors are sent round to the various casinos to see that none is carried on. The Government official visits Boulogne every year, but his visit is paid in the winter, when there are no visitors and the gaming tables are put away. So the inspector has no difficulty in reporting that he finds no traces of gambling being carried on, and the Casino is whitewashed for another year.



The Evolution of the Stick

WRITTEN BY MRS. HOWARTH

"If you would be adored, be feared. If you would be feared, be a despot. If you would be a despot, be a stick, and strike."—*Turkish Proverb.*



ADAM, so legend has it, inaugurated the stick as a support, a sceptre, and a weapon of defence, with such effect that though the king of beasts rebelled and held out against its potency for some time, even that animal was obliged at last to succumb. Again, the first murder, some authorities surmise and try to prove, was committed with a stick, the bludgeon or club of primitive warriors later, from which the spear, the lance, and even the sword were evolved. Upon this point there is insufficient evidence, and not the convincing *raison d'être* that strengthens Adam's case. But of the marvellous rod of Moses and Aaron, and the wonders it worked, we have the testimony of the Bible.

In effect, these earliest pioneers of the stick contain all the varieties afterwards evolved from it, for they show it to us a support, a weapon, a sceptre and an

instrument of spiritual power, the four great variants the first rude stick pulled from the tree in the Garden of Eden was destined to make.

As a staff, crutch or support, the sign of reverend age, the stick needs no introduction. It is in this form that we recognize it familiarly to-day, just as in ages past the Greeks recognized it, and, too, the Babylonians, among whom it was a sign of differing degrees of dignity and position, without which no man was allowed to go outside his house.

Nor need the cane be formally presented, for it, too, is a familiar friend. But we must not look at this attribute of the well-dressed man's toilette as it is now, if we would see the walking-stick at its zenith, either as an object of beauty or as an elegant social weapon.

Canes were appropriately introduced from America to this country, in the reign of Henry VIII., to partake of the absurd splendour of the dress of the period. We have a description of one, "garnished with golde, havinge a perfume in the toppe, under that a diall, with a pair of twitchers or a pair of compasses of golde, and a foot rule of golde, and a knife and a file, the hafte of golde, with a whetstone tipped with golde," and a second figured with symbols of "astronomie." Before the first comprehensive vade mecum, the modern malacca with its matchbox or dice head pales into insignificance. Even the French sarbacane of the reign of Louis XIII., a pretence weapon-like stick, which the braves of that period sent filled with bon-bons to the ladies whose *beaux yeux* waged war against their susceptibilities, scarcely rivals it. But it is to the picturesque eighteenth century,

with its dainty sartorial extravagances, that we must turn to see the stick at its best. Such sparklings there were from precious stones embroidering in lavish loveliness the ivory, gold or silver of the stick, such flutterings of gay bunched ribands lightly hung round beruffled wrists, so that the dependent cane might not be lost. Chelsea, Battersea, and all the china works de luxe provided heads for canes, jewellers designed exquisitely modelled snuff-boxes; there were silvern framed looking-glasses, grotesque Punchinello heads, rare enamels—a motley crew, but one and all in some way perfect. Then “the nice conduct of the clouded cane” was the gauge of the finished beau. Nor did ladies resist the charms of these effective weapons, but whether in masquerade or in very truth, fair shepherdesses, or *grandes dames*, sported them with that refinement of an air given only to women to display. As for the lengths of those old-world walking sticks, they were as many as Fashion freakishly commanded. The longest, Lafayette stalked behind at the Court of Louis XV. He had brought the notion from America. The shortest, the impudent dandy whose soul was set on notoriety would twirl and twist. It may be true, as a French specialist on the subject maintains, that no man who is not a born cane-carrier will ever learn to carry it gracefully; but in the old days of St. James’s and Bath the cane was not merely carried. It was employed; a veritable instrument that gauged the emotions of the exquisite who handled it to a delicate nicety.

To fly from the more flippant aspect of the stick, to its evolution in a serious direction, is to consider the pilgrim’s staff. This, and also the cross and knapsack which with it were insignia of the holy wayfarer, received the priestly blessing ere the devotee set out on his journey. The bourdon, as it was called, was usually of the crutch order, and had swinging from it a wallet, or calabash, in some cases used for the reception of the good man’s worldly wealth, or what folks would bestow upon him; in others, for the cheap wine he received as a gift from sympathising friends as he plodded along his way. In very old missals we see sometimes em-

blazoned illustrations of the bishop’s pastoral stick, afterwards known as the crosier, and notice that from it depends a curious and apparently unmeaning bit of fabric. This was a piece of cloth, used by the bishop, who went on foot about his diocese in those days, as a wiper for his heated brow. The pastoral stick, or crutch, was then shaped as it is shown in the illustration, in order that the bishop, who was always an old man, might benefit by its strength. It was simply made of wood. The crosier, which became later merely a glorified edition of the whilom stick, as mighty as an emblem of spiritual power as the sceptre was of temporal, was a different affair indeed.

At the outset the uses and meanings of the crosier and the sceptre, also their



appearance, bore a strong family resemblance. Charlemagne, for example, had a sceptre which was so like a bishop’s crook that it was once used in the king’s absence by the bishop at a celebration of mass. A certain bishop of Maintz, one Christian, employed his crosier as a weapon, arguing that though the Scriptures had forbidden the use of the sword, they did not stigmatize that of the stick. He therefore ordered a doughty crook to be prepared for his special service, and with it, so ardent a fighter was he, straightway killed nine men. Our illustrations show this essentially shepherd-like shape of the crosier, which was more or less ornamented according to circumstances. During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries an immensity of rich work was bestowed



upon these signs of ecclesiastical power, wherein we see plainly the splendour of the Church symbolized. The crosier of William of Wykeham, which is preserved, a precious relic, in New College, Oxford, is a fine example of a fourteenth century crosier.

Abbesses, as well as abbots, carried crosiers in the old days of monasteries and nunneries. It used to be their custom to bear them with the crook turned inwards, to signify that they shepherded only their own holy house, in contradistinction to the bishop's method, which was to carry the crook turned outwards, to signify government of a diocese. Before leaving the ecclesiastical stick we should remember the verger's wand. This, in abbeys and cathedrals and in some churches, is carried as a sign of office by the beadles who precede the clergy to the stalls and pulpit. It is a relic of the "make way" days, when order was less prevalent than it is now.

The sceptre is a regal subject in two senses, one to which only scant justice can be done here. Long ago, when symbols were more full of meaning than

they are now, the power of the sovereign's staff was extraordinary. It was believed to possess supernatural potency to heal or bless; kings dealt out clemency by stretching a gracious arm across it, extended it with royal dignity for the kiss of those who, kneeling humbly in the Presence, desired to show submission the profoundest. There is no pattern sceptre; every age, every monarch almost, has had a fresh fancy, and a new length. The fleur-de-lys, the eagle, the cross and the globe were favourite devices. The early kings of France carried, in addition to the sceptre, a small practical stick. Napoleon I. made this pronouncement on the sceptre, "*Le sceptre est un homme, et cet homme c'est moi.*"

The Mace now used in the House of Commons, which is illustrated here, is that ordered and made at the Restoration. It is in length four feet ten and a quarter inches, is of silver gilt, and weighs 257 oz. 2 dwt. 2 gr. The head is adorned with four royal badges and the royal arms of Charles II. This splendid staff is in good company, for the maces of great personages are certainly very imposing and splendid sticks. They are descendants of the old English baston (French *bâton*), or truncheons, formerly carried by leaders in the battle field, once more significant of one of the great original meanings of the stick, a weapon of defence. The small club used in tournaments was called a baston, in contradistinction to the mace, which was the fighting implement of serious contests. A field-marshal's *bâton* is, of course, a lineal descendant of the baston; the proudly-wielded drum-major's bears precisely the same signification. Another leader, that of an orchestra, also commands with the *bâton*. Formerly this was merely a roll of paper or music, shaped to resemble a stick. Lulli was the first leader of opera to use a real stick. Meyerbeer delighted in one of massive gold. Only the other day the Queen gave a beautiful *bâton* to the conductor of one of the bands that she had commanded to play before her.

In its baser uses the stick has not evolved to any very interesting extent. The schoolmaster has assisted it to expand into the birch-rod, and the law into

the cat
rin has
Russia
crew
strip
the law
for an
scourg
among
the wh
huddle
the pa
also, i

The
riage
does,
brideg
it the
a blow
resign
Of co
reply
chasti
disagr
to ass
but th

It
from
varian
is the
strang
alway
short
him i
nor is
stition
held i
it to p
"mes
stick.
edly i
not to
find
sticks
the f

the cat-o'-nine tails, the Chinese mandarin has established the bastinado, and the Russian autocrat the knout. A sorry crew of flagellants with self-inflicted stripes, of wives beaten by husbands with the law's consent, of subjects chastised for any and every offence, of martyrs scourged, with, flitting here and there among them, the whimsical substitute, the whipping boy and bastinado proxy, huddle shrieking through the limbo of the past in crowds, through the present, also, in less numbers but enough.

The Russian ceremony of peasant marriage used to include, and perhaps still does, the presentation of a stick to the bridegroom from the bride's father. With it the father thrice dealt his daughter a blow, observing that from that hour he resigned his authority to her husband. Of course the gallant bridegroom had to reply that his wife would never need chastisement, but the father, with the disagreeable wisdom of age, was wont to assure him that so he too once thought, but that his views were changed.

It naturally follows that the stick, from which so many extraordinary variants have been evolved, has been and is the subject of mysterious reverence and strange uses. General Gordon will always go down to posterity with his short cane beneath his arm, as we see him in his statue in Trafalgar Square; nor is it difficult to understand the superstitious awe with which the Chinese beheld it and the occult power they believed it to possess. Mesmer, the great French "mesmerist," made much play with his stick. The divining rod has been repeatedly in the past and is now used, perhaps not to discover murders, as it was, but to find water. At one time mysterious sticks that talked, and sticks that foretold the future, and sticks that were able

through touch to baffle the devil's power, were the source of huge revenues to the magicians and religious houses fortunate enough to possess them. The stick has taken the part of the pen, as the ratification of a bond when the contracting parties could not write; it has divorced people, for in old days the breaking of a stick sufficed in France to separate a married pair; it has been the bond of good fellowship, a stick broken in two was the *gage d'amitié* between travellers; it has been, in short, ubiquitous.

When Harlequin dominates the stage, his magic wand changes what it will, with wonderful celerity, into what it likes. Just one thing even that rare staff could not accomplish, and that its own obliteration. For the stick supports, fights, awes, punishes, commands through the ages, and will, it may be supposed, until the end of all things.



A Lothian Walk

WRITTEN BY FRANCIS WATT. ILLUSTRATED BY A. HENLEY



SOME five miles south-east of Haddington a curious hill called Trapain Law rises abrupt and solitary from the bank of the river Tyne. Here, among the untrodden ways, our walk begins. And first we make the ascent, not an arduous matter, for it is only some 700 feet. There are no trees on Trapain, but it is covered with an abundant growth of nettles. On the lower slope, in due season, you raise pheasant or partridge. A little higher up flocks of crows are ruminating the results of a recent field foray; these take wing heavily and unwillingly, cawing the while in shrill protest against you as trespasser. Rabbits are, however, the true lords of the soil, and you catch glimpses of them scurrying about in undisguised alarm. They have burrowed until the whole surface is full of holes, and you had better walk warily, else you will find yourself prone among the nettles. They have loosened the surface so that your upward path is attended by a rattle of falling stones, which you dislodge at every step. I must mention the sheep which here and there nibble the scanty grass, and the census of the hill-folk is complete.

The view from the top is said to include thirteen counties; enough that the Lothians are before us; to the north is the Firth of Forth; North Berwick Law, which might seem twin sister to Trapain, and the Bass Rock are

most prominent on the near coast; you trace the river Tyne for a great distance winding through the fields, now hid under clumps of trees, or between high banks, now sparkling in the open. It winds round the hill upon which you stand, and so on to the sands of Bell Haven Bay and the German Ocean. West is the county town, the limit of your walk, and a long way further off a cloud of smoke and the outline of a hill mark where the lion watches over Edinburgh Town. To the south the land swells upwards towards the Lammermoors, whose soft rounded shapes make so fit a border for a cultivated landscape. They suffer the plough far up their sides, the bees pasture on their heather, and the sheep roam near and far without fear of precipice. As for the broad expanse of hill and plain, wood and mansion, and town and village, and farmsteadings, it were vain to attempt minute description. It is superbly cultivated landscape such as Virgil praised in "stollist measure," such as we now think inferior to savage mountain prospects. There are some strange old stones on the top of the hill; two of them are called the Maiden Stones; if a girl can squeeze herself through the narrow space between them she is sure (so the story runs) to be married in the course of the year. It is not difficult to start a legend, and this myth may be of very recent date, but the stones, one fancies, were put there by human hands, and they may have been connected with the rites of that dim pagan time of which it is given to us to know so little. Anyhow, the hill has a legend of quite respectable antiquity. Trapain has an older and finer name—Dunpender to wit, which being interpreted means the "steep hill," the reason being that some of its



TRAPAIN LAW

sides are precipitous ; and thereby hangs this tale. The last of the pagan kings who ruled here was one Leudonus. Great warrior and strong man was he, and after him, even to the present day, is the land called Lothian. He had one daughter, Thaney, who had in secret become a Christian. Ewen, son of Ewengende, also a potent prince, sought her in marriage, but him Thaney refused, professed her faith, and announced her intention of taking the veil ; and, spite the threats and entreaties of her father, she abode steadfast in her determination. At the foot of Duncpendre there lived a swineherd, the man lowest in station of all the kingdom ; he was brought to Court, and there, in the great hall of the palace, Thaney was confronted with him and with Ewen ; if she would not marry the prince, then must she live with the swineherd and share his rough labours. She was no whit moved, so the swineherd took her by the hand and led her to his hut by the waterside under the shadow of the great hill ; but he too was, in secret, of the new faith, and he served her well and loyally, as a princess should be served. Now Ewen's fierce passion caused him to waylay her and do her violence, and when this was told the king, her father, he, jealous of the

honour of his house, ordered the prince to be beheaded and his daughter to be stoned to death, as was indeed the law, but only for them that were guilty. None was found to cast a stone at her, so the king said, " Let her be thrown from the top of Duncpendre " ; but as they hurled her down, she made the sign of the cross, and so was found unhurt by those who came to bury her. Then they brought her again to the king, but still he did not relent, but ordered her to be taken to the seashore and put in a little boat of hides, made after the old Scots' fashion, and committed to the mercy of the waves without oar or rudder, " For," quoth Leudonus, " if she be worthy of life, her God will free her from the peril of death if so He will." All this was done, but the boat went forward of its own accord in a straight line to the opposite coast ; there, on the cold shore, she gave birth to a son. Mother and child were brought to the sainted Servanus, then preaching the gospel to the natives of those parts. A vision had already warned him of the coming of the strangers ; he received them kindly and baptised the child. Such is the legend of the birth of Saint Kentigern.

Another memory of later years has a more human and passionate, if more earthly interest. Looking down from

Trapa in you see by the waterside the ruin of an old castle, built on a piece of land that juts out into the Tyne, whose waters have for centuries washed its sides. It is a mere shell, clean gone to wreck and ruin, trees grow among its crumbling stones, it is all unroofed, and there are great gaps in the walls. In the hall is a huge green mound, in the court-yard by the river you might pitch your tent for a month (one fancies) and never be disturbed, for in truth there is no road that way; you still trace the well whence the vanished dwellers drew their water, and the fruit trees are still thick in the old garden, though it were

year Mary was returning from Stirling, where she was visiting her son; Bothwell met her at Fountainbridge and led her away with scarce the show of resistance. The ultimate destination was Dunbar, but some brief stay was made at Hailes Castle. She must have wandered in that old garden, listened as you listen to-day to the swirl of the stream, and lifted up her eyes to the mass of overhanging hill, and pondered in that moment of quiet on troubles past and still greater troubles to come. Not such a "haunt of ancient peace" this out-of-the-way, crumbling old castle, down in its nook by the river, when you come to



HAILES CASTLE

hard to trace the walks or the original plan. Such to-day is Hailes Castle. In 1557, that fateful year in Queen Mary's life, it was possessed by James Hepburn, afterwards Duke of Orkney and Shetland, better known to history as the Earl of Bothwell; he was of an old Lothian family. Knox, with unwonted tenderness, reminded him that his own forefathers had served the Earls, and the most fascinating woman of all history gave him her love and her crown, and with it all he was a common, coarse ruffian. In April of that fated

think of it! But Dunpender is casting a lengthening shadow over the fields, and we must set off towards the country town. The orthodox road runs along a ridge, but you may make a way for yourself by following the course of the river upwards. The stream winds about—"Tyne tortoise-like that flows," says Drummond of Hawthornden, but you have a succession of charming pictures of tender and *spirituelle* beauty, if the way be a little longer. Ruskin has remarked on the distinct note of Scots rivers, and I am sure I could tell that of

Tyne among a hundred others. The gentle fall to the sea, the pebbles over which it glides, the grassy banks it washes, the rustle of the willow and alder trees that bend into its waters and are moved hither and thither by the current at some little distance—such a soft and tender murmur, with a pathetic, half-human touch about it, in keeping with the peaceful and cultivated scenes that its course discloses. "You hear her streams repine," says Scott, "exactly rendering the chime of the falling water."

Yet it is to the dreamer of dreams that Tyne haughs and reaches bloom most fair. The cultured and ordered beauty of those sweet fields grows greater with each succeeding year. Ever dearer that touch of hill and field, mixed with memories of the great moments of life, for those remain where much hath passed away; "sweet the fields the lost ones ploughed"; sweet to look on the same scenes with opening and dying eyes! Yet *et dulcia loquimur arva* is the record of each generation; each year the folk are less and less; the fruits of the earth are gathered in due course, but the splendour of their bloom is for our finer eyes.

But we come to a mill and a bridge and a small hamlet, and our two roads unite for a little. A fine old bridge that, dating from mediæval times, of beautiful red stone, charming to look on! True, its piers are sunk deep, and a stone is displaced here and there; but they built well in those days, and some centuries will pass ere a new *brig* is called for; and though the way across be narrow, it is broad enough for all that walk thereon. Above the bridge there is a charming stretch of river. Tall Scots firs line one bank; on the other is a green haugh, with some edging of trees, and behind the ground swells up to the Girleton Hills. A cascade bounds this stretch, but the turmoil it makes is soon stilled. A noble park succeeds the firs, and in it a fine red-stone mansion house; to-day it bears the name of Amisfield. The path by the river is not much frequented save by anglers, but 'twere hard to find a pleasanter walk in the early summer or autumn, when the result of the year's

labour is writ large on the fields, and the scented west wind blows in your face, and the magic light of a northern summer's evening is in your eyes.

Quiet and peaceful enough; yet if you care for ancient stories and half-forgotten chronicles, you will soon people it with ghosts of old horrors. The hamlet you have just past is the Abbey; its name preserves the memory of a Cistercian nunnery, whereof not a stone remains. A Scots Parliament met here in 1548, and agreed to that fateful marriage of Queen Mary with the Dauphin of France. There used to be a graveyard, and I think that within the memory of men still living a part of that God's acre was respected by the tillers of the soil; but they make the most of land in East Lothian. There as of old the *colonus* is *avidus* and his *labor improbus*. In the fields the plough goes up to the very root of the hedges; it reaches far up the hillside, and year by year it shore away a strip from this field of the dead which it was no one's interest to defend, and so now, in the corner of some fields, the corn is greener in spring, and rears up a taller head in autumn, and that is all the monument of those dead and gone generations. To-day the Abbey is popularly remembered as the scene of a vulgar murder in the early years of the century, but I leave that to tell the more tragic legend of Amisfield. In the last years of James II. the place then called New Mills was the property of Sir James Stanfield, a Yorkshire gentleman who had established a cloth manufactory there. Early in the morning of the last Sunday in November, in 1687, the body of this Sir James was found floating in the Tyne, a little to the west of Haddington. In the following February his eldest son, Philip, was tried for the murder, in the gloomy old Tolbooth, at Edinburgh. The matter excited great interest, and a very full report of the proceedings has come down to us. A week before his death Sir James met Mr. Roderick McKenzie, advocate, early in the day, in the Parliament Close, Edinburgh, whereupon "the defunct invited him to take his morning draught." Mr. McKenzie was nothing loth, and the two repaired to a tavern hard by, and

there Sir James confided to his friend his terror of his son, whom he described as "the greatest debauch in the earth," and there was evidence also that the son had on several occasions attempted his father's life, and had spoken of him in far from friendly terms. His father "girred upon him," he said, "like a sheep's head in a tongs." On the last Saturday in November, Sir James was in Edinburgh with Mr. John Bell, a minister of the gospel. It may be he had some apprehension of the tragedy of the next few hours, for he earnestly desired Mr. Bell to return to New Mills with him. On their arrival they had supper together, and then Sir James accompanied his guest to his chamber, and after much rational and sensible discourse, left him about ten o'clock at night. Mr. Bell retired to rest, but was quickly startled out of his sleep by a cry; he listened, heard people moving about, "a great din and confused noise of several voices." Honest Mr. Bell was driven near distraught with fright. He put down the commotion to evil, wicked spirits, so bolted and secured the chamber door, and gat him to bed and his prayers with great fervour. Again he heard the voices, but

lower, outside his window, and dying away in the direction of the river. He plucked up courage to go to the window and look out, but saw nothing, only towards the morning there was a sound of walking on the stairs. A little after daylight Philip came to his chamber and told him that he had been seeking his father upon the water. Mr. Bell thought this a strange remark, and went outside, when a man came running up and said that Sir James had been found lying in the water, whereat good Mr. Bell was stricken with "such astonishment, fear, and trembling," that his subsequent remarks are quite without value, and the story is best continued by Umphrey Spurway, an Englishman engaged in the cloth business at New Mills. He was informed on the Sunday morning that Sir James had been found in the river. He went to the spot and saw the body about eight feet from the brink, floating in the water. Though a hard frosty morning, the ground at the water's edge was "beaten to mash," as if several people had been treading there. That Sunday Umphrey sent the news to Edinburgh. On Monday he came out of his house about four in the morning; he noted men with lights,



LAMMERMUIR HILLS

moving up and down before Sir James's gate, and saw that several horses were drawn up there. He asked what was the matter, and was told that the body was to be forthwith taken to Morham for burial. Morham, I must explain, is a parish south of Haddington, towards the Lammermoors. The church is not so near as Haddington, though it may have been the Stanfield burying-ground. Honest Umphrey thought of coroners' inquests in England, and was much scandalized. On the Tuesday night, however, he was summoned from bed by a party of surgeons and officials

the body on his hands and clothes. Philip loosened his hold, fell half-fainting on a seat in the church, crying out piteously, "Lord, have mercy upon me."

The horror-stricken spectators called for strong waters for him, for he seemed like to faint away. At this point in the trial the Crown proposed to call as witness James Thomson, a boy of thirteen. Counsel for the prisoner objected, but the jury insisted on hearing the child. On the fateful Saturday night Philip Stanfield came to James' father's house. The boy was ordered off to bed, and beaten because he did



ABREY BRIDGE

from Edinburgh, who showed him an order from the Lord Advocate for the disinterring of the body. The party set off to Morham through the night. The grave was opened and the coffin taken out and carried into the church, and there the surgeons proceeded with their ghastly examination. When they were finished the grave clothes were again wrapped about the poor corpse; the nearest relatives of the deceased were told to place him in the coffin, and then a terrible thing happened. When Philip touched the right side of his father's head and shoulder, blood gushed forth from

not obey. He pretended to go to sleep, but listened to everything that went on. Stanfield and a woman called Janie Johnstoun left the house about eleven; his father and mother followed them. In the midst of the night his parents crept softly in again. They called out to the boy; he kept silent, that they might think he was sleeping. He heard his father say that the deed was done, that he never thought a man would have died so soon, and tell how after Sir James was strangled his body was carried down and thrown into the water that it might be thought he had killed himself.

Other strange and terrible details followed. Sir George McKenzie (the "bluidy Mackenzie" of covenanting story and tradition) summed up for the Crown this strange mass of evidence in a powerful and eloquent speech, wherein due place was given to the gruesome scene in Morham kirk. The prisoner was forthwith found guilty, and then John Leslie, dempster (or executioner), "pronounced for doom" (as the custom was) the capital sentence against him, which was duly executed on the 15th of February at the Marcet Cross of Edinburgh, with every circumstance of ignominy.

In after years New Mills came into the possession of the notorious Colonel Charteris, whose memory Arbuthnot's epitaph, and still more Pope's bitter lines, will keep for ever infamous in the minds of men—so terrible a thing it was to incur the enmity of that misshapen little Alexander: Charteris gave the

place its present name from the home of his family in Nithsdale, and from him it descended to the house of Wemyss, its present possessors.

To the south Amisfield is bounded by a high wall, behind which there is a belt of trees. They call the wall and the road by it Charteris Dykes; you may reach the town from the Abbey that way, but it is rather a gloomy walk, for there is the wall on the one hand, and a rise in the ground shuts off the view on the other. If you turn round you note that Traprain Law, wherefrom you started, seems to have followed you so as to block the east end of the road, and before you is the great square tower of the fine old church at Haddington. Decidedly an eerie walk this, "'twixt the gloaming and the mirk," especially if your head be full of some of those mournful old memories; but you press on, and are soon amidst the lights of Haddington.



The Red Rosary

WRITTEN BY K. L. MONTGOMERY. ILLUSTRATED BY ENOCH WARD



HE crucifix on the carved penthouse of La Voisin's lodging creaked dismally, wind-swung.

La Voisin, within, disposing *flacons of bouquet du roi* about the shop, shivered at the sound, unpleasantly recalling the gallows swinging on the Place de Grève. The fortune-teller manipulated a card-pack, glancing incessantly at the doorway.

"Two blondes!" she muttered, "crossing each other's lines! They meet under Death's shadow, he keeps pace, severs them! Hé, the *monsieur*! Death joins him with one also,—which?" The cards flew like hailstones. "Dear Devil!" she whispered, "nothing but Death, Death, Death!"

"The common fate," said a quiet voice. La Voisin started, eyeing disparagingly the customer with such trick of noiseless entrance. A slight woman was there, her narrow face paler for the almost conventual black robes, but two lackeys without indicated her respectability.

"Madame says truly," La Voisin assented. "*Enfin*, life comes first, more precious for its fleetness. Will Madame — essences, philtres? To conquer a gallant is, for La Voisin, as easy as the scenting a kerchief."

"I come not here to talk of *life*," was the answer, accentuated by the customer's pale blue eyes, where opal fire-sparks seemed to glow. "Show me your wares."

Momentarily the fortune-teller scanned her, then turned. On

touching a spring, the shelves of the wall behind slid sideways, revealing a glass-fronted cabinet.

"Does Madame fancy a missal?" La Voisin asked, "the initials sewn with gold, and the *Litany for the Sick* pricked out with red?"

A flash quivered under the purchaser's eyelids.

"The device lacks subtlety," she objected. "A Book of Hours, rendering further devotions superfluous, is ingenious, but betrays itself with, at least, the second worshipper. La Voisin, doubtless, has further to display?"

Silently La Voisin detached a rosary, hanging against the crimson arras. The dark-red beads, carved into tiny skulls, showed like blood-drops against the brown hand.

"Bah!" exclaimed the lady. "Such a chaplet, *ma bonne*, could scarce escape notice in a *Te Deum* at Notre Dame!"

"Precisely. All the world would notice Madame's rosary, should she carry it."

"I? St. Geneviève forefend!"

"Madame is over-cautious. Behold!"

She twisted a bead adroitly in her fingers. The little death-mask divided, shelling husk-like from a similar skull underneath.

"Some day Madame's rosary will be a souvenir for some-one, in Madam's thoughts. *But the seeds of death will be ripe for husking.*"

Silently the women confronted each other, a fencer's intentness wiping expression from their faces.

"What price?" asked the lady suddenly. "Eighty pistoles! 'Tis the price of a pilgrimage!"

"Aye, to the land of death," returned La Voisin.

A retort froze on the lady's tongue, as her glance strayed over a suit of cinque-cento armour, against the wall. From the partially closed visor an unmistakable breath misted. Madame stood tense, instinctively divining an unseen gaze. With cat-like alertness

pallor, he laughed, executing as elaborate a bow as the cuirass permitted.

"Mars trespasses on the mysteries of Venus!" he cried. "Ah, the secret of Madame's beauty lies in disdain of the toilette's secrets!"



"THEY MEET UNDER DEATH'S SHADOW"

she sprang forward, unclasping the headpiece with steady hand.

"Monsieur has narrow lodgings!" she observed.

A handsome man stood revealed, the gold-chased mail suiting well his brown aquiline features. Glimpsing the lady's

"Favour me by removing these trappings, Monsieur," replied the lady composedly, a rapier-like gleam in the pale eyes.

The man complied, smiling mischievously as he displayed a tall figure clad in scarlet and white.

"Madame permits—that I introduce Godin de St. Croix, seigneur—of his tumbledown fortunes, alas!"

"Monsieur is doubtless not related to that St. Croix lately released from the Bastille?"

"Madame's judgment is less penetrating than her eyes. St. Croix has, indeed, been freed, only to fall into another captivity, harder because more hopeless."

The privet whiteness of Madame's skin tinged under his bold eyes.

"Monsieur is of the Court?"

"That felicity is mine."

"I have a fancy to know what his Sacred Majesty would say to one of his officers frequenting a — *fortune-teller's* lodging!"

"Ah, Madame, Venus and Cupid are kin! Can Mars withstand a double attack? A sight of the—Marquise de Brinvilliers—is worth a most abominable cramp."

The name was spoken with the confidence with which a basset-player might flick down a winning card. Madame, grasping the situation, knew by the immobility of the brown-skinned woman in the background, by the man's careless smile, the proclaimed identity had forced her hand.

"The Marquise de Brinvilliers is obliged, Monsieur. Will M. de St. Croix escort me to my hotel, and afford M. le Marquis his acquaintance?"

La Voisin, normally observant, as perfectly comprehended the scrutiny with which the man mastered his would-be hostess, as she appreciated the motive of watchfulness prompting the invitation, but the faint glow on Madame's paleness baffled her. St. Croix, offering the Marquise his hand, declared his readiness to follow eternally.

"I have no chair," observed the lady, stepping along the ill-paved street. "Observation is best avoided by the woman purchasing cosmetics."

"*Halle-la*, Madame!" St. Croix said coolly. "We can afford frankness. Madame la Marquise has all to lose, I all to gain—gold, friends, the prestige of connection with your house; and Madame—may find me useful."

The two were skirting the Place de Grève before Madame spoke.

"Is it true that in the Bastille you shared the Italian Exili's cell?"

"Perfectly, Madame."

"He instructed you?"

"As a priest an acolyte."

Madame's next words were very low.

"Men say he had a secret—the *succession powder*."

"It is mine."

Madame halted, stepping on the long shadow of the gibbet, rearing stark outlines above the place.

"Then, M. de St. Croix, I accept the alliance."

The remaining distance to the Hôtel de Brinvilliers was traversed silently. Madame led the way into a chamber, bare as a Carmelite's cell, but for a luxurious divan, and a negro, holding a gold repoussé salver laden with sweetmeats and wines.

St. Croix, sprinkling his finger-ring with Burgundy from a Venetian glass, smiled.

"The opal's verdict on Madame's hospitality is doubtless desirable at times," he remarked.

"Ah, you misjudge!" murmured the woman. "Naturally an inconvenient person may chance to receive his—billet in a *bouillon*, but one chooses not the road when necessity drives. I am but a woman!"

The entrance of a gentleman, resplendent in white and silver, interrupted her.

"Permit that I present the Seigneur de St. Croix to the Marquis de Brinvilliers," said Madame frankly. "My friend M. de St. Croix comes on a secret matter, retirement suits him. Can we persuade him to be our guest?"

"We shall be your debtors, Monsieur," bowed the Marquis. "The Marquise cares little for gaiety, perhaps you may persuade her not to immolate herself to good works."

"Ah, we shall divert ourselves," remarked Madame demurely. "I find Monsieur shares my *penchant* for alchemy. Come, Monsieur," as her husband lounged away, "for once I am major-domo."

"Under her hand, a wall-panel slipped back, a dark passage appearing. Groping along the masonry, the Marquise, rolling back another panel, allowed a

whiff of acrid incense to steal into the corridor, out of which they emerged into a small chapel. A balcony afforded egress to a courtyard where a Judas tree swayed over a well, and a wall screened the street without.

"Does Monsieur wonder at my choice of a laboratory?" Madame de Brinvilliers asked.

"Madame poses as *dévôt*," her companion retorted.

The earthy sweetness of jonquils in the altar vases smote the senses, as Madame pressed the nail in the right palm of the Christ above, causing the entire altar to revolve noiselessly, giving entrance to a chamber beyond.

The Marquise sprang towards a brazier, the red glow of which under the bellows flickered on the black figure, the crimson rosary swinging with her haste.

"Quick, Monsieur!" she exclaimed; "to work! My servants respect my devotions; we shall be undisturbed. Haste! I thirst to drain Exili's wisdom!"

During days to come his fellow-worker's personality impressed St. Croix strangely. Cool, daring, resolute, a dreadful eagerness possessed her, very sleuth-hound on the death-trail. Yet the glittering eyes and steady hands of the poisoner at the crucible thrilled him less than to see colour rising at his voice, the sense of the passion with which he had inspired the Brinvilliers imposed

a chill fascination on him. On the afternoon, completing the experiments wherein the disciple had outstripped the master, the latter felt lightened of a stifling fear.

"Madame is apt," he said half-mockingly. "I play instructor no longer."

Madame, contemplating a phial, the contents clear as spring-water, representing thirteen days of toil, raised her eyes.

"You would leave me, Godin!"

"Ah, Marquise, if Adam had fled from the tempting fruit, Eden would still exist."



"MADAME CONTEMPLATING A PHIAL"

"It exists still!" she murmured. Lithely she wreathed her arms about his neck. "Beloved, canst not find a key to it?"

Dominated by her will, the man clasped her. She drew him towards the chapel, with decision.

"Swear to love me for ever," she cajoled.

"I swear," St. Croix responded helplessly. Her arms tightened about him.

"My heart, love breeds suspicion. Swear on the Christ to espouse me when the Marquis—removes himself."

"I swear to wed thee, widow!"

"Tis well," cried the Marquise gaily; "now to work."

"Whither away?"

"Tis my day for the Hôtel Dieu. Perhaps my visit may alleviate some poor soul's suffering."

Smiling significantly, she descended the outer stair. The smile lingered as she entered the hospital, her glance turning from bed to bed.

"What cheer to-day, Martin?" she enquired.

"Bad, Madame!" gasped the sufferer.

"Yet, since Madame comes, it is a white day."

"Poor friend, the pain is cruel. See, a prayer on these beads, blest by our Holy Father, must avail."

Her gloved fingers drew forward the scarlet rosary.

"If Madame would permit," pleaded the man, extending a wasted hand.

"What His Holiness has touched, must heal."

Watchfully Madame knelt by him. But few beads had been fingered, before a bluish pallor overspread the patient's face, the sunken eyes filmed slightly.

"Help, for the love of God!" exclaimed Madame de Brinvilliers, dropping the chaplet into her pocket.

A lady next responded to the call, wiping the death-damp from the man's brows. Madame knelt as though paralysed, her eyes devouring the death-struggle.

"Let Madame compose herself; he hardly suffered," urged the stranger.

"How peaceful he looks; perchance he is happier than we," she finished, tears misting her sapphire eyes.

Madame de Brinvilliers' hunger of

gaze changed into observation. The dark uniform affected by voluntary nurses of the hospital moulded itself to the perfect figure beside her, the white cap crowned maize-coloured hair aureoling an oval face, its carnation tints paled with weeping. Genuine sympathy dawned in the Marquise's face.

"Mademoiselle is young, youth deserves happiness," she observed.

"Ah," sighed the girl, "happiness is brief, and life is long."

"Long enough to wait patiently the turn of Fortune's wheel. If Mademoiselle permits, an older woman's counsel is at her service."

"Ah, to hear a kind voice! For that I incommode Madame with my grief. Father, brothers, even sister, chide from matins to vespers; here alone, I remain undisturbed."

"While the *cause* swaggers abroad in a *just au corps*?" Madame suggested archly.

"Ah, he was thrown into the Bastille. Since his release, my woman arranged a meeting at La Voisin's, near the Rue de l'Arbre sec, but they locked me within my chamber. Not a syllable can I hear of him."

The muscle serving for Madame de Brinvilliers' heart, triumphant in the personal happiness achieved that day, sympathised with the young beauty.

"Weep not my child. Tell me your parents' name, perhaps persuasion might avail."

"I am Diane de Verneuil," said the girl. "My father is Comte de Bernay, we lodge in the Hôtel Verneuil."

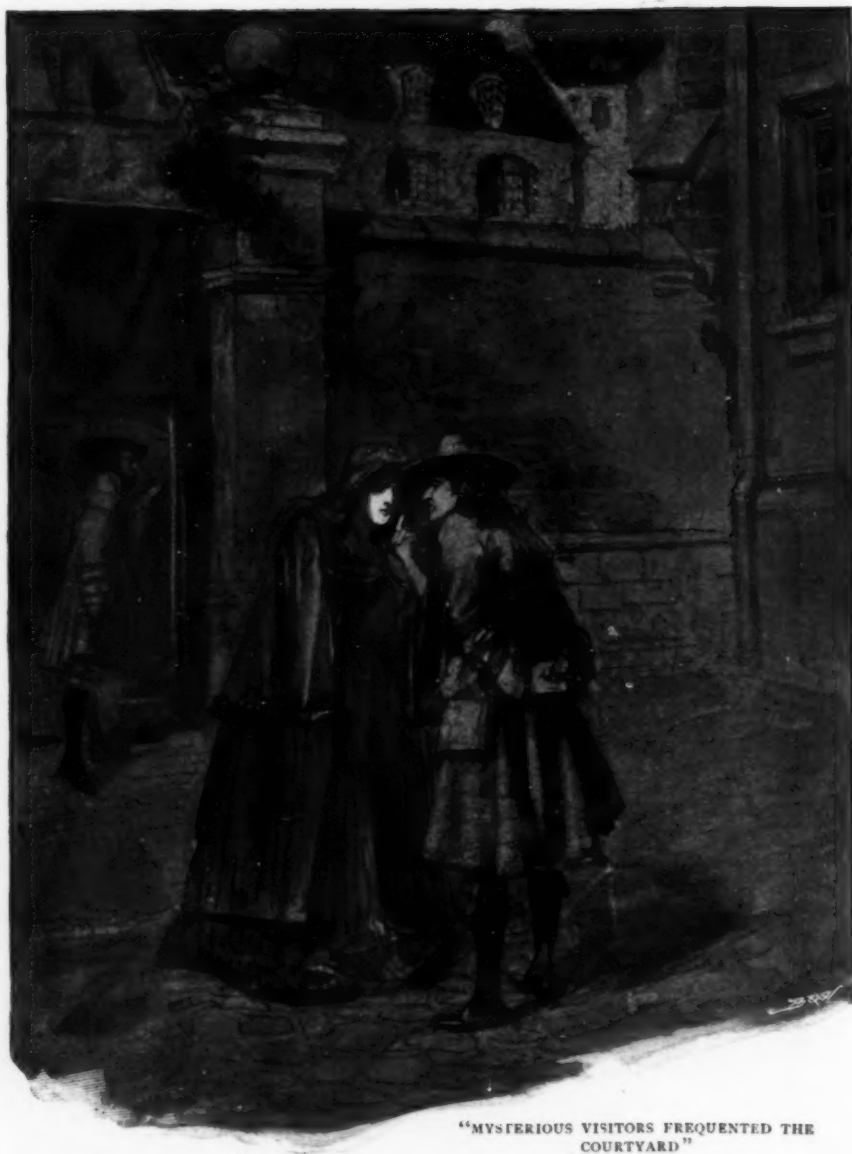
"Mademoiselle, I am ever so little a sibyl," smiled the Marquise. "I predict that within the month your difficulties will vanish. I await you here, four weeks hence; fail not."

She knelt by the pallet, peering into the dead face.

"No odour, no symptom of suffering" she thought, rising decorously for departure. "The '*Succession*' aims the bead's bullet straight. Now to compass that poor child's turn."

She passed towards the Rue de l'Arbre sec, entering the trinket shop noiselessly.

"Do you number a reduced gentle-



"MYSTERIOUS VISITORS FREQUENTED THE
COURTYARD"

man among your acquaintance?" she questioned La Voisin. "One with the *grand air* capable of association with the nobility. You do. *C'est bien*. Let him obtain *entrée* to the Hôtel Verneuil"—the fortune-teller's nostrils dilated—"rendering himself acceptable to the

family. Within the month, he will offer them a collation in Regnard's gardens—those beyond the Tuileries' chestnuts—*but*," impressively, "Mademoiselle Diane will not be invited!"

As the spring moon waxed, mysterious visitors frequented the courtyard of the

Judas-tree, holding conference with Madame de Brinvilliers.

On the day, however, of Mademoiselle de Verneuil's tryst, the Marquise was punctual at the Hôtel Dieu, starting amazedly at the mourning tokens dimming the brilliant beauty of the girl meeting her.

"Ah, Madame!" she burst out, "that cruel prophecy! Wretch that I was to repine against those I loved, all, all, snatched from me!"

"Holy Virgin! What sayest thou?"

"The calamity is common talk! Brothers, father, sister! Ah, that *maudite* fête!"

"Calm thyself!" entreated the Marquise. "Let me share thy sorrow!"

"Madame, 'tis past sharing. 'Tis scarce a month that a gentleman of quality obtained an introduction to my father, preferring a suit for my sister. Athénée favours him. He gives a sylvan feast in Regnard's gardens. Suddenly a spray bursts from a chestnut trunk, silver drops sprinkle them; they exclaim at the ingenuity of the 'surprise,' a device of Le Nôtre. Ah, Madame, within three hours they are corpses!"

"Poisoned by the gentleman?"

"Mystery! The question fails with Regnard, he swears ignorance, even of the poison instilled in the 'surprise.' The stranger has vanished!"

"My friend, I cannot desert thee," the Marquise exclaimed impulsively. "My secluded mansion shall shelter thy grief."

Speculation mingled with sympathy in the china-blue eyes contemplating Mademoiselle's face. M. de Brinvilliers susceptible, Diane de Verneuil fair, love, not death, might procure Madame the freedom so passionately desired.

Yet, in the first week of Diane's sojourn, her gentle indifference annihilated the project. On St. Croix's return, after a temporary absence, the Marquise waxed eloquent on the subject.

"The Marquis protests she is *la Belle au bois dormant* of Madame d'Aulnoy's fairy tale. Ah, Godin, if a flame like mine consumed her!"

She smiled alluringly. Impatience born of passion possessed her, the fierce nature heaved against its bonds. For once the serpent's sinuous tardiness gave

place to the tiger's leap; the moon that night illumined the Marquise at her crucible, working with the ardour of a spirit in hell.

"At thy prayers always!" Mademoiselle de Verneuil accused her friend's pallor next day. "Thou chidest my strict mourning, thou, a very nun!"

"We will make fête to-day," Madame said gaily; "drink chocolate under the Judas-tree in honour of its first purple blossoms. The Marquis shall forget his megrims and join us."

As the women appeared in the shady courtyard, M. de Brinvilliers was stirred sharply. Robed in white, relieved by the garnered colour-splendour of her hair, Mademoiselle de Verneuil's lily-like beauty harmonized with the summer-warm afternoon.

"Ah, for a blossom!" she cried, pointing to the rosy blooms overhead, as the Marquis grasped the nearest cluster.

"To rest in Mademoiselle's bosom, beatified flower!" he exclaimed.

"Like life, the blossom beyond reach is fairer," drawled Madame de Brinvilliers, indicating a purple rose chalice. Her husband secured it.

"The effort of attainment enhances the fairness," he smiled, but Diane turned from him, her violet eyes riveted on St. Croix's entering figure. Pressing the Judas blossom idly against his lips, the Marquis curiously observed her rose flushing, her startled ecstasy of attitude.

Among cushions heaped on the well-curb the Marquise, observing her husband closely, followed his glance. St. Croix's eyes, alight with blue fire at glimpse of Mademoiselle de Verneuil, swerved to Madame, crouching like some sleek beast of prey.

"The Marquis swoons!" he exclaimed, catching the swaying figure in his arms. He slipped the opal ring from his finger, shaking a colourless powder from it.

A slight foam gathered on M. de Brinvilliers' lips, as St. Croix forced the antidote down his throat. The deathly rigidity relaxed, the sufferer's features quivered; his supporter glanced up with *sang froid*.

"A good soldier goes armed," he observed lightly. "Paris air is pestilential. 'Tis wise to carry a remedy against

attacks. Before the lackeys, *Mesdames*, I entreat, be silent!"

Darting a pregnant glance at Mademoiselle Diane, he withdrew to direct the Marquis' transport; Madame la Marquise evaded her friend's clasp.

"*Ma belle*, I retire; I must master myself before my husband asks for me."

With a look of baffled evil, she glided away, Diane sunk stunned upon her cushions. In the Marquise's guest she had recognised the lover, unseen for weeks; St. Croix's warning to secrecy chilled her joy vaguely.

A familiar footfall roused her from her thoughts; St. Croix approached.

"Chut!" he whispered. "It is of utmost importance we should speak privately. Seek the oratory within thy chamber!"

He was gone. In the gathering dusk, the mist of fear thickened on the girl, throbs of expectation sickened her.

Stealthily through the outer chamber a shadow stole, the shadows of the immense four-post bedstead engulfed it.

A cautious knock thrilled Diane to her feet, St. Croix entered, catching the girl to him.

"At last, my love! News of thee hailed me yesterday. We must flee quickly from this abominable house!"

"Godin! what mean you?"

"Hist, little one! know you not Madame la Marquise is—a poisoner?"

A stifled shriek escaped Diane.

"Silence, in God's name! my con-

vent flower, thou guessest not the rage for the science that possesses men and women; they *lust* to kill! In durance I shared an Italian's cell, he named the Brinvilliers as a purchaser of his deadly wares. In the tryst at La Voisin's the Marquise appeared — God's thunder, what was that?"



"CHUT," HE WHISPERED

The creak of the bedstead in the chamber beyond. Forget not Madame's purchase at the poisoner's, St. Croix!

"She discovered me in the concealment La Voisin had devised in case, sweet, of unexpected entrance. Her friendship suited me better than her

enmity, but Satan, her master, inspired her with passion for me. To elude her arts, I swore on the crucifix to wed her on the Marquis's death. I saved him this afternoon from the flowers she had prepared; before another effort, the birds will have flown! How camest into her snare?"

Trembling, Diane told him. At mention of the Hôtel Dieu, St. Croix smiled grimly.

"Madame is an angel—of death. It has overtaken many poor wretches through her white hands. My life, this night must see our flight; wilt tarry in the chapel for me? I have a key to the courtyard gate."

Turn, St. Croix, see the pale eyes gleaming through the hangings, the picking hands busy with the red rosary.

"I will wait," the girl stammered. With a last kiss, the man vanished, to prepare for flight. In the gloom the shadow also shifted, stealing from the chamber.

Waiting in terror, Mademoiselle de Verneuil scarcely noted an increasing scurry in the house, till Madame de Brinvilliers' voice brought her wildly to her feet.

"My friend, the Marquis sinks! the apothecary tarries! I fly to hasten him. Make prayer for us!"

Fearful of suspicion, the girl accepted the familiar rosary, which Madame, her hands in Spanish gauntlets, snatched from her own girdle. The beads slid through the slender fingers.

"*Ave Maria, ora pro nobis!*"

"*Ave Maria, ora pro nobis!*"

"*Ave Maria, ora——*"

Pray for souls weltering in death, Mary Mother. The cold flood rises to the breast, the chin, the lips. With a sigh, Diane de Verneuil sank forward.

As the white form ceased to quiver, the Marquise crept upon it. Raising the girl with unexpected strength, she bore her towards the chapel, the firebrands flickered in her eyes, as she knelt her burden against the altar step.

"She keeps tryst, M. de St. Croix," said the Marquise de Brinvilliers.

The click of the secret panel closing behind the murderess reached St. Croix's ears. At news of Brinvilliers' relapse, his involuntary rival had rushed to the laboratory, preparing a fresh antidote. Not pausing to remove the glass mask worn to avoid the poison fumes, he seized the preparation. The altar revolved noiselessly.

"Sweetheart, already waiting?"

His hand caressed the gold hair, but the kneeling figure knelt on. The rosary, clasped in stiffening fingers, hung like drops of blood over her heart.

"Diane!"

Stung by fear, St. Croix caught her, bearing her into the hidden chamber. The crucible's red glow fell upon the dead face. With a terrible cry the lover reeled, shattering his mask against the iron brazier. Overbalancing, he fell prone upon Diane, his lips against the rosary. Once, twice he writhed, then lay, the scarlet chaplet linking him with the girl in death.

Without, in the darkness, lurked Nemesis, gibbet arms outstretched, tarrying the poisoner Brinvilliers.



Where Folly is God*

SNAP SHOTS AT THE NICE CARNIVAL

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM LE QUEUX. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS.



FOR twelve days in February, Nice, the clean, pleasant town of violets and mimosa, of confetti and pretty women, runs mad with gaiety. Nowhere else in all the world is there such wholesome irresponsible fun and frolic as in its streets during Carnival: nowhere are the people so good-humoured, or are the guardians of the public peace so forbearing. While in England there are snows and fogs, rain and damp, on the Riviera flowers bloom everywhere, the sky is a cloudless vault of blue, the sun so powerful that straw hats and sunshades are indispensable, and the Mediterranean, ever-changing, is at mid-day of that ultramarine hue familiar to us all in pictures. The bright air, exhilarating as champagne, imparts to one and all a capacity to enjoy the fun to the utmost.

Of the thousands of health resorts in Europe, Nice is the brightest, the merriest and the best. The sight of unfortunate invalids does not oppress the senses of those in search of sunshine as at Mentone or at Cannes, the *demi-monde* is not so much in evidence as it is at Monte Carlo, and the tourist element—that bugbear of those who “spend the season” at any popular resort—is well-balanced by the numbers who arrive in Nice each November, and remain till April. The centre of all that is bright and pleasant on the “blue coast,” the centre of fashion of social life, and of entertainment, Nice stands unique,

with its magnificent Promenade des Anglais, one of the finest sea-fronts in the world, as the most brilliant and the most cheerful of any winter city in the world.

But it is this year's Carnival which may possibly interest readers of the LUDGATE most of all. Last year's fêtes were somewhat marred on account of the inartistic colours chosen by the Committee—namely, red and rose—as the hues of the dominoes and fancy dresses; but this year the two most delicate and beautiful of all tints were insisted upon, that of *vert d'eau* in combination with pale mauve. For weeks prior to Carnival all the dainty *magasins* in the Place Masséna, the Quai St. Jean Baptiste, and the Avenue de la Gare were, of course, overflowing with dresses of these hues, mostly of the *pierrot* and *bébé* type; those forbidding black velvet masks which the French know as *louis*, wire masks to protect the face from the hard confetti, and little tin scoops by which the dusty missiles are projected on those two Sunday afternoons when in the streets the battle becomes so general. King Carnival is a colossal figure, each year representing some fresh character. Last season he was a villager, in white hat and decked out in his holiday ribbons; but this year he was a fashionable young man, with merry face and wondrous moustaches, ready for a ball, in scarlet coat and black satin breeches, seated in a motor-car, decorated in Louis XV. style with pale blue and gold, and when, heralded by the brazen bands and torches, he made his entry into Nice

* Copyright in the United States of America, 1898, by William Le Queux.

this year, on the night of February 10th, the multitudes who hailed him declared that he was the finest fellow who had presided over the festivities for the past fifteen years. He certainly was a striking figure, and his wife too was a quaint conception; balancing herself upon a swing held by two gigantic lackeys, and wearing a fearful and wonderful feat of millinery. Little, however, can be seen of the Carnival Procession at night, amid that fan-fare of trumpets, the glare of coloured fires, and the blaze of the flambeaux, therefore, it is on the

home would hold up their hands horrified at spending a Sunday afternoon in such a manner, proving themselves, as they always do, victors in a fight, while up and down the town the procession paraded, a truly amusing sight and decidedly novel to those who witnessed it for the first time.

Many of the cars and the maskers were amusing. The former were mostly mechanical, for example, one called "The Gargantuan Infant" was an immense baby, who took up live nursemaids and swallowed them. Another,



KING CARNIVAL HEADS THE PROCESSION

following Sunday afternoon when all Nice goes forth to the Place Masséna to witness the first Corse Carnavalesque.

This year it was exceptionally good, as may be gathered from the snap-shot photographs by M. Giletta, of Nice, which I am here enabled to reproduce.

The battle of paper confetti which takes place simultaneously with the procession, between the hours of two and five, was more fiercely contested than usual, and the streets were crowded by thousands, half of whom were in masks and dominoes, the staid English, who at

called "Père Fouettard," was that terrible person invoked by irate French parents to frighten their unruly offspring, and this ogre of the fairy tale whipped the hundred naughty children about him as the car proceeded. That representing the "Moulin de la Galette" was the red windmill on the Montmartre heights, to which English visitors to Paris go surreptitiously in order to witness the much-talked-of can-can, while another quaint design was "The Exhibition of 1900," showing the aspect of the moon at one metre's dis-

tance, with its inhabitants treated humorously of course. Among the cars were the usual cavalcades, analcades, and groups of maskers on foot. A pretty mounted group was of spiders and flies, and another "The Knights of the Sun or Sunflower," a number of men on donkeys dressed in rose and white carrying revolving suns, while a third, called "Light or Dark," was an allusion to the light or dark beer so universally consumed in the cafés. "Printed Pages" was a noticeable group. The pages were dressed in

boots polished. In remembrance of poor Max Lebaudy, the reckless young millionaire, I suppose, the Committee designated as "Les Petits Sucriers" the group of young exquisites who sat on high stools drinking champagne in honour of the God of Folly. French humour found vent in a company of grenadiers imprisoned in a "grenade" (pomegranate), in "Rum-y-o and Juliette" in the shape of a walking bottle of rum, in an itinerant news vendor with a duck's head, who was "selling canards," in a drummer who had "burst his



MADAME CARNIVAL AND HER ATTENDANTS

printed papers, and had hats shaped like inkpots. A well-known French novelist who accompanied me, and who fought by my side long and well in the confetti battle, made a joke which I dare here to repeat. He remarked that this group of "Printed Pages" would produce an impression, and was instantly rewarded by a handful of confetti being flung into his face by the writer of these lines. Another group was called "Cirez M'sieur," a number of those youths who torment the long-suffering visitor with their incessant invitations to have their

skin," and in dozens of others equally witty and well carried out.

For three hours this wonderful procession of highly-finished cars paraded the town to the accompaniment of the most execrable music possible to conceive. Carnival music is never very choice, but on this occasion I noticed on one car three bands all playing different tunes! Afoot in the streets there was life and excitement everywhere. One met one's friends and either smothered them with confetti, or enveloped them in those irritating long strips of coloured paper



THE CARNIVAL PROCESSION

called serpentines. One man, an Englishman, had the foolhardiness to venture out in a tall silk hat, whereupon it was immediately hooked by a serpentine at the corner of the Rue de France, flung off, and the last I saw of that shiny head-gear it was in the road with an urchin dancing gleefully upon it. Its angry owner endeavoured to rescue it, but was set upon by at least fifty persons armed with confetti, and was compelled to beat a hasty retreat. Silk hats must not be worn at Carnival.

At five o'clock King Carnival was returned to his triumphal temple in the Place Masséna, there to enjoy his brief but merry reign, and on the following Thursday there was fought along the Promenade des Anglais the first of the battles of Flowers, those world-famed encounters wherein foreign princes, grand-dukes, ladies of *grande marque*, and English society bombard each other with bouquets in the brilliant sunshine. It is indeed a pretty scene, one which has often been described, but the charm of which increases each time it is witnessed.

On the following Sunday was held

the battle of hard confetti—the most unpleasant part of Carnival. To put it plainly, this battle resolves itself into the mere throwing of dirt into each other's faces, for the confetti consists of lime-like pellets, which on breaking crumble to powder. Hence to go out without a wire mask is a very dangerous proceeding. The battle was, however, but a repetition of the previous Sunday. In the evening there was held one of the chief events of Carnival, the grand *redoute*, or masked ball, at the Casino. This year I found it a madly gay function, dresses of sea-green and mauve only being admitted, and every one being masked the fun was fast and furious. Pierrot and Pierrette, clown and columbine, men with hideous noses and enormous heads, short-skirted girls in "baby" dominoes with pretty hoods, some girls as clowns, and others as the evergreen Sappho, danced and made merry the whole night through, sometimes, be it said, with a *verve* agility of movement and display of *lingerie* which would have caused the votaries of Mrs. Chant to exhibit their palms in horror and astonishment. But Carnival is

Carnival, and in Nice during the reign of folly all is merry and the fun is always harmless. The other events of the remaining days were repetitions of those already mentioned, therefore it is needless to refer to them.

Amid those bright surroundings, in that balmy air of premature spring, where all is so careless and gay, the delightful irresponsibility of Carnival at Nice serves to rejuvenate and to amuse. There is in the air a spirit of frolic that is contagious, and to enter into the folly of that twelve days of merriment is to be young again, to re-taste the delights

which passed with our youth, and to enjoy with the easy-going, lighthearted Niçois their annual holiday, when their town is given over to wild revelry. In Carnival there is nothing to offend and nothing to condemn—except perhaps the use of hard confetti as dangerous.

It is the brightest week in the Riviera season, for the gun which booms forth from the château, announcing the burning of the colossal King on the night of Mardi-Gras, also announces that the season has passed its zenith and will soon be at an end.



THE BATTLE OF FLOWERS

d to
arted
their
In
and
haps
dan-

viera
forth
urn-
nt of
the
will

An Old-Time Prison

WRITTEN BY FRANK HIRD. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



HIDDEN away in an East-end square, the architecture of whose houses is eloquent of the domestic tastes of another and an older time, is a prison which was formerly as well-known and even more dreaded by malefactors and criminals than Newgate. The exterior of this prison, which is officially known as "The Liberty of her Majesty's Tower and the Precincts thereof," looks like a sombre private dwelling-house, with a heavy portico. But the ground floor windows of the building that stands in Wellclose Square, E., at the corner of Neptune Street, gave light to a Court-house panelled with wood from floor to ceiling, its judge having the powers of life and death. At the end of this room is a raised desk, in the centre of which stood a vast and high chair, upon which the judge sat; on either side of him were the Assessors; below is the seat of the Clerk of the Court, and on the right-hand a wooden pen, where the prisoners to be tried were placed *en masse*. On the left-hand is the jury box, and in the centre of the Court, facing the judge's seat, is the witness box, a railing behind marking off the portion of the room reserved for the public, whilst on either side of the green baize-covered table in the well of the Court are seats that were once occupied daily by the brethren of the law. Behind the great judge's chair is a recess, lined with fluted cloth, and it was the custom when capital sentence was about to be pronounced for the chair to be moved backwards into this recess, so

that the judge, donning the black cap, might fulminate his fatal decree directly under the Royal arms that hung above him. At the present moment the Court-house and prison stand within the boundaries of five parishes. In the old days its jurisdiction ran in the Royal Palace and Fortress, as the Tower was called, the Precinct of the Tower without, the Precinct of the Liberty of the old Artillery Ground, the Precinct of Holy Trinity, Minories, and the Precinct of Wellclose. The "Liberty," as it was termed, had a separate jurisdiction for Quarter Sessions, and was a county by itself. But gradually its power was taken away from this Court in Wellclose Square, and by Acts of the three last sovereigns its criminal jurisdiction was abolished, until finally its remaining privileges of granting dancing and music licenses were transferred to the County Council, and three years ago business of any kind ceased to be conducted there. Then the Court-house and prison were sold, but happily the buildings fell into the hands of the proprietor of the neighbouring inn, the "King's Arms," whose appreciation of the historical has led him to preserve the old cells exactly as they were when they came to him, together with the rest of this interesting building.

From a broad passage outside the Court a superb staircase with a wide balustrade and carved banisters leads to a large board-room, in which stands a long narrow table surrounded by slender wooden armchairs, left exactly as when last used. The five windows

of this room look upon the garden of the square, which is filled with fine trees, and must at one time have been beautiful; its centre is now occupied by a school, but sufficient open space remains to indicate its appearance when Well-close Square was a word of horror to criminals.

The space between the Court-house and the cells is occupied by the public-house, the "King's Arms," which was

originally started as a luncheon-bar for the benefit of the judge and counsel, and at the bottom of the backyard of the inn is a low stone arch which leads by a steep staircase to the two cells above. Beyond a high wall which now encloses the back premises of the "King's Arms" used to be the exercising yard, a bricked-up doorway at the foot of the staircase showing where it was entered by the prisoners.



EXTERIOR OF COURT HOUSE

No wonder Wellclose Square possessed an evil reputation, for its two cells, standing just as they were left by the last prisoners, are sufficient to terrify the most experienced and hardened offender. Standing side by side, the further of the two cells, which was occupied solely by criminals condemned to death, can only be reached by passing through the first cell. But both, in their comfortlessness and general appear-

ance, are similar. Each has a strongly-barred window, placed so high on the wall that only a glimpse of the sky could be obtained by the prisoners within, and each has a sloping platform at the end opposite to the window, which served as a bed. In the first cell, given up to ordinary evil-doers, there formerly stood some stocks, but these have disappeared. By an ingenious arrangement a shutter can be placed over these



JUDGE'S CHAIR



THE CONDEMNED CELL

windows so as to exclude all light, and permitting of only sufficient ventilation to enable the unfortunate prisoners condemned to "solitary confinement" to breathe. In the old times a sentence of "solitary confinement" meant that the unhappy wight must expiate his wrong-doing by remaining in total darkness. Sometimes he was chained to the floor by manacles round his ankles,

or by the chains attached to the back of the strait-waistcoat which is shown in our photograph, according to the seriousness of his crime; but chained or unchained he passed his days and nights in Stygian darkness, the visits of the warder with food being his sole means of marking the passage of time. As the cells are only built of wood they must have been bitterly cold in winter and



ENTRANCE DOOR OF CELLS FROM STAIRCASE



HANDCUFFS AND ANKLE-CHAINS

hot in the summer, and the crowding of prisoners, that was one of the greatest evils of the old prison system, must have added untold horrors to the miseries of the incarcerated. As many as twenty people are said to have been confined at one time in the condemned cell, amongst others the redoubtable Dick Turpin. A broken plank in the floor is shown as evidence of an attempt he made to escape, but as he was executed at York, his presence in the condemned cell at Wellclose Square is more than questionable. The residence there, however, of other famous criminals is proved by

the inscriptions upon the wooden walls, that have recently been made clearer by the removal of the whitewash with which they were covered. Among these is the name of John Burke the plasterer, of body-snatching celebrity, and, evidently cut by the same hand, those of Edward Stockley, Thomas Lynel, and James Parkis, who were all confined under sentence of death at the same time. These inscriptions, in many places almost defaced, are innumerable, and are eloquent of the painstaking of the prisoners, since they were all cut with the prongs of a wooden fork.

"Pray remember the poor departed," in close proximity to the crude drawing of a gallows, has a significance that is not without pathos, and the following lines, carved on the wall of the first cell—

*The cupboard is empty
To our sorrow,
But we hope it will
Be full to-morrow,*

were, in all probability, cut by the trembling hand of a poor wretch who was starved to death by the negligence of the warders. Firmly fastened to the wall of the condemned cell are the strait-waistcoat and wrist and ankle chains with which malefactors were formerly manacled. The chains must have been extremely painful, and the waistcoat, of coarse canvas, with two iron chains attached to the back, suggests a torture so unbearable that even the most staunch acclaimer of the "good old times" would find it difficult to repress a shudder at the suggestions of suffering it conveys so eloquently.

For centuries this prison was known as "The Sly House," and this name has descended to the "King's Arms," having originally been gained by the fact that prisoners, after being condemned to death in the Court-house, were never seen again until they faced the gallows upon Tower Hill. A second bricked-up doorway beneath the staircase leading to the cells is pointed out as the opening of an underground passage that ran to

the Tower, through which the condemned were taken to execution; but as the opening in or near the ancient fortress has not yet been discovered, it is impossible to speak with any certainty as to the truth of this statement. The popular name for the prison, however, still remains, and the bricked-up doorway, at any rate, affords a reasonable explanation of its bestowal.

A massive oaken door clamped with iron gives access to the first cell from the staircase, a barred trap in its centre enabling the warder to keep a watch upon the prisoners within; but despite this precaution attempts at escape were numerous, and on one occasion two men succeeded in making a hole through the floor sufficiently large to enable them to get through. Unfortunately for them the floors of the cells were immediately over the old guardroom, so that they literally fell from the frying-pan into the fire.

The old Court-house, with its fine woodwork, its judge's chair, and the old jury-ballot box—in which twenty-four names used to be placed on separate slips of paper, the men elected to serve being the first twelve whose names were taken out after the box had been turned twelve times—will probably be turned into an auction-room, but the two cells will be carefully preserved, and will serve as an interesting and instructive memorial of the prison system of the old days.



Boy Singers for the Church

WRITTEN BY FREDERICK DOLMAN



ALL readers of Mrs. Henry Wood's novel "The Channings"—which first appeared, by the way, in the pages of "The Quiver"—will remember the suggestive picture it contains of the lot of the boy choristers in the cathedral of "Helstonleigh." That picture is largely true of the boy choristers of to-day, but since "The Channings" was published a more liberal provision has been made for the employment of their fresh young voices in the cathedrals, and in many churches as well. When Mrs. Henry Wood wrote her charming story, there was probably no boys' choir in the country so large or well trained as are now those of St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, Canterbury Cathedral and York Minster, and of such historic places of worship as the Chapel Royal, St. James's, St. George's, Windsor, and the Temple Church.

Unlike the choristers of "Helstonleigh" the boy singers of St. Paul's and the Abbey reside in boarding schools, which have been built for the purpose by the Dean and Chapter who, for the time being, are practically in *loco parentis* to them. St. Paul's has the largest boys' choir; the school-house which was built a few years ago in Dean's Court, between Cannon Street and the river, has forty scholars. The Abbey has but half the number, the boys residing in a comparatively new building in Little Smith Street, Westminster. Besides the resident scholars there are a number of probationers who come to the school every day for their musical and general education, and take the places of the choristers as their voices break. Before

probationers are admitted into the choir, their parents or guardians have to enter into an agreement with the ecclesiastical authorities, undertaking not to remove a boy until his voice breaks. As security for the fulfilment of this agreement, the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's require a deposit of £20 which is returned in full when the boy leaves the choir with their sanction. On the other hand, the boys receive an excellent musical and a good general education, with comfortable board and lodging, free of all charge to their parents for the whole term of their membership of the choir. At Westminster, however, this is the case with only twelve out of the twenty resident boys; the parents of the other eight are required to contribute £10 per year towards their board and education for the first two years. On these terms there is never any lack of applications for admission to the choirs; and as a rule Dr. Bridge, the organist at Westminster Abbey, and Dr. Martin, organist at St. Paul's Cathedral, have a good list of the names of children whose parents hope and believe that they will be found qualified to fill vacancies as they occur.

It goes without saying that the possession of a good voice is the all-important qualification. At Westminster Abbey, indeed, nothing more than this, together with a knowledge of "the rudiments of music" and the ability to pass a "strict medical examination," is absolutely required, although it may be added that "candidates are expected to read and write fairly." The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's have, presumably, been enabled to be more exacting by the greater competition for places in the Cathedral choir. At any rate, candidates have to pass an examination in elementary

Latin, the Church Catechism and Scripture History, as well as the three R's, before being presented to Dr. Martin to have their musical ear and voice tested. As the result, the boys, I am told, are less "mixed" in class, being mostly the sons of clergymen, doctors, and other professional men. It may well be that the choir school of St. Paul's proves exceptionally attractive, having regard to the scholarships with which it has been endowed by some of the City Companies. Besides these scholarships for the continuance of their education when they leave the choir—which are of the value of £30 and £40 per year and tenable from one to four years—the Dean and Chapter have a fund out of which they are able to assist "old boys" in going to the University.

Both the choir schools, as may be supposed, are somewhat "cabined, cribbed and confined" in consequence of the great ground value. The case is even worse in the City than at Westminster, the St. Paul's boys having their playground on the roof. The school-rooms and dormitories are as pleasant and comfortable, however, as those of a good public school, and well provided with books and pictures. The library at Westminster was entirely given by friends of the Dean, including more than one member of the Royal Family. Among the pictures on the walls are several presents from the late Dean Stanley; his portrait hangs in the recreation room and has in his handwriting the words:—"The highest learning is to be wise, and the highest wisdom to be good." There are also interesting souvenirs of red-letter days in the annals of the choir, such as that of the service in celebration of the Queen's Jubilee. Having been recently rebuilt on the south side of Little Smith Street to make room for the Church House, which now occupies its old site, the Choir House is above criticism from the hygienic point of view. Such is the care, too, taken of the health of St. Paul's boys, that for the last twenty years, at least, the choir has never lost a member through death. There is one half holiday a week, usually spent in

athletic exercise, unless a boy wishes to visit his home. The Westminster boys have the privilege of playing football in the winter on the adjacent ground of Westminster School, whilst in summer time they go by boat to Battersea Park for a game of cricket. St. Paul's boys have been provided with a playing-field of their own in one of the suburbs. There are holidays of some weeks at Christmas, Easter and in the summer, but the boys have to attend at the Abbey and the Cathedral for the Sunday services. In fact, with the numerous services and constant exercises supplementing an ordinary school routine, it is evident that the choir boys have to lead laborious lives, and scorn many delights natural to their age. But almost invariably enthusiastic lovers of music, the labour is in itself a pleasure; and "old boys" of the Cathedral, like Sir John Stainer and Henry Gadsby, the composers, and of the Abbey, like Edward Lloyd, the eminent tenor, and W. S. Penley, the equally eminent comedian, cherish the pleasantest memories of the years they spent in their surplices.

The choir at the Temple Church numbers but sixteen boys, of whom four rank as "probationers." During the long tenure of office, however, of Dr. E. J. Hopkins, as organist and choirmaster, and with the liberal provision which the Benchers of the Middle Temple and the Inner Temple make for the music of the church, it has obtained a national reputation, and to this result the boys' voices have certainly contributed not a little. The choir was established in 1842, on the old church being reopened, and Dr. Hopkins received his appointment the following year. Originally there were but eight choir-boys, Dr. Hopkins increasing this number at first to ten, and then to twelve. The Benchers provide for their education by paying their fees at King's College, which is so conveniently situated in proximity to the church. On leaving the college at 3 p.m., they proceed to the church for an hour or an hour and a half's instruction by Dr. Hopkins in the music to be given on the following Sunday. As they have only one service to attend on Sunday morning, the remuneration of these boys must be considered very

generous. Besides an excellent free education, they receive salaries reaching to £20 per annum. During Term time, the church is attended by a congregation which includes many distinguished men, and a number of people with fastidious musical tastes, and doubtless a high degree of excellence has to be exacted and maintained. But with the beginning of the legal vacation in August, the church is closed, and for two months the choir has a holiday. In the circumstances, it is only natural that there should be keen competition for vacancies in the choir. Dr. Hopkins once ventured to advertise for a boy chorister, with the result that the church was besieged by a horde of boys of all sorts and conditions. A good number of the choristers have been sons of clerks to judges and barristers. Mr. W. H. Cummings, the distinguished principal of the Guildhall School of Music, was one of Dr. Hopkins' "old boys," and a short time ago he was called upon by another who had risen to a leading position in Australia.

Every visitor to the Chapels Royal of St. James's, London, or St. George's, Windsor, must have a pleasant recollection of the singing of the boys' choir. The twenty-four boys at Windsor are trained for their choral work by Sir Walter Parratt, Master of the Queen's Music, and have their general education carried on at a school specially organised and managed for that purpose by the Dean and Canons of Windsor. Half the choristers hold scholarships which reduce the cost of their board and residence at St. George's School to £18 per annum; the others pay fees amounting to £58 per annum. They all come, I believe, from the higher classes of society, the sons of people to whom the social prestige of singing before the Queen is possibly of greater importance than economy in educational expenses. The school is designed to prepare the boys to enter with credit one of the public schools, when, on the break in their voices, they leave Windsor. Against parents withdrawing their sons before this occurs, the Dean and Canons have no legal guarantee, but they make it clear that when this is done capriciously, it is a breach of an honor-

able undertaking. The boys who hold the choral scholarships take it in turn to sing a solo in the private Chapel of Her Majesty during the time that the Court is in residence at the Castle. "A correct ear and a good voice," it is stated, "are indispensable in candidates for a choristership, and as to knowledge of music, it will be expected that every candidate shall know his notes. Good reading, clear articulation and correct pronunciation are essential. No boy who stammers, lisps, or has difficulty in the utterance of any particular letter or syllable should apply for a choristership." So numerous are the well-qualified candidates for the choir, that Sir Walter Parratt has no difficulty in enforcing these requirements calculated to maintain its high excellence.

At York and Canterbury the lot of the boy choristers is much the same. In both York and Canterbury they live at home with their parents, but whilst the York boys have the advantage of attending Archbishop Holgate's School, those of Canterbury receive their education in a choir school, which, according to all accounts, is not of so high a standard. Dr. Longhurst, the organist and choir-master at Canterbury, complains, indeed, that he loses some of his best voices, because of the parents' anxiety to obtain a better education for their children. Besides free tuition, the boy choristers of Canterbury and York receive salaries which range from £1 to £12 per annum. When vacancies occur, and the organist has made his choice of the applicants, the Dean has an interview with the boys and their parents, and gives them a short address as to the educational privileges of the choristers, the need of punctuality, diligence, and reverence on their part, and the importance, on the part of the parents, of supporting the discipline of the school. The boys are first admitted as probationers, and until fresh choristers are needed take no part in the services, although required to attend the Minster every afternoon, when they wear black gowns, walk in the procession, and sit in front of the choir. At York their admission as choristers takes place at a special service in the Lady Chapel. Their surplices are then

put on for the first time, and they are presented with specially-bound copies of the Bible and Prayer Book for use in the Minster, and these they retain on leaving the choir. The eight senior boys wear badges round their necks, in memory of the late Dean Duncombe, to whom the choristers owe their educational advantages at Archbishop Holgate's School. It was as a memorial

to the Dean that a fund was raised, whose income is now devoted to the education of the boys. When a boy leaves the choir (unless it should be for misconduct), he is "dismissed" at a service similar to that which signalled his admission, and on this occasion he receives a Biblical Concordance as another souvenir of his years as a chorister.

IN MAY.

BE glad, my dear, be glad!

The Spring and the Summer could not delay,

But met and mingled and made this May!

And how shall a heart be sad

When the youngest daisy looks up to pray,

"Be glad, my dear, be glad!"

Be glad, my dear, be glad!

There is more than flower on the hawthorn spray,

There is more than warmth in the sunny ray,

And the mavis is *not* gone mad.

Oh, surely God made the world in May,

The beautiful world that calls to-day,

"Be glad, my dear, be glad!"

Be glad, my dear, be glad!

'Tis a lover's wish in a lover's way—

You have heard. Will *you* not look up and say,

"Be glad, my dear, be glad!"

J. J. BELL.



A FLASH of GENIUS



WRITTEN BY J. A. FLYNN



WE were staying at the foot of the Alps when Dormer first avowed his poetic aspirations. It was after a generous dinner, when we were smoking on the balcony and watching the snowy caps of the mountains standing out against the blue sky. So I charitably supposed that the phantasy of the place had recalled some youthful indiscretions. Dormer was the sort of man who couldn't possibly write poetry.

When we had gone on to Venice, however, he recurred to the subject, and I felt bound to remonstrate with him.

"My dear fellow," I said, "you don't mean to tell me that you write poetry at your time of life!" He was fifty-one, and old at that.

He toyed with the big ring on his finger—the sort of ring which couldn't speak more plainly if it were labelled "Retired from Trade."

"If a man," he said slowly, "has poetry in him it will come out, whether it's poor stuff or good. Mine is rather poor, so I don't inflict it upon other people. But there it is."

"Where?" I enquired anxiously.

"At home; in books—manuscripts."

"How many?" I was glad they were at home.

"Eight or nine," he confessed. "They're not *very* big, you know; about a couple of hundred folio pages apiece." He writes a small hand.

I blew smoke rings rapidly. It is an excellent way to keep from laughing. The idea of a man who had made his fortune in 13s. trousers—two pairs for 25s.—writing poetry was sufficiently absurd, even if he hadn't been Dormer!

"Well—er—if it amuses you—" I said doubtfully, "I don't see that there's any harm in it." His eyes flashed.

"Harm!" he cried. "Harm! If I were asked what kept me straight at any time in my life when I was tempted to go crooked—God knows there have been plenty!—I should point to one of those poems. There isn't a time when I've been very glad or very sorry that isn't represented by one."

"I see," I said hastily. But I didn't.

"What I mean," he explained, "is that a man can't defend anything bad or shabby in poetry. If he's doubtful what he ought to do, let him go and write verses about it, and follow his poetry." His plain face was lit with enthusiasm.

"Upon my word," I admitted, "there's a lot in what you say. I've

never looked at it like that before. But in your case I don't believe the remedy was necessary." A straighter or kinder little fellow never lived!

"Sometimes I go over them on Sundays," he continued absently, "when my asthma's too bad to let me go out, and say to myself, 'This is what kept me from hardness,' or 'This saved me from drink,' or 'This was when mother died,' or 'This kept me to my work,' or 'This is when I made up my mind—er—'"

"To sell two pairs for 25s.?" I suggested.

Dormer drew himself up with an air of dignity, which scarcely becomes him. "I am somewhat used to being laughed at, Morton; but—"

"My dear fellow," I interrupted hastily, "I'm sure I beg your pardon for chaffing. I understood you to say that the—er—poems, were a sort of autobiography."

"Not in *that* sense," he explained. "Of course I know what was happening when I wrote them, but I don't put it in the verses always. Business is business with me, and poetry is poetry."

"Certainly," I assented. "Most poetry *isn't*, don't you know?"

"For example," he went on, "when I was worrying out that business about the discount, I wrote a poem—a sonnet it was—'On the Nobility of Effort.' But it wouldn't suggest the shop to anyone, you see."

"Of course not," I agreed. I didn't know what to say to this good little tailor, who was paying me so generously as guide and polite instructor on his Continental tour.

"In short," he said, "a man doesn't put his trade, but what he feels and thinks, into poetry."

"Quite so."

"It isn't even *how* he puts it," he continued, emphatically, "or whether he says it before other people, or says it better, that makes a man a poet. It is how he feels, and what he thinks."

"So that a man may be a poet, although he cannot write poetry!"

"That's just what I mean—though I couldn't have put it so neatly. Just what I mean." He walked up and down the room excitedly. "Though,

of course, it is the grandest thing of all to say a new thing, and to say it beautifully. Ah!" He looked out of the open window thoughtfully, and shook his head. "I have sometimes thought—you know what I mean?"

I lit a fresh cigar from the stump of the old one, whilst I considered my reply.

"Yes," I said at last, "I know what you mean. I've felt the same sort of thing myself. I suppose most of us have felt it. As we grow older and wiser we abandon the idea. 'Pon my word, it's the only sensible thing to do.'"

"But you write verses sometimes," he objected. I do a little writing for periodicals and magazines, you know.

"Ah! verses! they're quite another thing. I don't mean them seriously—don't mean anyone to take them seriously." No one does! "They're merely half a page of a tale."

"Don't you *ever* try to make them real poetry?" He looked at me reproachfully.

"Ye-es. Once in a way." I felt horribly guilty. "But—" I brightened up—"if I do the editor always sends them back."

"Perhaps," he suggested, "they are not serious enough."

"They are not the real thing. That's what's the matter. I can see it myself, about a month after I've written them." That's the truth also, you know.

He lit his pipe and smoked in silence for full ten minutes. Then he proposed a moonlight gondola trip, and we chartered one of those funereal vessels accordingly. It was not until our final smoke before going to bed that he recurred to the subject.

"Don't you think, Morton," he asked, "if you took the best of your serious poems, and kept revising it every month or so, you might make it first-rate at last?"

"No," said I, "I do not." He shook his head.

"I know most of my verses lack the—divine fire, you know." He laughed uneasily. "But I am vain enough to believe that I once had a real flash of genius. I've been at that poem, Morton, for twenty-three years. By the time I've finished revising it I trust it will be

something to be remembered by—something to make people pause and *think*." His pale cheeks flushed and his eyes flashed.

"After twenty-three years' revision there must be very little of the original left?" I hazarded.

"Not a whole line!" he said, rubbing his hands delightedly.

"May I ask the subject?"

"The subject is a man whose mind is full of fine things that he can't say—a poet who can't write poetry, as you said."

"Well, you see, I had only used her as an example of the—the beautiful. I just cut out two or three verses and altered a few of the allusions—made it general instead of particular."

"Generality is apt to be cold," I suggested, seeing that he wanted help in the conversation.

"That was what I felt. After a time I altered it back to the particular—Mary instead of Belinda. But——" He paused suddenly.

"Another lucky escape?"

"She died," he said, very quietly. He



"I USED TO READ THE POEM TO HER"

"Ah! I see."

"When I wrote it first"—there was a ring in his voice as when one speaks of the beloved—"I called it *To Belinda*."

"Which was her name?"

"In a way. Her name was Martha, really; but they called her Belle."

"You still think of her?" I enquired, sympathetically. You see I have been in love a good many times myself.

"Not in that way." He smiled. "I had a lucky escape, though I didn't think so at the time. Why, I wrote a poem—but that's neither here nor there. I was thankful that it wasn't here."

"So you eliminated Belinda?"

walked over to the window, drew up the blind, and looked out at the moonlight waters. After a minute of awkward silence I followed him and put my hand on his shoulder.

"I say, old chap—I'm deuced sorry, don't you know." He wrung my hand. "We won't talk about it any more to-night."

"I should like to talk about it, my dear fellow, if you don't mind," said he. "She was ailing for a long time—consumption—and I used to read the—the poem to her. She was very interested in it; and very proud that it was partly about her."

"You didn't tell her about Belinda, I suppose?"

"Well—no! You see it couldn't have done any good, and it might have worried her. Women are very curious creatures, don't you think?"

"Very. Of course they are."

"You wouldn't have told her, would you?"

"Not a word. Of course I shouldn't."

"You've no idea what a lot she thought of that poem—*her* poem, she called it." He paused chokingly.

"She naturally would."

"The night before she died she was talking to me and laughing. No one would have thought that she was dying." He gulped down something in his throat. "She put her hand on my arm suddenly, and said, 'Tom, I want you to promise me three things.' So I promised. The first two don't matter—unless you would like to know?"

"If you do not mind," I said. One doesn't know what to say sometimes.

"First she made me promise to take care of myself."

"I'm afraid you haven't." His asthma was largely due to visiting his poor clients in the rain and fog, the doctors told me.

"Oh, well, a man can't be always coddling himself. Next she said, 'Tom, I hope that you will find some one else when I'm gone'—I never shall—'some-one very nice, who will make you grow to like her more even than you like me now. But I want you to remember that I should have made you like me more and more, too, if I had lived. Promise!' And I promised." He stopped to regain his voice.

"She must have been very nice," I said with conviction.

"She was. Well, then, she made me promise—what do you think?"

"To go on with the poem?"

"Yes; and to remember always that it was hers. I remember." His voice was soft and strong. If he had been a fine-looking man he would have been wonderfully impressive at the moment.

During the rest of the tour we only referred to the verses once or twice, and then very briefly. But as we neared

Victoria Station, on the road home, I recurred to the subject.

"You have been awfully kind to me, Dormer," I said. "I thought I should be a kind of superior servant, and only came because I wanted the money badly, you know. But I have found a friend, and had a grand holiday."

"My dear Morton," he answered, "it has been an education to me to travel with a real gentleman like you. Why, I am getting quite polished, and hardly feel afraid of society at all now." He laughed uneasily. It was a sore subject with him.

"Polished enough for me, and for the lady whose opinion I value most," I said warmly. "She and her brother will meet me at Victoria. Dear old Kate! If I may introduce you I shall be very proud."

"Will you?" His face lighted up. "And will you and she come to see me sometimes?"

"We shall very much like to. And, I say, old man, if I might look through your poetry I should be very glad."

I had been thinking for some days what I could do to please him most, but I never imagined the rapture with which he received this proposal. Before we reached town I had agreed to assist him in revising the poetry, on condition that he accepted my help as a friendly, gratuitous service, and I vowed mentally to polish some of it into a fit state for publication, if possible.

As we were running into the station he pressed an envelope into my hand.

"I was going to post it," he said hastily; "but I want you to see that it was sealed up before you made your generous offer." Then in the excitement of meeting Kate I forgot all about it for the moment. When she and I opened it a couple of hours later, we found two cheques—one for the balance of my salary; the other for £500, "as a small wedding present!"

Thanks to Dormer's gift we started house-keeping very comfortably; and my writings began to go off ever so much better. You see I felt fit for anything now that I had Kate to help me. So we got along capitably, and my only trouble was that Dormer was too ill to come to the wedding, though he sent some splendid

jewellery to my wife. A few months after he went to the South of France, and there he died. They telegraphed for me, but I arrived just too late.

In his will he left me a legacy of no less than £10,000, coupled with a wish that all his writings were to be handed over to me for disposal at my absolute discretion. They filled a huge Gladstone bag, and when I got home Kate and I took them out reverently, and

we agreed to look through the book together, and to say nothing until we reached the end. So we sat side by side, holding hands, and opened the morocco cover.

There were about 1,000 lines, and we went on in silence until we had done a couple of hundred. Every line or so I bit my lip, and she quivered; and at last I closed the book softly and sadly, and shook my head; and Kate laid her



"WE AGREED TO LOOK THROUGH THE BOOK TOGETHER"

sorted them upon the table until we found *To Mary*.

"It seems almost desecration to look at it," said she, with her big eyes a little moist.

"There may be something in it, you see," I said, "something that we can touch up and publish in his name." Kate dabbles in verses like myself, and we often revise them together.

"Oh, I *do* hope so. We *would* take pains with it, wouldn't we, old boy?"

In order to form independent opinions

face upon the table and sobbed as if her heart would break.


"To think—" she cried—"Oh, Harry, to think that when he was so ill, and so unhappy, he built all his hopes on *that*!"

I laid my hand on her shoulder, and let her cry a bit before I said anything. And when I tried to speak I found I too had—that I was a little hoarse, I mean.

"Perhaps he'll get his reward in— in another way—little girl—don't you think?" I whispered; and she wiped her eyes and nodded.

An Afternoon in a Gold Mine

WRITTEN BY G. NICHOLAS

XTREMES meet." Certainly two rather dirty, dilapidated miners' coats and hats apparently had little in common with the two daintiest of dainty white muslin frocks that they covered, frills and fluffy laces looking fairy-like in their whiteness and lightness.

"Please will you put these on," said the miner-guide, as he handed the manly attire; "you might find it damp going down in the cage." We were standing by the shaft of a gold mine on one of the ridges overlooking Ballarat. It was the hottest of days, when the sun was shining as it only can shine over the lands nearer the Southern Cross—a temperature of 110 degrees in the shade! and 170 degrees in the elsewhere! A day when you can roast apples in the window, if you don't object to a style of cooking very like the proverbial Bridgnorth election—All on one side.

The Australians may boast as they like about their perfect climate; they have a happy way of forgetting the days when the scorching north winds blow hot from the sandy lands nearer the Equator, and make one feel more akin to a molten image than anything else.

On this particular occasion, my sister-in-law and I had gone up the hill, in the hope of finding a little cooler atmosphere than in the valley below, and there met a mine manager, who had promised to send us down to see the gold diggers. He suggested there was no time like the present, and we felt that certainly the lower regions could not be any warmer than up above, so decided to descend at once.

Equipped for the journey, we were then each presented with a lighted candle. What for, we never discovered, as they promptly went out and left us in Egyptian darkness directly the cage began to move. "What level?" asked the engineer.

"Fourth gallery—deep enough for ladies," shouted our companion to "the man at the wheel." Then we understood that we were only to descend 700 ft. (it was possible to be landed 1,800 ft., the depth to which Prince Albert Victor and Prince George went during their inspection). "Ready!" and down we shot like lightning. It was a record voyage as far as speed of locomotion went; but one did not feel nervous, for one knew that even if the stout rope or tackle could possibly break, the grappling forks at the sides of the cage, by the slightest movement of the lever grasped in the miner's hand, would firmly grip the sides of the shaft—by the way, steel ropes and chains of numerous kinds have been tried, but the most satisfactory of all things is a strong rope of Manilla yarn, though costing £80 each.

We stepped out into a wide gallery and proceeded 1,000 ft. into the interior, passing on the way various "billies" hanging on their pegs over primitive fire arrangements. Do you know what a "billy" is? It is not an irreverent nickname for Mr. Gladstone; it is not Dr. Jameson's hat; but it is the miner's larder, cash box, drinking cup, kettle, in fact, his multum in parvo—it is his covered can which in the morning carries his provisions for the day, and in which he boils his tea, and the deep cup-lid is his drinking vessel. Soon arriving at a hole—like a well with a windlass over—the miner-guide re-

quested that I should put my foot into a loop in the rope and hold tightly above. I laughed, "Oh dear no, I'm not such a brave boy as that!" was not exactly the refusal he expected. He assured us that nothing of the actual workings could be seen from above, and so we resolved to risk precious lives, and one by one were wound down to a further depth of 40 ft., and arrived in sight of a group of diggers. The remark that apparently it was easy work to find gold, led to the presentation of a light pick-axe, and on setting to work to loosen the quartz, I made considerable progress and learnt to follow a faint gold vein, a thin line called the indicator; it appears to run all round Ballarat, between the hills and the creek. It was not hard labour, for each stroke that brought down a portion of quartz, loosened the next. Several tiny scraps of gold kindly introduced themselves, and pulling away the surrounding quartz and "Black Jack," little points, shaped like atoms of coral showed out, and the manager was good enough to allow the keeping of findings. The workmen, now transformed to idlers, took the greatest interest in the white-robed miners, and as they were not paid by time, but by results, were not much richer that afternoon through the presence of lady diggers. In passing, one must remark on their gallantry.

Thinking that a great deal of our guide's time had been wasted, I offered him half-a-sovereign as a tip. This was politely but indignantly refused. "Thank you, madam; the honour of taking ladies down is sufficient, we do not want to be paid for doing so." Nothing now remained but to gather up one's treasures and begin the ascent; and, putting one foot into the rope, the up-signal was given. Either through carelessness or nervousness, the youth turning the windlass overwound an inch or two, and one's

fingers were crushed between the roller and the rope, before the miner-guide, who was carefully watching, had time to stop the youth, whom he most severely reprimanded. To let go would have been certain death, and very un-English to have made a fuss over it; but one would prefer that another time the youth did not so energetically follow in all things his country's motto, "Advance, Australia!" Back into air somewhat cooler, the usual evening breeze springing up. Cold nights are the one great blessing of Ballarat. After the hottest days there is always a wind at sundown, and one can seldom sleep in the very middle of summer under less than two blankets; it is so much more refreshing than the tropical enervating night of New South Wales. Victoria has also another advantage. Snakes it has in plenty, but it is without many mosquitoes or any of those horrid leeches which look like fine black threads waving about in the damp grass. In one's walks, it is quite easy to get one on one's person; it then quickly grows from a thread into the size of a man's thumb, and is most difficult to detach until it has completely gorged itself. A gold mine is so clean, and, excepting in the lowest galleries very dry. Immense growths of fungi sometimes hang from the roofs of the passages, like great stalactites of curious shape. The manager told us he had several times come upon frogs alive, but firmly embedded in stone, apparently without means of breathing, but they die directly they are brought up into fresh air; also that oranges found below whole, fall apart into divisions and shrivel up when brought to the surface. Logs of wood not wholly decayed, but which can be used for firewood, are met with, and over these strata containing sea-shells and ocean deposit, showing that not many ages ago Australia must have been under water.



Baku and the Oil Regions of the Caspian

WRITTEN BY E. A. BRAYLEY HODGETTS. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

BAKU, the centre and capital of the oil regions of the Caspian, is most easily approached from Batoum, the Caucasian port on the Black Sea, which Russia obtained from Turkey after the war of

1876-77. From Batoum, whose name means, literally, the end of everything, there is a single line of railway across the Caucasus to the Caspian port of Baku. This railway is the principal means of communication between Northern Persia and Europe, but all goods travelling by it have to pay duty on entering Russia, as though they were imports. The railway line takes the traveller through a beautiful and interesting country, with snow-capped mountains, primæval forests, ravines, and precipices. The costumes of the inhabitants are different from anything to be seen in any other part of the world. Fierce, bearded men, in flow-

ing capes of black sheepskin, with enormous fur caps, and armed to the teeth, ride about the country. They are nearly all robbers, and life is but little valued; yet every second man you meet is a prince. The women are of rare beauty.

Through this wild and romantic region the railway takes us at a snail's pace into a barren sandy desert, at whose end is the Persian town of Baku, and beyond it the Caspian Sea.

Baku is really divided into two distinct towns, the Black and the White. The White town is the ancient and original city. The Black is of recent growth, being the seat of the petroleum refineries and works, which have made the place what

it is; it is separated from the port by a large, arid, sandy plain, several miles in extent. A paternal government has the credit of founding it some twenty odd years ago, as a measure of public health and safety. Before that period



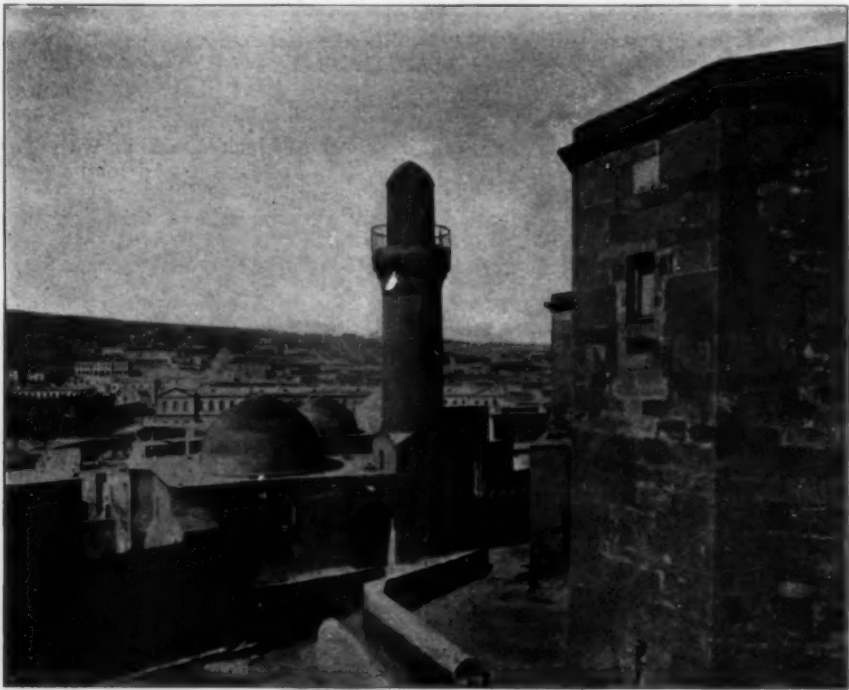
M. DESPOT-ZENOVITCH

the oil refineries were erected in Baku itself, and poisoned the air with their exhalations, besides being a constant source of danger from fire. To-day, a fire in the Black town is one of the most terrible sights imaginable, but the probability of its spreading to Baku itself is remote.

The traveller who arrives at Baku by railway will, at first, be struck by two very remarkable phenomena, one being

cumstance to astonish the traveller is that when he alights he will still find himself in a barren sand waste, and about four miles away from the town to which the railway proposed to take him. This is not peculiar to Baku, but may be said to be a feature of all Russian towns. The railway-station is always several miles from the town to which it is supposed to belong.

Taking a handsome equipage with



CITADEL OF BAKU

the invisibility of the town. The train takes him up a slight incline, on surmounting which he will observe a sandy desert with the Caspian Sea in the distance, but no trace of a town. The houses are indeed low, few having more than one story, and being made of the same general colour as the sandhills which obstruct the view from the railway, the town possesses few salient features to stand out against the sky and attract the gaze. The next curious cir-

two capital Arab horses—for all the cabs are excellent—the traveller will drive along an unmacadamised track into the town, which is composed of substantially-built houses, with wide streets, and plenty of open spaces. Baku has a population of about 120,000 inhabitants, of whom a large proportion are Persians, Tartars, Armenians, and Circassians, who all wear their national costumes; but it has only three hotels, which vie with each other in filth and



THE TOWER OF BAKU

untidiness. It may be said that the Métropole has the best accommodation—if there can be any comparison where all is vile—the Grand the best food, and the Europe the best wines. It is curious that a town, which is the principal industrial centre of the Caucasus, should have such miserable hostelry; but there is very little enterprise here, although there are tramways, a public park, and even a club.

Everything in Baku smells and tastes of petroleum, but the climate is healthy and bracing. Nothing will grow there. The soil is absolutely barren, and the park, which was planned and laid by the former Mayor, M. Despot-Zenovitch, a descendant of the ancient despots and Baku's greatest benefactor, has been made with earth imported from the interior. The paths are asphalt, and the trees poor and sickly.

Nevertheless, Baku is worth a visit. It is one of the ancient towns of the world. Strabo mentions it, so does Marco Polo, who speaks of the naphtha

industry, which was already in existence, and says that the oil of Baku found its way by camel caravans even to Bagdad.

All that is interesting and picturesque in Baku dates back to the days of Persian rule, although it was conquered by one of Peter the Great's generals, Matyoushkin, in 1722. But beyond developing its trade, Russia has not done much for the place.

Walking along the handsome quay, busy with ships, sailors, merchandise, and Persians, the traveller's attention will be arrested by an enormous forbidding black tower. He will, doubtless, mistake it for a water-tower, as I did. It is nothing of the kind. The story goes that in ancient days the Khan who ruled Baku fell in love with his own daughter, and desired to marry her. She at first refused, but finally promised to yield to his entreaties if he would have a tall tower erected on the sea-shore. The old Khan humoured this strange fancy, and day by day impatiently watched the progress of the

building. At last it was completed, and the maiden, arrayed in white, and faithful to her promise, mounted to the summit of the tower. Trembling with impatience and passion her father followed her. But when she got to the top, instead of submitting to his embraces, she threw herself into the sea. If this legend is true, the sea must have receded considerably since the tower was built. That this has been the

jewellery, and other merchandise. They crouch in their loathsome booths, and sleep in the same place in which they sell. At the northern gate of this Persian citadel is the great market, covering an area of about twelve acres. Here on market days the entire ground is covered with camels, all lying down quietly with their packs on their backs.

Not many miles from Baku is the celebrated temple of eternal fire, to



OIL CARTS

case is proved by the position to-day of the ancient Persian tower and fort, which stands upon a hill. The old wall is still intact, and the quaint Persian palaces, with their beautiful symmetrical architectural features, are in a perfect state of preservation.

Round this wall and fortress are the filthy, slimy Persian bazaars, which look like veritable dens of thieves. Here the wealthy merchants from Tabreez and Resht come to sell carpets, silver ware,

which the fire-worshippers annually make pilgrimage. The natural gases rising from the ground are conducted by means of pipes to the four little turrets, by which the temple is surmounted, and out of which it belches in fierce flames. The temple is in perfect preservation and taken care of by a venerable old soldier, who claims he is over a hundred years old. I was taken to this place by M. Despot-Zenovitch, to whom I have already referred. For-



SPOUTING FOUNTAINS

merly on the staff of the Grand Duke Michael, the Viceroy of the Caucasus, he was ordered to Baku to undertake the organisation of the municipality, and became its first Mayor. To him Baku owes its park, its fine broad streets and general European appearance, and many of its institutions, as for instance its water-supply, which is derived from the Caspian and made potable by means of condensers.

Of course, the wealth and prosperity of Baku is due entirely to its petroleum, which has been its main industry from time immemorial. Nevertheless, after Russia definitely annexed Baku, in 1806, the petroleum industry, which, although most primitively conducted, was a flourishing one under Persian rule, languished

and dwindled. The government administration alternated between developing the oil-wells itself and farming them out, the latter system giving the best results.

It was reserved for a German to give the first impetus to the present petroleum trade. The Germans have ever been the pioneers of enterprise in Russia. In 1859 Baron Liebig, the eminent chemist, was invited to develop the petroleum industry of Baku, and sent over his assistant, a certain Moldenhauer, to erect the first works. He did not continue long in the place and was succeeded by another German, named Eichler. But notwithstanding his

efforts, and the efforts of those who followed him, Russian petroleum could make no headway against American competition even in Russia itself, until, on the recommendation of a government commission the excise on petroleum was abolished, only to be reintroduced in later years by M. Vishnegradski, the late Minister of Finance. It was not until the arrival of the energetic Swedes, the Brothers Nobel, that the Baku petroleum industry was really placed on its present basis. That was in 1875. In the meantime, the ruinous competition between small owners led a Russian authority, Mr. Palibin, to say that the laws of political economy could not be applied to the Caucasus. Everywhere else, he said, competition improved and

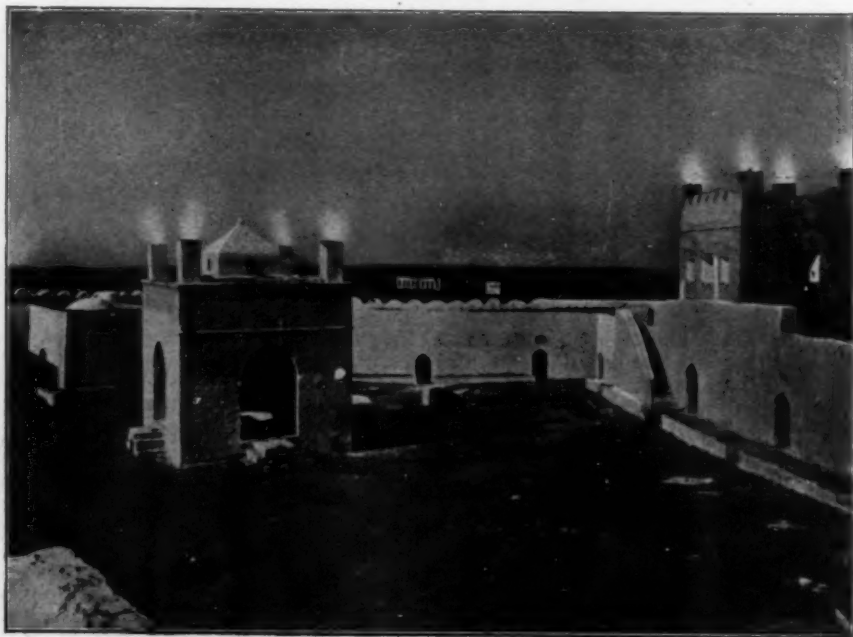
cheapened goods, but here the opposite effect was produced. The small owners have indeed been the curse of the petroleum industry; they are suspicious of each other and of all improvements, besides being dishonest, and yet they have been fostered by the government, who has consistently protected them from being swallowed up by large syndicates, such as those of Nobel Brothers and of the Rothschilds. It is due to their persistent opposition that there is still no pipe for the transmission of petroleum from Baku to Batoum, and that the oil has to be transported by rail or steamer. Even the substitution of tank carriages and tank steamers for the old-fashioned casks, which were carried in Persian carts constructed precisely as they had been a thousand years ago, with the axle fixed in the wheel and revolving itself instead of the wheel revolving round it, cost the Nobels no end of time and trouble.

For all that, and notwithstanding the primitive methods still in use in the oil refineries, the ruinous competition and the difficulties of transport, the petro-

leum trade of Baku is assuming very respectable dimensions. Whereas in 1877 the total production did not exceed 167,411,576 lbs., the latest returns give an output of 10,000,000,000.

One of the most beautiful sights imaginable is a spouting oil-well. Every now and again some lucky speculator succeeds in striking a fountain, which will vomit forth heavy dark masses of naphtha to an enormous height at an estimated rate of 36,000 lbs. a day. Such a fountain floods the neighbourhood. There are great lakes of petroleum extending for miles in the vicinity of the oil-wells. These are not inflammable, for they contain large proportions of water, but they have a most overpowering effect on the imagination.

Many of these oil-wells are in the hands of uneducated Tartars, whose idea of trade is to cheat, and who have little enterprise and less intelligence. With the spread of education and enlightenment the present benighted state of the petroleum industry of Baku will be altered, and then we may expect great things of the Caucasus.



TEMPLE OF ETERNAL FIRE

About Gas Works and Other Things

A REMARKABLE RECORD OF PROGRESS

WRITTEN BY ALEXIS KRAUSSE. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

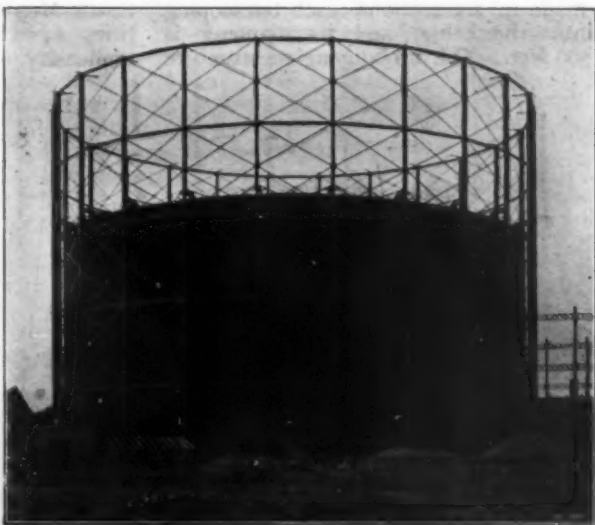


HE gas supply of London is in the hands of three great companies of varying proportions, each of which administers more or less adequately to its allotted district. These companies are, in the order of the territory they supply, the Gas Light and Coke Company, the South Metropolitan Gas Company, and the Commercial Union Gas Company. The methods by which each makes its gas, and transmits it to the consumer, are very similar, varying only in minor detail and in quantity, and to inspect the works of the one is to understand the *modus operandi* of all.

In several respects the South Metropolitan Gas Company stands out in bold relief from its rivals, inasmuch as it presents characteristics, not to say startling anomalies, such as exist in no other corporation, and it is for this reason that the great institution across the river has been selected for special description by the writer.

The South Metropolitan Gas Company lights the whole of London on the south of

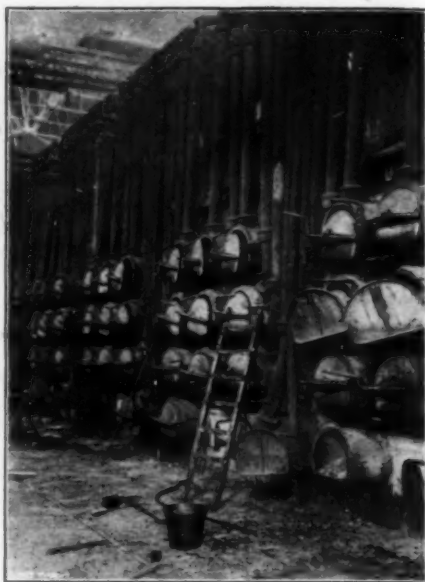
the Thames. Its domain extends from Richmond to Plumstead, and from the river to the Crystal Palace. It employs nearly four thousand hands, carbonises from one thousand to twelve hundred tons of coal, and makes, on an average, forty-five million cubic feet of gas every day. Its gas-holders possess a capacity of nearly fifty million cubic feet of gas, and it has about one hundred and fifty thousand customers on its books. Before advertg to the curious circumstance under which these remarkable figures are attained, it is advisable to take a walk round the works of the Company, and to make a



THE GREAT GAS-HOLDER

casual inspection of the means employed for lighting its extensive district.

The policy of the South Metropolitan Gas Company has always been one of progress, and among the most pronounced factors of its rule has been the tendency towards decentralisation. It has at present no fewer than six stations where gas is made and stored. The most important of these is known as the distributing station, whence all the important mains radiate, and which is in direct communication with each of the outlying works. This distributing station, which is also the site of the Company's offices, is known as 709A, Old Kent Road, the place consisting of some 40 acres, along the margin of which flows the Surrey Canal, giving direct access to the Thames. The entrance is at a corner of the Old Kent Road, midway between the Elephant and Castle and Deptford, and it is here that the principal works of the Company are situated. The outlying works are at Vauxhall, Bankside, Rotherhithe, Deptford Creek, and East Greenwich, the last-named being notable for the fact that it contains a gas-holder capable of holding twelve million cubic feet of gas. This monster gas-holder is without question the biggest in the world. It is what is known as a six-lift holder, being made in six sections, each telescoping into the other, and its diameter is 300 feet. The brobdignagian structure



INTERIOR OF RETORT HOUSE

supplies a well-known landmark for miles around. The cost of constructing this gas-holder was £72,000.

The raw material from which gas is made is coal, and this is used by the South Metropolitan Company in quantities which are staggering in their immensity. Some three hundred thou-



RANGE AND RETORT HOUSES

sand tons are turned into gas and its by-products every year, the bulk of these passing through the works in the Old Kent Road. They come direct from the North to the Thames, and thence they are conveyed in barges via the canal alongside the retort houses, where they are carbonised. There are a number of these ranged along the canal bank for convenience in handling the coal as it arrives, and they are constructed on two principles. Some of them are worked by furnaces, each controlled by its gang of attendant stokers; but the Company are gradually introducing an entirely new method of working its retort houses, and several are already completed. The new principle of construction does away with the range of furnaces, as usually found in gas works, and substitutes a range of furnaces worked by a blast from a stoke-hole constructed outside. This method entails a marked saving in fuel, ensures a regular heat, and keeps the interior of the house at a lower temperature than under the old system, as well as economising labour.

The interior of the retort houses are comparatively dark. The buildings are of fine proportions and exceedingly lofty, and the many retorts which pass up towards the roof from the range of furnaces give a characteristic appearance to the whole, which is heightened by the spectacle of the many semi-nude figures of herculean stokers, each intent on the many attentions his particular section of retorts requires. As the gas chambers become exhausted, the doors are opened, the coke is removed and the apparatus recharged; this process being gone through at regular intervals. As the crude gas is extracted from the coal by the action of the furnace, it finds its way from the retorts through a series of hydraulic mains filled with perforated plates kept covered by ammoniacal liquor, which frees it from some of its impurities; after which it traverses a range of condensers to cool. The gas is next washed in order to free it from tar and sulphuretted hydrogen, scrubbed to expel its ammonia, and finally purified prior to being passed into the gas-holders, whence it finds its way into the mains. It sounds somewhat grotesque

to speak of washing and scrubbing gas, but both processes are highly necessary in order to insure the product being absolutely pure. The distinction between the two methods of treatment are that in the washer the gas goes through the liquor, while in the scrubber the liquor goes through the gas.

The gas-holders at the distributing depôt of the South Metropolitan Gas Company, although not to be compared with the huge structure at East Greenwich, are monsters in their way, the larger one being capable of holding five million cubic feet of gas. The outward form of these monsters is well known to all Londoners, but their interior aspect is probably a mystery to most.

I have already stated that the South Metropolitan Gas Company presents certain curious characteristics, which are to be found in no other gas corporation. These peculiarities are so remarkable as to be well worthy a special notice, and I detail them from the standpoint of the disinterested outsider who has neither interest nor sympathies with either the board or its employés.

It will doubtless be in the recollection of most of my readers that this Company suffered from a great strike among its hands in the winter of 1889-1890, and that the struggle, while it lasted, was marked by an extreme determination on the part of the board not to be dictated to by the men's Union. The struggle in question was not one which was brought about by any marked dissatisfaction among the hands, but was purely an academic battle. The South Metropolitan Gas Company had always expressed a dislike to Trades-Unionism, and had averred that the men's condition was in no way improved by the interference of these bodies. The Gas Workers' Union in 1887 decided to have a trial of strength with the Company, with the result that the Union got worsted on every hand, and finally became hopelessly beaten. So much is ancient history.

But the present condition of affairs is at the same time a startling confutation of the charges so often brought against capital, and a disproof of the claims of the unionist, inasmuch as the hands at the Company's works are to-day drawing



BATTLE GROUND OF THE GREAT STRIKE

a higher wage than those of any other gas company. This condition of things has been brought about by the operation of the profit-sharing scheme introduced by Mr. George Livesey, the chairman of the Company, whose administration of its principles has been largely aided by his brother Mr. Frank Livesey, the Company's engineer. The principle followed is, briefly, that every man in the employ of the Company—and the men number nearly 4,000—receives a bonus of $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on his earnings over and above his regular wage, on condition that the recipient invests one-half the amount of the bonus he receives in the stock of the Company. The bonus of $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. is the present proportion paid, but this may well be increased, for the profit-sharing system is based on what is known as a sliding scale, and the lower the price of gas fees, the higher the rate of bonus becomes, the scale being an extra $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for every penny reduced in the price of gas. It therefore becomes to the interest of every employé of the Company to do all in his power to work his best, and to make the most gas at the

least expenditure, in the hope of enabling the board to lower the price of gas, and so thoroughly are the men in accord with this principle that they frequently point out how details can be worked at decreased cost in the hope of effecting a saving and a consequent reduction in working expenses. The bonuses are paid at Midsummer, and it is interesting to note that of the three thousand and odd hands employed, over three thousand are stock-holders in the Company. The average wage drawn by the men working for the South Metropolitan Gas Company is £2 per week, equal to approximately £100 per annum. And the bonus accruing to this wage is £7 10s., of which £3 5s. is paid in cash to the worker, while an equal amount is invested in his name in the Company's stock. But the interest in this new departure, made by a master mind in organisation, does not end here. It is curious, and from a purely financial point of view startling, to find that while the South Metropolitan Gas Company pays its workers more than other companies, its shareholders do not suffer, and that its dividends are prac-

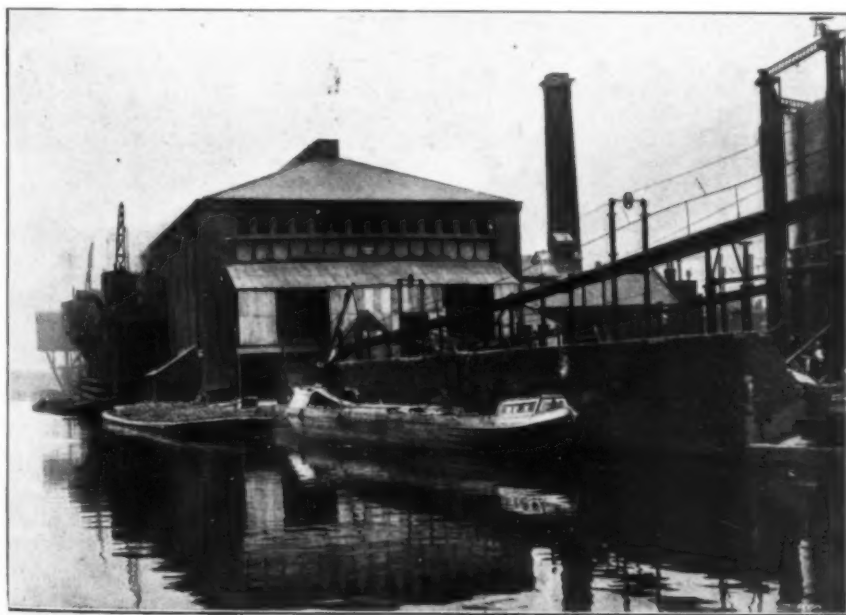
tically identical with those of the Gas Light and Coke Company, an undertaking which has always been run on principles bound by red tape and aimed at dividends. But while this remarkable corporation pays more and earns as much as its competitors, it actually sells its produce cheaper, and the proof of the competence of the management of this undertaking is nowhere thrown into greater contrast to the penny-wise-and-pound-foolish policy of other gas works than in the price it charges for its gas.

Throughout the north of London, where the Gas Light and Coke Company have the monopoly, the price of gas is 2s. 10d. per thousand cubic feet. Across the river the South Metropolitan Gas Company supplies its customers with gas, possessing the same illuminating power, at 2s. 3d. per thousand, and this immense saving, amounting to 20 per cent. on the gross price, is effected not by juggling with figures, but by ability in management. The great Company in North London buy dear and sell dear, while its southern neighbour reverses

this policy. Official statistics which I have inspected show that the average cost of coal bought by the Gas Light and Coke Company averaged last year 10s. 11½d. the ton. That purchased by the South Metropolitan averaged 10s. 2½d. It is not necessary to go further in the comparison. It is only to be regretted that the residents north of the Thames have to go on paying the price.

In its go-ahead policy the Southern Company has effected many things which its fellows would never have dreamed of. Among others, it introduced the vastly popular penny-in-the-slot meter, which it encourages in every way, while the Gas Light and Coke Company supplies it grudgingly, and stifles its general use as far as it possibly can. The South Metropolitan Company has at the present moment over 60,000 penny-in-the-slot meters in use among its customers.

Turning from these points to one other, it appears that the net cost of carbonising a ton of coal at the works of the Gas Light and Coke Company is 3s. 4½d. over and above the cost of the



CANAL FRONT

coal. The cost of the same process in South London is 2s. 7d. We have therefore a Company which buys cheaper, pays higher wages, sells equally good gas at a lower price, and pays high dividends, achievements which can be arrived at only by exceptional capacity

backed by industry, ability and enthusiasm. That these qualities are at the service of the South Metropolitan Gas Company is evident to all who have had an opportunity of judging the work accomplished by the brothers George and Frank Livesey.



INTERIOR OF A PURIFYING HOUSE

Joe and Jim ;

OR

"Cherchez la Femme!"

WRITTEN BY VICTOR HEWITT. ILLUSTRATED BY T. LEY PETHYBRIDGE



THEY had been partners now for years, had Joe and Jim, out in the Californian goldfields. They had met on the way thither, had travelled together, and their hut had been one of the first erected by the banks of the creek. Together they had watched the place grow into quite an important village of wooden houses. They had seen men come on the search for the precious metal; they had seen men—luckier than themselves—go away with their fortunes made. They had seen the pistols whipped out almost daily in drunken squabbles, in the days when the village was as yet unformed, when each man knew that "kill or be killed" was oftener than not the rule for arbitration in disputes, and that he shot best who shot first. They had seen old men drop away and die under the toil they could no longer stand up to. They had seen laughing, hopeful lads done to death in a trice for no worse offence than a few words mockingly spoken; while perhaps, far away, a grey-haired woman was kneeling in a mother's prayer that God would deliver her boy from all evil, and let her see him once more—just *once!*—before she died; or a fair sister or sweetheart sat at the open window in the twilight, trying, through her tears, to count the days since *he* sailed, and wondering—wondering how he was getting on. For there is no man living upon this earth so base and so degraded that he is not all-in-all to *somebody*.

And a short time ago they had passed an evening over the grog and pipes with

a man whose claim had adjoined theirs—"Piggie" they called him, for no one knew his other name. "Piggie" was reputed to have been a "gent—a *real* swell" before he came out west, for his talk was different to most men's, and his hands were smaller, and, in resting-time, whiter. "Piggie" had made his little pile, and was off home the next day with it; he had a mother in England somewhere, living on nothing-a-week and the parish, and "Piggie" was determined to stop this. But at day-break, when Joe and Jim went down to the creek as usual, they found "Piggie's" body floating there, with staring, half-open eyes, and a knife-thrust between the shoulder-blades, just in the middle. They buried him silently by the creek.

"Pity!" commented Jim.

"I guess," agreed Joe.

Which little incident had the effect of making them guard their own little hoard more carefully, and keep their six-shooters in better and brighter condition.

Now the time had almost come for Jim and Joe to leave the diggings. They had worked day in, day out, for six years come summer; they had had a fair share of luck. They had risen together at dawn, toiled all day side by side, shared their evening meal, liquored up silently over their pipes, turned in together, and risen again at dawn, with little variation for six years. They seldom spoke, never conversed; but Joe regarded Jim as a right hand, while Jim had come to look upon Joe as a necessary of life. Over the grog they hastily mentioned the question of returning together; in fact, it was only

after three hours' tacit and smokeful deliberation, and ten minutes' earnest discussion, that they decided to hang on for another year.

"Thet'll see us, anyhow," said Joe.

"I reckon," replied Jim.

And so it was agreed.

But

*The best laid schemes o' mice and men gang
aft a-gley.*

All would have been well, but for the

street of the village. Her name was simple "Nellie" to all intents and purposes. She was vain, coquettish (as far as her already waning charms permitted), empty-headed—but she was a woman. Her manner was coarse, her language coarser—but she was a woman. She had not one single sweet, womanly trait in her character—but she was a woman! And this commodity was valuable, in any shape or form, at the diggings, by reason of its scarceness,



"THE FIRST BARMAID OF THE LITTLE WOODEN GROG-SHOP"

arrival in the village of—a woman. Nothing could have parted Jim and Joe for one moment except an explosion or—a woman. Men may hob and nob together for a lifetime; they may be brothers, and more than brothers; they may be each other's *alter ego* on the stage of life. Bring a woman into the scene—a worthless woman—and the devil has his little innings, and never fails to run up a big score.

She was a giggling, fair-haired, meretricious thing—the first "barmaid" of the little wooden grog-shop in the main

and men freely bartered their gold and their very selves in exchange, just as an African monarch gives away his priceless ivory for a string of worthless gaudy beads.

She was a woman, and it was this fact that struck the sleepy minds of Joe and Jim. Hitherto the customers of the reeking little canteen, with its bottles of coloured waters, and its flaring, stinking oil-jets had been attended to by men like themselves—bare-armed, grimy, perspiring. The two "pards" began to find a vague attraction in spending

their evenings there, and watching the gilded beauty flit about through the clouds of smoke. Jim would even leave his work in the middle of the day, and Joe would ponder earnestly as to where he could be—he used not to take so long over "banking" their little gains; while Joe would occasionally saunter out at odd times without even saying "Coming?" to Jim! All of which was getting very serious and unaccountable. But each man kept his secret, and talked less—and smoked more—than ever.

One evening—the first for many—they were passing in their own little den. It certainly *was* a rough night without, and the men *were*, as they confessed, "dog-tired"; but perhaps the real reason for their sudden domesticity was to be found in the fact that "Nellie" had left the diggings for a few days on a visit. The rum and water was soon mixed, the much-used clays lit, and Joe and Jim sat, as usual, gazing earnestly into the bright fire of wood.

"Did well to-day," suggested Joe, uneasily.

"All right," agreed Jim.

Half-an-hour's silent puffing. A man would not have required a thought-reader's powers to discover that each was eager to disburden himself of some deep secret that was obviously weighing him down. Joe, invariably the more garrulous of the two, spoke again.

"Nice gal, Nell!" he remarked, tentatively.

"I reckon," agreed Jim.

Puff—puff—puff!

"Ole Jim, I've somethin' to l'arn yew," said Joe, presently.

"Oh?" replied Jim.

Joe hesitated, for he was anxious to break the news gently. At last he spoke again.

"Ole Jim, I'm goin' to marry thet gal!"

The effort exhausted Joe, and he smoked more furiously than ever. So did Jim.

"Oh?" said the latter after a pause.

"Have yew axed her, ole Joe?"

"Not yet. Kissed her good-bye laas' night."

Jim looked up. "I, too, I reckon," he said, quietly.

Joe looked up. "Yew're a liar, ole Jim."

"I guess not," answered the other.

They replenished their glasses, and again gazed in the the fire.

"I've 'er fissogs here somewhere," said Jim, producing a photograph.

"Why, see here, too," replied Joe, extracting another from the folds of his grimy shirt.

The situation was one for earnest reflection—both men clearly realised that.

"I mean to get her—so, Jim!" said Joe, firmly. (He did not call him "*ole*" Jim this time.)

"I guess not. She's promised me, Joe," replied Jim, with equal firmness.

"So *yew've* bin sneakin' att'er 'er, Jim?" asked Joe.

"No worsen yew," replied Jim, candidly.

"What d'yew mean, Jim?" asked Joe.

"What I says, Joe," answered Jim.

Another and a very serious pause.

"See here, Jim."

"Waal, Joe?"

"Yew want thet gal, I reckon?"

"I reckon."

"Waal, so do I—thet's right straight out."

"Then I guess we'd better settle it right away," said Jim.

"How, Jim?" asked Joe.

"Shooting-iron," suggested Jim, pleasantly.

"Righto!" replied Joe.

"Fust thing to-morrow, Grant's Coppice?" proposed Jim.

"See me nicely," acquiesced Joe.

"Thet's fixed up then—best man wins.

Waal, good night, Joe."

"Good night, Jim."

"Grant's Coppice" was a clearing in the wood some little way from the village. It was, of course, surrounded by trees, whose boughs interlaced overhead; but it afforded a quiet, undisturbed "twenty paces" on occasions like this. It was called "Grant's Coppice" ever since the time when, three years ago, "Bully" Grant had been shot, in fair fight, clean through the neck by a boy he had cheated—a boy who scarcely knew the difference between a pistol and a curling-iron!

At dawn they rose as usual, and chanced to look into each other's eyes. The heated moments of last night were



"'I'VE 'ER FISSOGS HERE SOMEWHERE,' SAID JIM"

past now—each saw, in the other, only his old friend, his old "pard." It seemed odd that they did not shoulder their tools and set out to work as usual; the only burdens they carried to-day were their "Colts." The storm of the night had scarcely abated; the wind still blew in fitful gusts, and still the rain came down. Joe noticed, with some concern, that Jim searched for tobacco in his pouch and found none. Such a thing might, Joe reflected, put Jim at a disadvantage; he hastened to put the matter right.

"'Bacca, ole Jim?"

"Thanks, ole Joe."

So they commenced their last walk together. They were both dead shots. Neither would be likely to miss a coin at twenty yards, much less the sturdy breast that would soon be his target.

And on the way they reflected, as usual, each within his honest, slow mind.

"I could hit ole Jim, of course," Joe's thoughts ran; "I'd be a mug if I

couldn't! But he is sure to pot me too—safe as eggs. That's no good to either. Besides—he's my ole pard, is Joe—we've pigged in together now—how long is it?—six year! No—I reckon I'll not down ole Jim this time—'tain't worth it. He's a better man than me, is ole Jim, all the way. And I shouldn't care ter hang on alone if ole Jim was gone under, durn me if I should—not fer all the wimmin in the world."

"Joe or me—one or other—both, I reckon," reflected Jim, cheerily. "Poor ole Joe! It don't seem right, somehow, to stick an ounce of lead into him, atter these times together, because he happens ter fancy a wench, same's me! S'pose he *did* miss me—or only wing me—which he won't? Well—durn it—I shouldn't know who ter talk ter without ole Joe in the cornder opposite, smokin' his pipe. No—I ain't goin' ter murder ole Joe—not just yet awile."

They reached the place. Joe held out his hand.

"Wa-al—so long, ole Jim."

"So long, ole Joe."

The hand-grip was a long one—the voices were not quite as stolid as usual. But Joe's eyes twinkled even now at the thought of the ingenious trick he was about to play on "ole Jim" by missing him; the corners of Jim's mouth twitched with merriment, as though he were conjuring up Joe's surprise presently at finding himself unhurt. But each felt, with the utmost certainty, that he had only a few seconds longer to live.

They took up their positions. Through the trees the wind whistled and snarled; the dripping of the rain on the foliage above them was the only sound. Joe particularly noticed an irritating, flapping leaf, almost over Jim's head; Jim remarked that a squirrel was playing about in the tree beneath which Joe stood.

"Say when, Jim," suggested the ever-garrulous Joe.

"No—yew," replied Jim.

Joe smiled broadly as he counted evenly—

"One—two—three—fire!"

The reports rang out. The squirrel dropped headless at Joe's feet; the leaf fluttered down on to the brim of Jim's hat.

The men gazed at each other for a few moments; then they gradually understood how things were. For once in a way, the two "pards" began to laugh outright. The laugh increased steadily in volume, and was prolonged for five minutes. It was, of course, the talkative Joe who began the conversation.

"Wa-al, ole Jim! We be durned fools, I guess, ole Jim."

"I reckon, ole Joe," agreed Jim.

They advanced to each other, and again laughed heartily. Then they shook hands again.

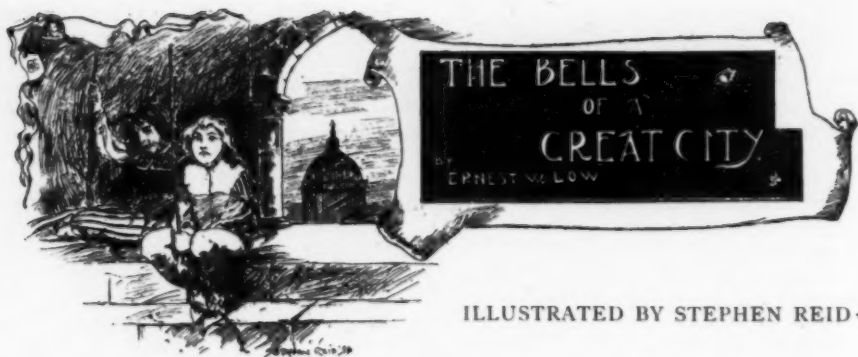
"Durn yew—ole Jim," said Joe, warmly.

"Durn yew too, ole Joe," replied Jim.

When last I heard of Joe and Jim, they were still together—and still unmarried.



"SAY WHEN, JIM!"



ILLUSTRATED BY STEPHEN REID.

THERE is something in the sound of bells which seems to appeal irresistibly to all sorts and conditions of men; the rich and the poor, the cultured and the ignorant alike come under the influence of its magic spell. The full appreciation of a performance upon a musical instrument demands a certain degree of musical education; the bells carry their own interpretation. And in their capacity for joy and sorrow, in variety of tone, ranging from the deep voice of a cathedral tenor to the modest tinkling of the treble in a parish church, and—factor more potent than all—in their associations, what instrument can be even compared with them?

Curiously enough, while some of our greatest poets have placed on record the feelings inspired in them by the sound of bells in the country, those in our great city have been passed by almost unnoticed. Surely the feelings they awaken if they differ in nature are no less powerful. From an historical and archæological point of view this lack of interest is also much to be deplored. It affords a striking contrast with the attitude of the people abroad; for instance in Antwerp they almost make a fetish of their magnificent "Carolus" and your guide watches you narrowly while you inspect the bell, as though he suspected you of designing to carry off the monster bodily! But to ask to inspect the peal of bells in a London church is to run the risk of being considered a mild sort of lunatic; on several occasions on proffering his request the

writer was met with the blankest of blank stares of incredulity and astonishment. Certainly we have little to rival or perhaps to compare with many of the specimens to be seen in the Netherlands, the birthplace of bell-ringing and bell-founding, but there is at the same time, within the boundaries of the "one square mile" ample material to repay the pilgrim for the time and trouble devoted to a thorough research.

Very little is known of the bells of St. Paul's until after the Great Fire. In the old Cathedral there were four large bells which hung in a *clôchier* or bell-tower at the eastern extremity of the churchyard. These did not, however, belong to the Cathedral proper, for they were in the Jesus Chapel which formed part of the parish church of St. Faith under St. Paul's. Here it was that the worthy traders of Ludgate and Paternoster Row used to hold their "folk-motes," being summoned by the sound of the bells. The tower was eventually demolished by Sir Miles Partridge, who is said to have won the bells from Henry VIII. by a throw of the dice. They were afterwards hung in the tower, and known as the "Jesus Bells." So much for Old St. Paul's. In an account of the Curiosities of the New Cathedral, written in 1759, there are many details about the bells. It says "You are likewise asked to see the Great Bell. . . and also a lesser bell. . . but the sound of both is so excessive loud, that tender ears are much affected if either happen to strike while near them." This "Great Bell," which is still used, is said to have

been first cast in the reign of Edward I. It was known as "Edward of Westminster," and then as "Westminster Tom," and used to hang at Westminster Hall, where its sonorous voice notified the hour to the judges. William III. presented it to the present Cathedral, and it was installed with great state in what has since been its home on New Year's Day, 1699. This is the bell upon which the hours are chimed, the "ting-tang" quarters being chimed upon it and two smaller bells arranged at the musical intervals of an octave and a fifth above. The hour bell weighs $5\frac{1}{2}$ tons and is 6 ft. $9\frac{1}{2}$ in. across the mouth. It is sounded by a large hammer on the outside of the bell, which is drawn up by a wire in connection with the clock, and allowed to fall by its own weight. The clapper, weighing 180 lbs., is only used on special occasions: on the death of a member of the Royal Family, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, the Dean of St. Paul's and the Lord Mayor of London.

A well-known, though somewhat apocryphal anecdote relates to this bell. A soldier at Windsor, being found apparently asleep on his post at midnight, stoutly protested his innocence of such a breach of discipline, and declared that he was intently listening to the bell of St. Paul's, which much to his astonishment had struck 13! The officer in charge, thinking the story a curious one, caused enquiries to be made, with the result that Tommy Atkins' story was confirmed by several people. It is almost unnecessary to say that the clock has never again similarly misbehaved itself.

The peal of bells in the Cathedral are comparatively new, dating back only some twenty years. They are twelve in number, the tenor weighing 62 cwt. They are a fine peal, and are best heard at a distance, as the effect of such a mass of metal in vibration is not altogether pleasing at close quarters. Peals are rung at the usual church festivals, the ringers being members of that curious old Association—The Ancient Society of College Youths. The latest addition to the bells of the Cathedral took place in 1882, when Great Paul was raised in the tower. It is the largest bell in the

Metropolis, and weighs little short of 17 tons. It bears this inscription, "Vae mihi si non evangelisavero," and may be heard booming forth daily to apprise the busy workers in the vicinity that one o'clock has arrived. Indeed, it is often jocularly known in the neighbourhood as the "dinner-bell."

The precise origin of the saying "born within the sound of Bow Bells" is unknown, but the Church of St. Mary-le-Bow was certainly one of the oldest built by the Normans, if not a Roman temple, and the bells have been conspicuous almost as long as the building itself. A portion of the steeple fell down in 1271, and was not replaced until 1469, when the Common Council ordered the bell to be rung at nine o'clock in the evening. This was evidently a survival of the Curfew, and the signal for the busy traders in Cheapside to put up their shutters. Hence we have this rhyme from the gay 'prentices impatiently waiting to set forth on their evening frolics:—

*Clerke of the Bow Bell with the yellow locks
For thy late ringing thy head shall have
knocks.*

And the rejoinder of the browbeaten "clerke,"

*Children of Cheape, holde you all still,
For you shall have the Church Bell rung at
your will.*

The bells now in use were rung for the first time on the birthday of George III. in 1762. The most conspicuous feature of the church is the campanile or bell-tower, carried out by Wren in accordance with the plan of the builders of the ancient campanile which probably first arose in Byzantium. It is quite distinct from the main building, with which it is joined by a corridor; this arrangement brings out in strong relief its great height and the perfection of its proportions. It has been condemned as unsafe many times, and has been said positively to rock when the bells are in motion. As the same statement has been made of several of Wren's towers, which still hold their heads proudly aloft, it is not unsafe to predict that the tower of St. Mary-le-Bow will remain for many a long day to come.

The peal in St. Michael's, Cornhill, a



THE BELL RINGER

churo
torica
beau
story
Alden
on re
Stow
the a
appea
relate
Jame
next
a tem
and a
them
light
they
the t
of th
came
stone
and
print
stone
rema
often
feath
enter
Mas
of th
men
attri
his S
bells
Bell
mini
ing
be "
sign
St
bein
Fox
can
wor
to a
The
Geo
vers
coop
ama
run
ing
com
Hyr
Lan
the
"H

church ranking second to none for historical associations and architectural beauty, is chiefly remarkable for the story about the bell presented by Mr. Alderman Rus, which has been placed on record by that prince of chroniclers, Stow, who took an official interest in the affairs of the parish. The story appears in his 1603 edition, and is best related in his own words: "Upon St. James' night certain men in the loft next under the bells, ringing of a peal, a tempest of lightning and thunder arose and an ugly shapen sight appeared to them, going in at the south window and lighting on the north. For fear thereof they all fell down and lay as dead for the time, letting the bells ring and cease of their own accord. When the ringers came to themselves, they found certain stones of the north window to be raised and scrat as tho' so much butter printed with a Lyon's claws; the same stones were fastened there again and remain to this day. I have seen them often and have put a small stick or feather into them where the claws had entered, three or four inches deep." Master Stow evidently had little idea of the effects of lightning! The phenomenon was in his mind plainly to be attributed to the direct interposition of his Satanic Majesty! The whole of the bells were rehung in 1587, the "Rus Bell" being recast the next year. The minute of the vestry orders the rehunging of the bells in order that they may be "rong with much more ease" and is signed by Thomas Stow.

St. Giles, Cripplegate (famous as being the burial place of Milton and Foxe, of "Foxe's Book of Martyrs"), can boast of being the only place of worship in the City which, in addition to a fine peal, possesses a regular carillon. The chimes were made in 1795 by George Harman, of High Wycombe, a versatile gentleman who, though a cooper by trade, was evidently a skilful amateur mechanic. They play on a running peal of twelve bells the following tunes, one on each day of the week, commencing on Sunday, "Easter Hymn," "National Anthem," "Auld Lang Syne," "Hanover," "Hark 'tis the Bells," "Mariners' Hymn," and "Home Sweet Home." The machine

was repaired and altered in 1849, remained untouched until the Jubilee Year, when several necessary rectifications made it as good as new. The people of St. Giles always seem to have taken a great interest in their church and bells. Numerous entries concerning the latter are to be seen in the register, and some of them would sound rather strangely in our ears. Thus in 1680 it was ordered that "the third, sixth, and biggest bells be forthwith cast and made tuneable to answer the others." The activity displayed by the vestry at this time may perhaps have been due to the influence of the first Earl of Bridgwater, who lived at Bridgwater House in Barbican hard by.

In the turret of that historic place of worship, St. Bartholomew the Great, hang five bells, said to be the first five of a peal of twelve formerly hanging in the centre tower, which was pulled down in 1628. History is silent as to what became of the remainder. But if their fate is shrouded in mystery there is no doubt that the five which are left are of very ancient origin. They probably belonged to the Augustinian Canons, and bear a Foundry stamp ascribed to Thos. Bullesdon who died in 1510. They are all inscribed "Ora Pro Nobis," and each bears the name of its patron saint according to the usage of the Roman Church. The bells were only rehung upon the restoration of the Church in 1893, before which time, owing to their imperfect condition, their voices had been silent for many long years.

The largest church in the City is St. Sepulchre's, standing at the corner of Holborn and Giltspur Street, and almost facing Newgate, with which its bells have a sombre association. It was the practice for several centuries for one of the bells of St. Sepulchre to be tolled from 8 to 9 o'clock on the morning of an execution taking place at the prison opposite. In fact, a sum of money was bequeathed, the interest to be paid to the sexton for this purpose, but it was diverted by the Charity Commissioners a few years ago, together with the charities of the church.

No one can fail to regard the tall steeple of St. Bride's, Fleet Street, with

interest, issuing as it does from between the closely-packed adjacent buildings, and looking down upon the seething tide of humanity which night and day floods London's busiest thoroughfare. The steeple, which was finished in 1713, is a beautiful specimen of Wren's work, ranking only second to the tower of Bow church. It has a capital peal of twelve bells, the first peal of twelve in existence in London, and to celebrate the event, a famous peal was rung by the College Youths. But there are no regular ringers attached to the church, and consequently the bells are only heard on special occasions. Perhaps this is just as well, bearing in mind the curses showered some time ago upon the bells of another church not far off, whose resounding notes had a very disturbing effect upon the scores of brain-workers busily engaged in turning out "copy" in the vicinity.

Another Newspaper Street church which attracted a good deal of attention a few years ago, is St. Dunstan in the West. It used to have a clock with the dial overhanging the roadway, which was furnished with two figures of savages, who struck the quarters on suspended bells, gravely nodding their heads as they delivered the stroke. It possesses also a peal of eight bells, whose glories live in the past; the walls of the

tower bear many inscriptions relating the marvellous "Bob Majors," and other peals rung in bygone days, but at present the bells are not in ringing order.

I have not dealt in any way exhaustively with the bells of London City. To have attempted to do so within so short a compass would have been as futile as presumptuous. For, to deal comprehensively with the bells would entail giving a history of the churches themselves, and that in its turn would branch out into ever-widening spheres of research, indissolubly linked as they have been with the history of London, perhaps of England, during the last 800 years. My endeavour has been but to break ground upon the subject, with a faint hopefulness that those who cherish the relics of our country's past may be induced to visit some of these rapidly-disappearing landmarks ere they vanish into the "Ewigkeit." Some, alas, are already gone; others the advancing tide of utilitarian vandalism even now threatens to submerge. One by one the City churches and graveyards disappear; a few more years, and perhaps even the site of the resting-place of the author of "Paradise Lost" himself may be obscured and well nigh forgotten 'neath the overshadowing walls of one of the "Palaces of Commerce."



of the
tined
at M
conv
ted
the
over
that
resti
ing
whe
she
enot

The Holy Carpet

NONE imposing Oriental spectacle few ordinary tourists are privileged to witness, occurring as it does in the early summer, is the departure from Cairo of the Holy Carpet, which is destined to cover the Tomb of Mahomet at Mecca, and is taken there by a huge convoy of pilgrims. The idea originated over six centuries back, when one of the Ayub Caliph's wives, Fatima, rode over the weary stretches of desert that lie between Cairo and the Prophet's resting-place in a gorgeous litter, carrying an embroidered Kisweh, or Carpet, wherewith to adorn his shrine. Though she only made the trip once (and quite enough, too, as any one who has tried

the experiment will admit), the pilgrims continue the litter and carpet, bringing back the old kisweh in exchange for each new one, to benefit by the sanctity which it had absorbed during the past twelvemonth.

For five hundred years—except when hindered by war, or the Wahabee brigands beyond the Red Sea—the horde of hadjis has set out from the Egyptian capital to march wearily round by Suez and Sinai, and so to their goal, suffering intensely from heat and thirst when the cycle of years brought round the month of Shawwal to the summer solstice, and perishing from no less cruel cold when it occurred in the winter months. Nevertheless, their numbers never lessened;



DEPARTURE FROM CAIRO OF THE HOLY CARPET



PROCESSION OF PILGRIMS WITH CARPET

the various religious foundations, among whom is divided the duty of furnishing a section of the carpet, and of the Mahmal (or structure in which it is carried), vied with each other in enriching and embellishing the gorgeous embroidery; and the various caliphs and viceroys no more thought of failing to start the caravan off with royal honours, than would the Emperor of China of omitting to plough his rood of ground each spring. Ismail Pasha used to spend as much as £50,000 on the ceremony, it is said; and, judging by the descriptions given by many writers, the spectacle was unrivalled in respect of Oriental magnificence. Paul Lenoir tells of the vast crowds that assembled around the Citadel to watch the parade of ulema, and dervishes, and soldiers; the throng of pilgrims; the deafening noise created by the musicians; the endless procession of gilded court carriages, followed by camels hidden in cloth of gold, curvetting Arab steeds, and, finally, the white dromedary, almost invisible beneath its rare burden, the Mahmal. "This magnificent animal, completely covered with gold brocade, advanced slowly and painfully under the weight of the enormous catafalque which swung from side to side upon his back. This catafalque, arranged in tent

form, was surmounted by a sparkling jewelled crescent, and hung round with little golden bells; the whole of the canopy glittered with gold embroidery and precious stones, beneath which the material, which was green silk, had utterly disappeared. Over the top of the dome of this ambulatory tent, and of the four small pavilions, floated black horse-tails, surmounted by finely-wrought crescents. The dromedary's head was laden with ostrich plumes, tied up with silken rosettes and wonderful embroideries. The other portions of the adornment matched the general colour of the catafalque, which, being entirely green and gold, produced a dazzling effect in the distance." Under the feet of this privileged animal the crowd were wont to fling themselves fanatically, as being even more meritorious than touching the filthy naked santon who headed the line of march, and who, by the way, died lately full of honour. If the scene lacked the ethnological interest of the rival caravan from Damascus, which comprised wanderers from the Black, the Caspian, and the Arab seas, from Caucasus, the region of the Oxus, even the remote steppes of Samarcand, it could boast of nearly every portion of Northern Africa, from Timbuctoo to Lake Chad, fully as wild



VIEW OF THE HOLY CARPET



THE PROCESSION THROUGH THE DESERT

of aspect, and fanatical in spirit. But those days are of the past. The control of Egypt by English authority and European financiers has caused the glory of the Mahmal to depart. Last year, as in 1882, there were no Egyptian soldiers, comparatively speaking, to form its imposing guard of honour, though in Arabi's year our Christian troops filled the anomalous rôle. The Mahmal, though still richly and beautifully worked by the company of broiderers who are engaged upon it all the year round, no longer looks like the contents of Streeter's window thrown over a ten-foot tent. The viceroy of the Caliph, the Khedive, never troubles about saluting it, or even seeing it, on its departure or return, but sends instead his Minister of Finance, who always looks bored. The pilgrims are taken to Jeddah at so much a hundred, dead or

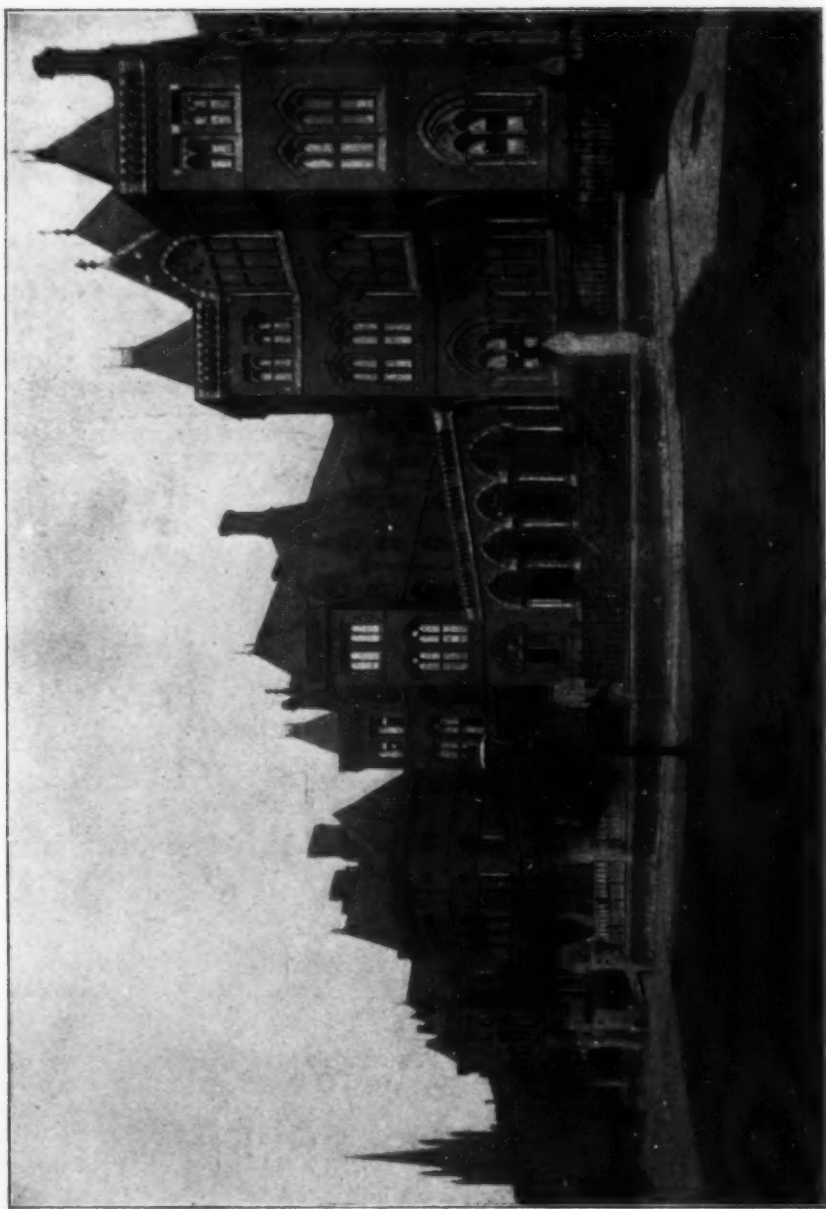
alive, and make the journey so quickly and comfortably that green turbans are as common as flies in Cairo. The naked Dervish is suppressed, and the few Giaours who care to look at the show may smoke a pipe, nowadays, without fear of being mobbed, and perhaps killed.

The accompanying illustrations give a fair idea of the various phases of the festivity, or penance, or whatever it may be called; of the elaborate decoration of the splendid fabric; the superb supercilious brute which bears it; the appearance of the city as it parades through the various streets; and the final long dusty journey through the desert, between hillocks which were busy towns ere Mahomet or Mahmal were created, headed by the company of Bashi-bazuks, who are to be the pilgrims' guardians and police.



y
e
d
w
it
s

e
e
it
i-
b
e
s
e
e
e
l
y
e



LEEDS INFIRMARY

Leeds

WRITTEN BY JOHN DOW. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



TOWN HALL, LEEDS

LEEDS is the second largest city in the kingdom. There is no need for the Liverpool or the Glasgow reader to bristle up with a contradiction on his lips: the needful qualification shall at once be made. Its claim to second rank is in respect of area alone. The municipal boundaries are thirty miles in circumference, and enclose 21,572 acres, whereas the city on the Mersey stands on 13,326 acres, and the sister port on the Clyde on 11,861 acres. In Leeds as yet there is no pressure of brick and mortar on the boundary line. The core of the city is densely built and smoky

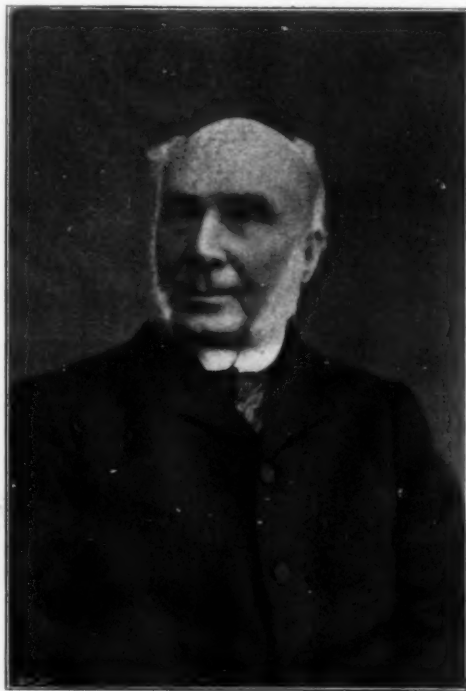
black, but the outer suburban zone thins away to greenness, and you may wander amid verdant fields with never an urban sight nor sound, and still be treading on municipal soil. Since the charter was granted in 1626 there has been no alteration in the city boundaries, which for parliamentary, municipal, and ecclesiastical purposes are now identical. There was at that date little more than a village population in Leeds. There are now 400,000 inhabitants.

Like most West Riding towns, Leeds is attractive or the reverse according to the point of view of the observer. Mr. Ruskin and all his train would cry

anathema on the place. But the poet or apostle of the beautiful cannot have the world shaped according to his liking; if he could it would be so much the worse for the world. Besides, there are so many other people whose imaginations are touched in just the opposite way, to whom the very dinginess of a great manufacturing town is as a cloud that has a golden lining. The wealth-producing power of the city has grown apace with the rapid increase of the population that has been attracted to its borders. Here the clothing industry of the country has its head centre; but it must not be supposed that this is the staple industry. Others in the long catalogue are almost equally important. The making of engines and machinery, leather, glass, boilers, paper, pottery and scores of other commodities keep many thousands of hands busy all the year round. The City Fathers to whom the well-being of this large mixed family is entrusted number sixteen aldermen and forty-eight councillors. They are composed mainly of men of the strenuous Yorkshire type, who by their own inborn strength have come to the surface in the struggle. Their office is no sinecure; a lynx-eyed community, alive with the pride of citizenship and saddled with rates amounting to 6s. 11d. in the pound, keeps a sharp look-out on their doings. Much has been done in the past to improve the city, to soften the angularities

that remain when a town has outgrown its old needs; and much has still to be done in the future. Leeds has produced a few great men, but the roll does not include a Haussmann or a Chamberlain. Although schemes in plenty have been hatched, the poet's dictum about even "the best-laid schemes o' mice and men" has not been falsified here. Yet remarkable indeed have been the improvements effected both by public and

private enterprise during the last few years. The stranger emerging from the principal railway station does not now find himself walled in with dingy brick. A spacious new square opens out before him, City Square by name, along one side of which rises the handsome façade of the new Post Office, built on part of the site of the demolished Cloth Hall. If he crosses the Square and walks up Park Row—the Lombard Street of Leeds—his eye will not fail to note about half-a-dozen palatial new structures,



SIR JOHN BARRAN, BART.

Photo by HESLOP WOODS, Leeds

rich with marble and granite, sculptured stone and moulded terra cotta, which wealthy banks and insurance companies have just built or are building. This architectural renaissance has transformed Park Row into the handsomest street in the city. Briggate, the main thoroughfare, running north and south, has this singular feature: it is a sharp dividing line which separates two distinct classes of the community. On the west is the commercial heart of the city, and the roads



YORKSHIRE COLLEGE, LEEDS



KIRKSTALL ABBEY. THE WEIR

lead up to verdant heights where villas are built and trees spread their branches over well-trimmed lawns. On the east are the slums where the poorest dwell, and the squalor of some of those places is not to be spoken of lightly. The heart of the Corporation has been moved in the matter, and a grand scheme of demolition and re-housing has been set in motion at an estimated cost of £165,000 for one area alone.

Among the past achievements of the Leeds Corporation, which citizen and stranger alike must have applauded, was the erection of the Town Hall, a truly noble building in the Palladian style, which has been extensively copied on a smaller scale in other towns. Its size—250 feet long by 200 feet wide—its deeply recessed portico with four lions guarding the steps leading up to the entrance, and its massive tower and dome, 225 feet high, possess an architectural dignity and grace, which not even the sooty hue of the stone can impair. The great hall inside, richly decorated, and provided with a famous organ, is one of the most splendid public rooms in England. This is the scene of the Triennial Musical Festival, when the finest chorus in the world sends the critics from afar into raptures. After every festival a surplus of £2,000 is handed over to the medical charities of the city. The first Festival was held in 1858, to celebrate the opening of the Town Hall by the Queen. Twenty-six years later, in 1884, there arose by the side of the Town Hall in Calverley Street the handsome pile known as the Municipal Buildings, in which some of the leading officials have their headquarters, including the City Engineer, Mr. Thomas Hewson, upon whom, among other duties, devolves the care of that immense undertaking, the waterworks. Leeds has an excellent supply of water. It is impounded fifteen miles from the city, away up in the valley of the Washburn, a tributary of the Wharfe. On the compensation reservoir, the third of the lake-like expanses of water that glitter in the valley, one may occasionally see a shining torpedo shoot along just un-

der the surface, leaving diagonal tracks behind the path it has cloven. These engines of destruction are made in Leeds by Messrs. Greenwood & Batley, and this was their practising ground. The waterworks of Leeds are capable of supplying 28,000,000 gallons a day. Their cost up to last year was £1,783,093. Under the roof of the Municipal Buildings the Central Free Library has its habitation, and behind it is the Art Gallery, a plainly-built wing, opened in 1888. One of the treasures of the small permanent collection is Lady Butler's well-known "Scotland for Ever!" presented by Col. T. W. Harding, chairman of the Art Gallery Committee. The cost of the Municipal Buildings and the Art Gallery together was the same as that of the Town Hall, namely £130,000. The centralised group of public institutions here situated includes the School Board Offices, erected in 1879 at a cost of £35,000. The educational results achieved by this body have



SIR JAMES KITSON, BART., M.P.

not been surpassed, it at all equalled, elsewhere. There are nearly sixty schools under the Board, with accommodation for about 50,000 children; and the chief monument of the system, which is pointed out with pride, is the Central Higher Grade School, a vast square edifice in Woodhouse Lane, with a playground on the roof, nearly a hundred feet above the ground. Educationists all over

the country are familiar with this splendidly equipped establishment. But the great institution which has ennobled the life of the city in its latter days is the Yorkshire College. Little more than twenty years have passed since the college was opened in a modest building in Cookridge St. To-day it stands on another site, in aspect an unmistakably academic abode, a dignified agglomeration of Gothic halls and towers, and courts between, designed by Mr. Waterhouse, R.A. It is, with the

Owens College, Manchester, and the University College, Liverpool, a constituent college of the Victoria University. Over £110,000 has already been spent on the buildings; and twice has Royalty come to the city to open different sections. There are close upon 1,100 regular students on the books of the College. The Medical Department, expanding and blossoming like every other branch of the institution, was forced to leave its old confined premises in Park Street two years ago, and it is now

splendidly housed in a large Gothic building on the Mount Pleasant estate, erected and equipped at a cost of £42,000. It claims to be one of the most complete schools of medicine in the country. Approximately adjacent is its gigantic neighbour, the General Infirmary, a stately series of Gothic pavilions, designed by Sir Gilbert Scott, and erected at a cost of £150,000,

including recent additions. Other charitable and philanthropic institutions are scattered over the city. The Leeds people have a very tender regard for their "medical charities." In succour of these they persistently tax their pleasures. Galas, sacred Sunday concerts, and football matches are regularly organised; crowds round band stands in the parks hand over their spare coppers to the ubiquitous collectors; and managers of amateur theatricals consign their surpluses to the same benevolent



MR. HERBERT S. RAINES, EDITOR OF THE "LEEDS MERCURY"
Photo by HESLOF WOODS, Leeds

ends. Statistics prove that the general health of Leeds is rather better than that of some of the other large cities of the kingdom, although the figures for the plague-spots would, if taken alone, make the sanitarian sigh. The "lungs" of the city are not to be found in its centre, but rather near its borders. Chief of these recreation grounds, and princeliest of all the municipal possessions, is Roundhay Park, a finely wooded demesne 774 acres in extent, situated about three miles from the heart of the

city. The Corporation purchased the Park from the trustees of the late owner in 1872 for the sum of £140,000. From the terrace of the Mansion House, now used as an hotel, a vast stretch of undulating scenery rolls to the horizon, and down in the foreground lie two large lakes, which in summer are gay with boating parties, and in winter with skaters and curlers. Woodhouse Moor, upon the breezy heights of Headingley, is second in importance. Not many years ago it was a great bald shoulder of the hill, with but the scanty bloom that Nature seemed to give with a grudge; now it is striped with asphalt walks, planted with trees, brightened with flower-pots, and lit all over with gas at night. There is in Leeds another haunt for a leisure hour which must be more reverently approached. The grounds of Kirkstall Abbey have lately been laid out for the public recreation, and the Abbey itself has just emerged, safe and taut, from the architect's care, stripped for the nonce of its beautiful but destructive mantle of ivy, but free from the tottering symptoms which long threat-

ened its downfall. This picturesque ruin carries the mind back for seven centuries to the days of Henry de Lacy, who founded it in 1147, and brought hither a colony of Cistercian monks from Fountains when it was opened in 1152. There for hundreds of years it stood in solitary grandeur on the banks of the pellucid Aire, with no blackening taint of industry to mar the prospect, save, perhaps, Kirkstall Forge, said to be the oldest establishment of the kind in the country, whose furnaces were blazing in the Middle Ages. In 1889 Colonel North purchased the Abbey and grounds from the late Earl of Cardigan for £10,000, and handed it over as a present to the Corporation of his native town. The river Aire in these latter days is sadly altered from its pristine state; its only rival in Stygian quality being the Irwell at Manchester.

The religious life of Leeds is active in all its aspects and creeds. Nonconformity flourishes with the vigour characteristic of all Yorkshire industrial towns; the Church of England, numerically much weaker than the aggregate



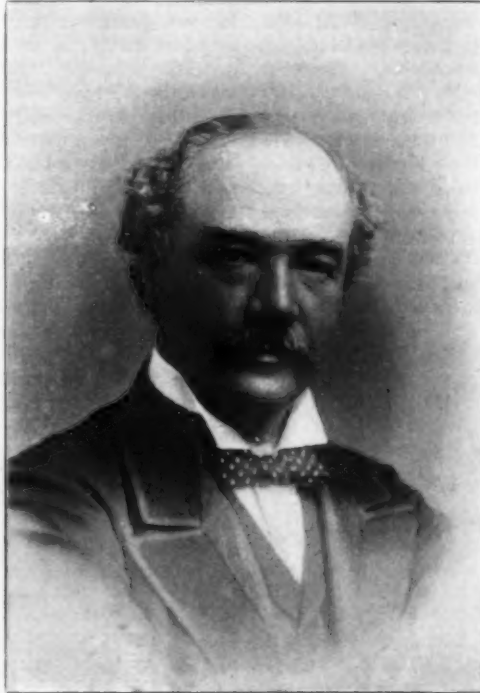
BRIGGATE, LEEDS

of the dissenting bodies, dominates by her prestige and power; the Roman Catholics include among their possessions the cathedral of St. Anne's, and the seat of a Bishop; and the Jews—of whom there are no fewer than 8,000 in Leeds, mostly engaged in the clothing and boot and shoe trade—have their synagogues. The Parish Church of Leeds has many of the attributes of a cathedral. The musical service here is superior to that of any of our northern minsters. "A nursery for bishops" is the not inapt description sometimes applied to the Leeds Parish Church. Its pulpit is generally vacated for the episcopal throne. Five of its vicars have been elevated to the charge of as many sees, the latest couple, being Dr. Talbot the new Bishop of Rochester, and his predecessor, Dr. Jayne, Bishop of Chester. In material as in spiritual welfare the inhabitants of Leeds are to the front among the city communities of the country. The retrospect reveals

many things lacking in the civic amenities proper to a large town; but there is much political small-talk just now about a "New Era" in local administration. Alone among the great municipalities, Leeds was until quite recently

without a single set of public baths; during the last two years, however, the authorities have made ample amends for that deficiency. In its tramway service the town has been sadly behind the times, yet in two giant strides it has stepped into the very van of progress. First the tramways were municipalised, and next a general system of electrical traction was sanctioned; so that within a few months' time the hideous steam cars will be but a nightmare memory of the past, and lighter and brighter

conveyances will be seen gliding along the streets. In this, as in many other matters, the old order is giving place to the new, and there is none to gainsay the good that comes of the change.



THE RIGHT HON. W. L. JACKSON, M.P., MAYOR OF LEEDS

Photo by DONALD MACIVER, Leeds

Golf on the Norman Coast

BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER, Author of "Bootles' Baby," "Grip," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



HE last time that I was in England I took up in an idle moment a little book called "The Sorrows of a Golfer's Wife," by Mrs. Edward Kennard. I did not put it down until it was finished, and when I did so it was with the distinct intention of writing at once to my ink-stained sister and telling her that, of all the work her busy pen has ever produced, this unpretentious "Sorrows of a Golfer's Wife" was the one which had gone right HOME in its trenchant, vivid, terrible fidelity of realism.

If, however, those were my feelings then, they have since that time become intensified a million times; for during the period which has intervened my spouse has been mainly occupied in laying out a golf-green on the cliffs just outside the quaint old Norman town of Dieppe, and in experiencing the secretarial delights of a new golf club. My dear author of "The Sorrows of a Golfer's Wife," I shake hands with you across the Channel, and feel that you need no further explanation of my sentiments at this moment! You have been there, and I am there now! Let us hope that the end of both of us will be peace!

Up to the present time I, personally, am not an ardent golfer—or, as they would call me here in Dieppe a "Gulf-euse," for French people, and a few Frenchified English people, too, will persist in calling the game "Gulf." But I have eyes to see with and ears which hear most things, and I am saturated, soaked, steeped in golf. I say almost daily to the partner of my joys and sorrows, "What are you going to do to-day?" and his reply is invariably the same, and is given in an apologetic tone, such as might be worn out by this time, "Well, if you don't want me, I was thinking—"

"All right," I hasten to say; "you'll be back by dinner-time, I suppose."

If I have an evening engagement *he* is not unfrequently dead-beat. At *déjeuner* time he is generally deep in secretarial work "for the club," and our talk is tinged—tinged, no, I mean indelibly dyed—with golf. My only idea of a new gown is a Norfolk jacket of sealing-wax-red box-cloth, with collar and cuffs of the darkest rifle green, and at the point of each collar lappel a D.G.C. badge, the arms of Dieppe done in green and red enamel. My only idea of a tie is green and red in bars; my only idea of a head-covering a smart sailor hat with ribbon and badge complete. I ought to join the League of Short Skirts, for between my own love for cycling and my being imbued with an idea that all our life must be ruled and regulated by the necessities of golf, I don't think I shall ever have a gown of ordinary walking length again. "Yes, get them soled and heeled; they will be so nice and easy for golf," is a common phrase in our house.

My own enthusiasms tend cyclewards, but I know that eventually cycling will pale before the glory of golf, and that in the end I shall give up everything for the sake of a little white ball and a bag full of iron-ended sticks. I have for the moment, and in self-protection, positively and absolutely forbidden golf to be so much as mentioned on my "at home" day, or when I give any little entertainment to my friends. King Canute had not harder work to stem the rising tide than I apparently had to still the golfing babble that arose whenever two or three were gathered together under my humble roof; but in the end I did it, and I did it alone. For I hit upon the ingenious plan of nipping golf talk in the bud by the application of home-truths.

Yet the respite was but for the time. I know that I shall go under the spell one day, and probably in a time not far distant; for only a few days ago, when there was a chance of a Westward-Ho

player with a handicap of 2 coming to play over the links, I experienced a sharp, fierce thrill of excitement shooting right through my heart, the heart which I had hitherto firmly believed to be impervious to any sensations known to the golfing world. And since then unwelcome and unwonted recollections come over me every now and again, of what a dead long-distance shot I used to be in the old croquet days, and—and—I can feel myself slipping inch by inch, day by day, downwards towards that precipice over which golf-madness lies.

But for the actual moment I am still

France as it is in England, and another very effective bond of amity between the nations would be thereby created.

So far as Dieppe is concerned, no greater proof of a desire to please the English tastes could possibly have been shown than was done when a number of hard-headed Normans put down the money necessary for the formation of these links. The Norman character is acquisitive rather than open-handed; the local knowledge of the game was absolutely *nil*, and, in a word, the entire club has been founded on trust, pure and simple.



VIEW FROM WEST END ALONG CLIFF

Photo by BARNES, Dieppe

safe, and excepting the baby, the only unbiassed member of a large household; for the children play golf in the garden, and look upon it as a personal insult that persons under sixteen are not admitted to membership of the club; and while I am sane, I wish to put on record what I have gathered out of the mass of golfing talk which has lately filtered through my unwilling ears.

First of all, that the Golf Club of Dieppe is the first in France which has been established entirely with French money, a fact which may be regarded as being one of almost international importance, for if the example is followed, golf may become as popular in

Personally I was responsible for a great deal of this, for I knew the value of the game, and the immense disadvantage it was to Dieppe to be entirely out of the running for want of a golf green, and during the first year of my sojourn here, I never ceased to impress upon the people of Dieppe that the disadvantage was a very real and vital one. When I had demonstrated this also in the local press, I had the satisfaction of seeing the founding of a Golf Company undertaken by the present chairman, Monsieur Charles Delarue, one of the most influential men in the town. From that moment the erection of the club was assured. I must confess that at first

I felt myself turning sick with apprehension when I heard the word golf, or found myself straying to the green. Now, however, I am at peace with myself, for if the opinion of those who thoroughly know the game under every aspect may be taken as any criterion, the Dieppe golf green is one which a year or two hence will be second to none in Europe.

It lies within a mile of the town, on the Pourville Road, and, by the bye, I may say here, that golfers can cycle a good part of the way up, and can get a delicious spin back into the town again.

It is situated on the top of the cliffs, just beyond the Château, and commands lovely views of sea and coast, and the fantastically undulating ground—for there is not a level spot on the entire green—gives the player endless variety and exercise over what is nearly always (thanks to the chalk subsoil and natural drainage) a dry course throughout. The council have adopted an excellent plan in order to make the way easy for strangers who wish to play, and to prevent the waste of time attendant on having to search for an introducing member, for all members of other clubs can obtain vouchers for temporary membership from the proprietors of the principal hotels at the extremely low cost of five francs (four shillings) per week. Non-players are admitted to the ground and club at half-fees, and, as the golf club will evidently be the fashionable afternoon rendezvous, the non-players will probably be a great factor in the success of the new enterprise. Indeed, already some fears are mooted that the club will be more tea party than golf; but even if that should be so, golfers will have some compensation in the fact that ladies play only in the afternoons and pay only half fees.

The club-house is most conveniently placed close to the entrance gate, and has a wide verandah terrace facing the sea and greens, where seats, chairs, and tables serve to keep the non-players congregated together. In the middle of the house is a large refreshment room, where the necessary catering is attended to by the proprietor of the Grand Hotel. On either side are ladies' and gentlemen's rooms amply provided

with lockers and usual fittings. At one end are the professional's and the ground-man's rooms, where all manner of golf requisites are kept on sale.

"But what about the game, what is the course like?" I think I hear a golfing reader demand.

The first teeing-ground and the last putting-green are immediately opposite to the club-house, so that the visitor begins and ends his play without any unnecessary passing over the ground.

The first putting-green displays itself most temptingly within about 150 yards due west of the teeing-ground, at the top of a steep slope forming one side of a ravine, which must be crossed, and in this ravine, by the way, I may mention that a small pond lies almost in the direct line of play. They say that this pond is already paved with golf balls, and that the Council are thinking of inviting tenders for a concession to clear the pond whenever it is necessary.

Hole No. 2 is some 350 yards further westward, with the crown of the hill and a frowning bunker between it and the teeing-ground. The way is rough and rather stony, but doubtless in time these qualities will cease to offend. Even now it is an attractive hole for a true golfer, who will reach the green in three; but woe betide the player who deviates from the exact course he should follow, for his troubles may be legion; a rough-banked pond faces him at some forty yards from the tee, a highway and small quarry lie on his left, while on the right is the edge of the cliff in which two mighty gorges threaten his peace. Apparently anything may happen here, once the ball is sliced. To say the least of it, it is a fine point for conversation!

But No. 3 is enough to soothe the most ruffled feelings. To avoid the cliff, the teeing-ground is placed some distance eastward from the second green, and the hole is in full view, most invitingly placed within reach of a good drive—or what seems so. But not every player can land a ball 200 yards in one stroke, and the innocent looking valley, which here sweeps between tee and hole, makes many a player less certain of having found too easy a hole at last.

Then comes a sheer up-hill drive, still

eastward, to No. 4, with a formidable bunker calculated to spoil any but a first class shot. It is a point for conversation again, but with judgment and good luck, the hole is done in four.

The fifth teeing-ground is in the north-east corner of the ground, perched well up aloft. The view from this point commands league upon league of lovely country, picturesque cliff, and sparkling sea, and is supremely beautiful. The green lies far down in the valley to the south-west, and is hidden by a spur from the high ground on the south. The drive is a superb one; only a bad stroke will cause the long bunker below and the half valley beyond to stay the progress of the player. But the green itself, with its embanked sides, is one of the most "kittle" of all to approach with success, and often neutralises the most magnificent of drives.

The sixth teeing-ground lies on a shelf well up the opposite side of the valley, whence the player drives eastward over the valley, hill-top, and bunker, through the very centre of the ground, to a wide-spreading green not far from No. 4—altogether a perfect hole for a fine player.

The seventh teeing-ground lies between greens Nos. 4 and 6, and the hole is in the lowest part of the valley close to the cliff—a pleasant downhill ap-

proach, but exposed to cross play from the third tee.

No. 8 is, perhaps, the most fascinating hole on the course. From a tee perched just high enough up the opposite slope to command a fair view, the seldom-achieved object is to drive well over the steep hillside in front, whereon no ball will rest save by accident. Thence the object is to reach the distant green in the extreme south-east corner of the ground in safety, the course crossing two other lies. There be those who protest against the position of this hole and No. 7, as an obvious attempt to make demands on the handsome medicine-chest thoughtfully provided in the club-house. Only the desire to play nine holes and the decision that two greens, originally approached along the edge of the cliff, were too exasperating to ordinary players, make the present arrangement necessary or justifiable. But so far these holes have yielded ample excitement, but no casualties; all have safely reached the ninth teeing-ground—whence the final "way to glory" is easy, if the last bunker is warily approached.

And these are what they call "sporting links"! I do not wonder; but I do wonder whether I shall ever win my way to golfing glory over this golf green on the Norman Coast.



NO. 1 PLAYING GREEN

Photo by BARNES, Dieppe

The Will of God

WRITTEN BY J. W. BRESLIN. ILLUSTRATED BY A. S. HARTRICK

GLENADE is a little community nestling, forgotten of the world, in one of the many glens which furrow the rolling western slopes of the Galtees; some half-dozen straggling cottages, a dreary chapel shut in from the road by sombre trees, a farmhouse gleaming dazzlingly white against a clump of laurel, and the inevitable prim constabulary barrack. Men and women at work about their doors, or in the steep patches of mountain meadow, can look down on the rich pastures and clustering trees of the plain below, and, in fine weather, see, miles away, a silvery haze which is the Shannon; but it is with indifferent eyes as upon another and unknown world, for the little townland lies apart in almost utter isolation, lonely with that air of brooding melancholy which is so common in rural Ireland. A rare cart rumbles heavily up or down the steep road, heard long before and after it passes through the village. The voices of the men and women are pitched low, and seldom raised save in the agony of grief or parting, and the shouts and laughter of the few children young enough to be left to play sound faint and far-off through the resonant silence of the still, clear air.

Here Dennis Hinchey and his wife had lived all their days, bright and hopeful, black and despairing. The fleeting years had brought them much of joy and more of grief as they saw their children grow up the boast of the countryside, only to pass in turn from the little smoke-browned cabin into the wide world beyond. Proud were they of the fine young men and handsome girls who went out from them to make their fortunes; but the hand of God was heavy on them. To their simple hearts it seemed as a punishment for too great loving pride that soon or late, but

never very late, came news that the absent ones were lost to them for ever. Patrick, the eldest, died in America of the "ague"; Eileen sickened in Dublin for her native mountain air, and returned only to linger out some few brief months; Larry, and Norah, and Con all died before they were thirty; and now there were left to them only Dennis and Mary. Mary was a fine handsome girl of nineteen, the boast of the townland, full of life and spirit, and the first in every diversion and devilment in the countryside. She was cited as an example to all the girls, and pointed out as a prize for the lucky man who should get her. Dennis, her senior by some three years, was up in Dublin at the constabulary training depôt. He had been readily accepted for his fine physique and quick intelligence; and it was a great source of pride to his father and mother to look round on the periodic assembling of the neighbours to hear read the letters detailing his experiences in the big city. For over a year the letters came punctually as the days upon which they were expected; then there was a break. The days grew into weeks, and the speculation in the village was rising with each day into more fantastic regions. Dennis and Norah hoped on, making excuses for their son that they might not hear the whispering fear in their hearts. They attributed the delay to the mighty work there must be on the poor boy "beyant," or to a young man's want of "diversion" after it all. At length a letter came. Little Paddy Hughes brought it from the Post Office in Balinvreena: a long blue envelope, mighty grand, with a big seal in scarlet wax on the back of it. The boy flaunted it in the face of everyone he met, proclaiming it "for ould Dinnis, all the way from young Dinny in Du^llin." He, too,

keenly realised the importance conferred upon him as the bearer of such an imposing letter to rashly destroy it by wanton haste, and it was only after a

"larnin'" and the mastery of the crabbed mystery of the written word. A hubbub among the children round the door announced his arrival, and he swung himself in on his crutches, and was given the place of honour in the chimney-corner. The letter was handed to him and he read the address: "Mr. Dennis Hinchey, Glenade, Ballinvreena Post Office, County Tipperary," then turned the envelope over and examined the seal, a crown in the centre with the letters R.I.C. about it.

"That's what's on the stones in the graveyard," interjected Paddy Hughes. "What do they put thim on a litter for, at all, at all?"

"You're a fine boy to be at school for three years," said Tom with scathing sarcasm. "It's not the same thing by any rason in the world," and he carefully explained the difference to his admiring auditory.

The letter was opened, and Tom stumbled slowly down the printed heading to—

"Dear Sir,

"I am directed to inform you that your son Dennis is at present, and has been for some weeks past, confined to hospital. He is unable to communicate with you himself, and, considering his grave state, it is advisable that you or some member of his family should endeavour to come to Dublin, as it is feared that his illness may develop more serious symptoms.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your obedient Servant," but the signature was beyond the power of Tom to decipher.



"AT LAST A LETTER CAME"

deliberate and often-interrupted progress from house to house through the village that the letter reached Norah's hands.

Mary was sent in hot haste to call her father, who, however, had already heard the news, and came hurrying in with the rest of the neighbours. The letter was passed from hand to hand while they waited the coming of lame Tom Sheehy, who was to read it to him. He was the only cripple in the village, and, by reason of his infirmity, the only man who had found time to devote to

The reading of the letter was too great an event to be lightly interrupted, but there were many wondering exclamations ere he came to the close, and the full import of the ominous message dawned on his hearers. Dennis, conscious of the hopeless truth behind the formal words, and yet, by reason of this knowledge perhaps, unable to grasp their literal meaning, said quietly, "Read it all over agin, Tom." As the latter began again, Mary, who had realised the truth too clearly, rushed from the house in tears. Norah had made no sign, but at the second mention of her son she suddenly flung her apron over her face, and rocking to and fro broke into an agony of beseeching prayer. The women crowded round her in quiet sympathy, and whispered tearful comfort to her unheeding ears; while the men slipped out of the house in silence, and gathered in little knots on the roadside to discuss this new trouble of the Hinchey's. Dennis sat dazed in the chimney-corner, from time to time lifting a coal to light his neglected pipe. Norah sobbed convulsively through unending eulogy of her son, till at length Dennis rising abruptly said to her, "Norah, woman, come out of this, and come down to Father Carrigan's with me."

Poor people, it was beyond their means to raise the money necessary to take them to the capital; and, in truth, fatalism and deep-seated aversion to change would go far to prevent them, even were it possible. It would be indeed a great convulsion which could tear them from the narrow bounds of Glenade; and it was hopeless to struggle against the will of God. So Father Carrigan wrote to Dublin for them; and after not many days came another stiff official letter, with pity speaking lamely through the formal phrases, telling them that Dennis was dead. To Mary and Norah it was the cause of long and bitter weeping; but the days went by, taking with them the first bitter poignancy of their sorrow, and left them following their life much as of old: Mary wild and mirthful, her mother steadily cheerful, but prone to tears at

mention of her children. Dennis went on stolidly with his work, taciturn and careless of the outer world, with bare greeting and no bright word for the neighbours, for the trouble was heavy on him; but in all the country-side there was no greater favourite with the children. Wholly trusting, yet half shy, they would trot after him through the fields for hours, or nestle in beside him in the fireplace, and seemed content to look up to his grave face, or feel his big rough hand gently stroking their little brown ones.

In time, the death of Dennis took place with other old, half-forgotten, sad memories; and Mary, who was now in service at the "big house" at the end of the glen below, came to be the centre of much match-making gossip. It was known to all the neighbours that Neal Brien had forsaken the ball-play, the wrestling, and the cards, and was seen evening after evening striding down the steep road in the direction of the big house; and on Sunday evenings he and Mary were the couple most often missed from the gatherings of the neighbours. They turned aside the joking questions with a laugh, but none the less the matter was well settled to the satisfaction of all in the townland; and at length it was officially made public that Mary had been asked for on behalf of Neal, that the offer had been accepted, and that the marriage was to be on Sunday three weeks.

Mary had come home to stay, and she went about the place with a ready reply to all the merry banter, and bringing a never-failing fund of health and spirits to the work and play of the little community. A few days before the wedding, however, she complained of feeling unwell. A cruel inward voice whispered forebodings to Norah, but she stifled it valiantly. "The cratur's workin' too hard, entirely. Sure, she's only a slip of a girl yet," and she administered some country cure which seemed to give relief. The next day Mary felt no better, but she said nothing to her mother, and went about her work as usual, and in the evening stepped over to a neighbour's house, where there was to

be a
some
it fun
She
"V
Norah
VOL.



"TELL NEAL, FATHER, I CAN'T BEAR TO SEE HIM AGAIN"

be a dance. When she returned she drew something from her pocket, and examined it furtively with her back to her mother. She replaced it with a stifled sob.

"What's the matter, childie?" asked Norah anxiously.

"Nothing, mother; I'm tired a bit with the dancin'. Sure, we had the height of fun, and would have kept it up till mornin', only ould Biddy turned us out with a stick because Paddy Hughes upset the creel on top of the ould settin'

hin. What wi' the laughin' and dancin', I'm tired over and over agin."

When she had gone to her bed, Dennis asked, "Do you think there's anything the matter with Mary, Norah?"

"What's be the matter with her," replied his wife curtly, "but to be tired out? Sure, boys and girls'd danced thimselves to pieces if there was nothing to stop them."

"Sure, it's not the aven timper you've got to-night, Norah, dear," said Dennis, smiling, as he thought his wife would have little reason for anger if she shared his first doubts, though in truth her indignant denial of the possibility of anything being amiss was but a mere attempt to smother her own rising fears.

The following day, when her father had gone to his work, Mary sat down listlessly by the fire with some sewing in her hand. Her mother moved in and out of the house attending to the fowls and goats for some time without noticing her, and at length made some smiling remark as to her pre-occupation with the great event of the morrow.

"There'll be no weddin' to-morra," answered Mary with a deep earnestness which arrested her startled mother on the threshold.

"No weddin' to-morra. Sure now, you're not goin' to put the go-bye on him at the last minit."

"No, mother; but there'll be no weddin' to-morra."

"And what's the rason, at all, at all?"

Mary made no immediate reply, but drew from her pocket a handkerchief marked with stains, some dry and dull, others wet and bright and crimson.

With one long cry Norah flung her arms round her child, straining her wildly to her as if to ward away the threatening peril; and thus sunk in each other's arms mother and daughter sobbed at the too-well-known signs of parting. In a little while Dennis came into the house. He asked no questions, but his grave face grew yet graver as he made the sign of the cross and fell on his knees before the tiny shrine of the Virgin above the bed-place. They, too, ceased their lament to join him with all the fervour of simple faith and deep

affection in appeal to the placid fair face of her who felt so long ago the same greatest human sorrow.

When they rose from their knees, Mary said, "Tell Neal, father. I can't bear to see him again."

"It'll be hard on the poor boy," was all her father's answer as he left the house.

Neal was carting at the other end of the village, and he listened to the news in silence and went on with his work. When Dennis turned away, a young lad said lightly, "Sure, it's a great pity; she's a fine girl. But there's no loss on you, Neal; there's many a better left that'll give you no great trouble to put the comether on."

Before the lad was aware of having given offence, Neal had him by the throat, and would have strangled him if the other men had not pulled him away. He flung them off, and, speeding rapidly across the fields, burst into Dennis's cabin, crying, "It's a lie they're tellin' me, me own darlin'. Sure, you're as well and strong as the best of them;" but the sight of his sweetheart lying back pale and listless in the chimney-corner and staring at him with half-pitying, half-headless eyes, stopped him like a blow, and the poor fellow dropped on his knees, crying like a child.

Mary spoke to him gently: "Don't, Neal, dear, you'll hurt yourself, and it can't be helped. It's the heavy sorrow that's comin' on us; but you're well and hearty, and the whole long life of the world is to you. I'm only a girl. I'm losin' all I ever cared for, but I can't ask you now to keep your word to me."

"O, Mary, don't talk that way. Sure I wouldn't give your little finger for all the girls in Ireland; and, by God, I'll marry you in spite of it all, and I'll cure you and make you as well and better than the best of them."

"It isn't you or me that'll be doin' any good talkin' that way," answered Mary; then with a sudden revolt of youth and all its hopes against impending fate, she broke into shrill outcry, "O, Holy Mother of God, I don't want to die," bringing on a violent paroxysm which drove Neal distracted from the house.

At first stunned and stupid under the unexpected shock to his happiness, remembrance of the painful scene he had just witnessed roused him to unwonted

"Wrong, ma'am," he cried breathless, "Mary's took the sickness, and I want the doctor for her."

"I'm truly sorry. Poor girl! I'll send a man across for Dr. Burke at once."

"To the devil with 'im. I don't want him at all. I want the big doctor that came to the master whin he had the faver. O, ma'am, for the love of Hivin, tell him to come quick!"

The lady stood amazed at his vehemence, and he, misunderstanding her silence, burst out:

"I know it's the big money he'll be wantin'; but I've enough, thanks be to God, and I've as fine a flock of lambs as you'll see anywhere. I'll give the coat off me back, but I want Mary to get better."

"Hush, hush, Neal. I'll do all I can for you. I'll send for the doctor, and, perhaps, if he can get her to the seaside for a while, she may get over it. Don't trouble, Neal, I will do all I can."

Neal straightened himself, and new hope—nay, certainty itself—flashed from his eyes. He took the lady's hand in both his with a grasp which made her wince.

"B'the powers of Hivin, ma'am, I'd lie down and let you trample on me if I thought it'd save you an inch of dirty road."

* * * *

The doctor came, but gave no clear answer, at least to Dennis and Neal, who listened to him anxiously and strove to interpret hope from his uncertain and half-understood words. Mary was sent to the seaside, but she wearied for the narrow cabin and wild-scented breath of the mountain winds blowing in at the open door, and she was brought home, almost content, though condemned to



"'WRONG, MA'AM!' HE CRIED, BREATHLESS"

mental efforts. Schemes and projects, each wilder than the other, jostled and stumbled through his brain. As he looked round strangely on all the familiar landmarks, his eyes chanced to catch a gleam where the sun smote a roof half-hidden in the trees far below. A sudden wild hope sprang up within him, and, flinging off his lethargy, he ran to where he had been working, unharnessed a horse, mounted, and went galloping madly down the road bound for the big house. When nearing it, he saw its mistress walking up the avenue. He threw himself off the reeking beast, and raced across the intervening fields and lawn to intercept her. The lady happened to catch sight of him, and turned, and came back to meet him.

"What is the matter, Neal—is there anything wrong?"

her bed to wait the end. She drifted gently through the long summer days, and when the mountainside was all scented with the breath of the new-mown hay the end was very nigh.

Norah kept unceasing, tireless watch about her, and Dennis was in and out of the house all day long on every trivial excuse, to which she listened with sad, smiling face, only to sigh when he turned away. Neal had long realised the hopelessness of hope, and with hope went his first rebellious outbreaks, leaving a strange, sad quietude which was almost happiness. He would sit for hours beside her, telling her all the fun and gossip of the village with an infinite invention of quaint humour, or often, silent, with interchange of looks which spoke in this rough man and peasant girl the pure eternal strength of love refined by sorrow to its greatest lustre.

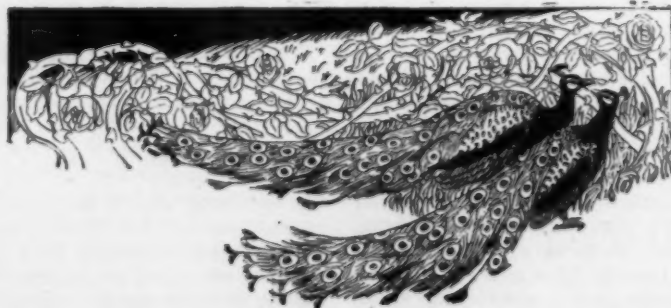
One day Dennis happened to be building a stack close to the house, and he was continually coming in on the plea that it was powerful hot, and that it was cooler to wait each new load in the shade of the house. The air was drowsy and everything seemed asleep in the sun. The shrill grating of the scythe-stones, the chance cries of the workers,

the creak of the toiling carts, sounded faint and far off, and as if from beyond the sultry stillness. Within the house was a still deeper silence. Dennis sat half in the shadow of the door, and Norah dreamed by the fireside, where a pale red glow died out slowly under the grey crumbling ashes. Mary lay still, looking out at the shimmering fields, a new look in her eyes, a vague happiness on her face as at desire attained in peace; and it was perhaps only in her mother's heart that Norah heard a gentle sigh. She looked up uneasily, and saw the thin white hand, which had been twisting and untwisting among the fringes of the bed-covering, hanging limp and heedless. She gave one wild scream, and broke into passionate weeping, a torrent of beseeching, heart-broken prayer.

"Mary, childie, my girleen, come back to your own poor mother! Mary, Mary, Mary!"

Dennis started from his seat. A moment the fire of a great agony burned in his dull eyes; then going to his wife he put his arm round her shoulder.

"Hush, Norah," and he drew her gently to her knees before the little shrine; "it is the will of God."



A Border Shot, and his Pedigree



TIME was, when the short cut to fame and wealth for the stalwart young Scottish Borderer was to buckle spur and shoulder spear, and ride into England "to take a prey." We have changed all that. There is no more harrying of byres and burning of peel and barmekin between the neighbours. In these milder times the ambitious young marksman from the north side of the Cheviots takes, instead, his Lee-Metford and the train for Bisley. The road thither is, to him, what the road to London has been said to be to his countrymen in general—the nearest way to fortune and reputation. If he makes his mark there, he is sure that the eyes of at least all "brither Scots" will be upon him. His name will be bruited abroad through the remotest nooks of the Highlands and Lowlands. In his native burgh or village he becomes a hero, to be greeted on his return with the spoils of victory, like a conqueror. He is for a time the national champion.

Beyond all doubt, last year's Scottish champion shot is Armourer-Sergeant James H. Scott, of the Border Rifles. His record as a marksman, considering his age and experience, is perhaps unexampled. Every year since first, some ten or eleven years ago, he took part, as a youth of eighteen, in volunteer shooting competitions, he has kept moving steadily and rapidly to the front. Too long it were to tell the tale of records made and prizes won. Is it not all written in the books of the chronicles of Volunteer marksmanship? Sergeant Scott can himself point with modest pride to the proofs of his prowess, with small-bore and revolver, as well as with rifle, that adorn, in the shape of medals and trophies, the walls of his sitting-room looking out upon the Old Cross of Melrose. In the past season he has out-

done himself. He has carried off a sheaf of honours from the chief Scottish competitions; and while, to the great disappointment of his countrymen, he failed to bear away the Blue Ribbon of Bisley, he has done more—he has deserved it. He failed by two points to become the Queen's prizeman of the year. But he won the Silver Medal in the second stage, and he tied for the Bronze Medal in the first.

Thus Armourer-Sergeant Scott has done great things, and is expected to do things yet greater, in front of the butts. But not alone on account of his steady nerve and straight shooting is his career watched with affectionate pride and interest by those who know him. Among his trophies of victory he has given a place of honour to a sprig of withered heather, presented to him, in the name of his native country and district by an enthusiastic old gentlewoman, hailing from Tweedside, who, last June, travelled down daily from London to Bisley Heath to watch the shooting and the progress of her champion. Not unfitly on that occasion she represented the young marksman's "auld respected mither," Scotland, and the heather we may recognise as an emblem of the strand of romance that mingles in the success of this "clansman of the bould Buccleuch." Sir Walter would have rejoiced over Sergeant Scott's laurels; he would have hailed him as a neighbour and member of his ancient Border Clan, and as something more, for, as has been indicated, the winner of the Silver Medal has been born and reared under the shadow of the cleft Eildons, and of the grey old Abbey which the author of "The Lay" and "The Monastery" has surrounded with his wondrous halo of romance. He is of the ancient and manly craft of the smiths or armourers, and the ring of hammer on anvil may, perhaps, have

been heard on the spot where his workshop stands, ever since the Cistercian monks were planted on this beautiful nook of Tweedside.

Soon after his Bisley exploits had brought his name into notice, a paragraph went the round of the press to the effect that the old Abbey Smithy had been "in the possession of his forefathers for seven hundred years." Of course there has been no such miracle of heredity cleaving to a single craft and spot. The story has arisen from a misapprehension of the real facts. But these facts themselves are at least as curious and worthy of record. The sergeant is only of the third generation of the Scotts who have made the sparks fly in the ancient Monks' Smithy. They came from the Vale of Ettrick, which, as all Scotsmen know, is one of the great strongholds of the clan; and they settled in Melrose soon after Her Majesty began her reign. The sergeant's forefathers may well have been among the followers of Buccleuch, who held bloody parley at the Weeping Hill of Melrose, for possession of the father of Mary Stewart, or who shod horse or mended hauberk at the Abbot's Smithy, before riding with their chief on feuds against the Kers, or on foray across the Border. But this is unrecorded family history; it need but be said that the grandfather of the sergeant and his father (still living and hearty), have been, like himself, "grand hands with the gun," as well as with the hammer. The venerable armorer's shop on the Coal Way has long ago been altered, without and within, out of all recognition, and its latest possessors have not been behind in adjusting their craft to changed times and conditions. A few stones are all that remain of the foundation of what is now only a receptacle for old metal, attached to the busy cycle-repairing premises of Messrs. Scott and Sons.

But Sergeant Scott has a closer and older ancestral association with the Abbey and its history. He is great-grandson of John Bower, the custodier (as was his father and grandfather before him), of the ruined monastic house, and the friend and the cicerone on many visits to the Abbey, of Sir Walter Scott. Bower—Johnny Bower, as he was fami-

liar known to generations of Melrose youth who stood in righteous fear of his guardianship of his charge—was no ordinary caretaker. He was the historian as well as the proud and intelligent "showman of the ruins." He possessed literary tastes and acquirements remarkable in a man who was self-taught. His sketches of the Abbey ruins, of which an example is given from the series of original drawings in the possession of his descendants, manifest not only marvellous care and fidelity, but notable skill with the pencil. Some of them he etched or engraved on copper himself, for his "Description of the Abbey"; and it may be mentioned that a son of John's became one of the best-known of Scottish engravers on steel, and that a share of this, as of other traits and talents of Bower, has come down to a third generation.

As may be imagined, John Bower was a man of marked character, that took tone and colour from the grand old ruins in which his life was spent. Something of his personality, and of that of Sir Walter, is expressed in his interview with Washington Irving (recorded in Lockhart's "Life") who was a guest at Abbotsford and visited the Abbey while Scott was busy with "Rob Roy." The genial author of "Knickerbocker" had "much talk with old Bower," who was "eager to enlighten in all things the Sheriff's friends."

"He'll come here sometimes," said Johnny, "with great folks in his company, and the first I'll know of it is his voice ca'ling out 'Johnny! Johnny Bower!' and when I go out, I'm sure to be greeted with a joke or a pleasant word. He'll stand and crack an' laugh wi' me just like an auld wife—and to think that of a man that has such an awfu' knowledge o' history!"

These are old memories. But the fame of Johnny Bower is still fresh in Melrose, where it is cherished by the "old residents" who, as boys, have been hunted by him while making raids on the Abbey apple-trees, or playing pranks in the church-yard; and it is a subject of just pride with his descendants. Memorials of his reign are the rusty old keys and locks of the Abbey wax-cellar and other monkish receptacles, still preserved by the household in the Coal Road; and, yet more in-

teresting, a half-length portrait of the faithful custodian, done in oils, as the inscription on the back bears, by "Fredrick Waldeck, from Germany," in 1813—four years earlier than Irving's visit. The painter was a French prisoner—"one of the German Legion,"—and there is a forgotten story attached to this not very brilliant work of art, which one would wish, but must wish in vain, to decipher.

The dwelling of John Bower was not the present Abbey gate-house, but the dilapidated cottage, now almost buried under rank creepers, and hidden by orchard trees, in the corner of the old Cloister garth. It is marked for destruction, like other comparatively modern houses that still, as in Dorothy Wordsworth's day, somewhat mar and obscure the view of the Abbey. Here came the strapping young smith, Armourer-Sergeant Scott's paternal grandfather (his other grandfather was a veteran who followed Sir John Moore to Corunna), to court and win Alice Bower. Old Bower himself had married one of the Doves of Bemersyde, a name almost as long connected with that historic locality as that of the Haigs themselves. And here opens another and still older chapter of the romance of the Scott family pedigree. For generations untold the Doves were retainers of the house of Bemersyde, and tenants of the smithy, which has a successor still standing near the gate of the ancient mansion where Haigs yet flourish after more than seven centuries of ownership. Perhaps the best-known of the redes of True Thomas is that which runs:—

*"Tyde whate'er betyd;
Haig shall be Haig of Bemersyde."*

The prophecy has helped to fulfil itself. Like the family tree, the old house that cast "a wizard spell" over Sir Walter—a tall grey tower attached to the modern mansion, and looking down through a screen of grand chestnut trees, upon Dryburgh Abbey, and the windings of Tweed past Old Melrose—is in good keeping. If Doves no longer weld iron at the gate of the Haigs, they have planted a healthy slip by the old Monks' Smithy beside Melrose Cross, not far from the murmuring of the stream that flows down through the Rhymer's Glen.

A prized relic of this ancient and curious family connection is a pair of embroidered silk slippers, but slightly worn, and bearing the impress of a shapely foot, which were found by an ancestress of Sergeant Scott, a maid at Bemersyde, in a recess of a wall in the old house, when repairs were being made a century or so ago. These, too, have their story, if one could but read it. They may have danced a measure when the news of Marlborough's victories came to hand; or tripped it in Holyrood when the Young Pretender came back, for a time, to his "own again."

Of the winner of the Silver Medal himself, few words need be said. He is of the best type of the Scottish Borderer. At all points he is worthy of his ancestry—a more modest Halbert Glen-dinning, with a dash of Hal o' the Wynd; a stalwart, frank, and manly young Scot, in whom the author of "Waverley" would have found the qualities of mind and body with which he endows his heroes. He will be heard of again.





LOGIE HOUSE

Thrums

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES GREIG

IT is to the Hill that the Thrums folk go when they wish to look forth upon the world beyond them. The climb thither, whichever way you take, is a more serious matter than that ascent of the Brae athwart the Com-monty, of which it is written that boys ran up it at a breath, and that not until second childhood did it become again a steep and laborious journey. But "all

braes lead to the grave;" and this brae, if you take the eastward road by the tenements to Tillyloss, leads straight to the gate of the cemetery, which is planted on the edge of the hill, overlooking Thrums. As you mount, the little red town seems to settle deeper into the fold, or "lirk" of the hill, out of the bowels of which its houses have been built. For beside the cemetery is the



AVENUE LEADING TO LOGIE HOUSE

quarry; the cemetery itself, indeed, is in part an old quarry, and is carved into the side and crown of the red sandstone bluff, so that, as in Eastern cities, the dead may be said to be hidden in crannies of the rock, and are well "happed" besides, not only by turf and headstone, but by flowers and by shady trees and shrubs.

Here abide many Thrums memories, some of which will come readily to the minds of the readers of Mr. Barrie's books. Behind the cemetery is the market stance, the golf course also, and the great slab called the "Standing Stone"—the "Wishing Stane," or "Fairy Book of Thrums." To this windy hill-top have come untold generations of people to play or do business, in sunshine, or in rain and snow; to quarrel or to make love; to ask questions of fate; and, latterly, to lie down for a last rest. But, as has been said, it is chiefly to "take the air," and gaze abroad upon its subject territory and upon the "great world" of Strathmore, that Thrums in these days climbs up into its Pisgah. Behind the spires and the factory stalks can be descried the green slope of the

Commonty, and crowning it, beside the dismal blank wall of a dissenting kirk, the white gable of the "House on the Brae" and even Jess's window. Stretching without visible limit towards the east and the west is the "Howe," or hollow, of the great Strath, dotted with white-fronted farmhouses and clumps of wood, and smeared here and there with the smoke of towns and hamlets. Opposite the sides of the Sidlaws rise like some vast embankment, crested by such landmarks as the Hill of Craigowl and Kinpurney and its ruined observatory, by the shadow of which the dwellers in the Strath still regulate their noonday rest. The great gale

of some years back has terribly wasted the forests of Strathmore: the plantations on both its slopes are but wrecks of their former selves, and some of the grandest of the trees that were the pride of Glamis, and Logie, and Lindertis, and Airlie have been laid low. But it is still a country beautifully diversified by timber. From Kirriemuir Hill one can make out something of the extent of the dark woods that shelter the magnificent old castle of



WOOD AT LINDERTIS



LINDERTIS HOUSE

LINDERTIS HOUSE



SHOOTING AT LINDERTIS

the Thanes of Glamis at the base of the Sidlaws, some five miles away as the crow flies. Or looking athwart the buttresses of the Braes of Angus the eye ranges over the woodlands and moors of Kinnordy, the "Rashiebog" of the novels, to the beautiful tree-clad terraces and slopes of Lindertis, and behind these to where the "Kaimes of Airlie" overlook the secluded den and the romantic nook at the meeting of the Melgum and the Isla, which holds the "Bonnie House," plundered and burned by the fause Argyll.

There is great temptation to linger on the Hill of Kirriemuir. Barrie's characters have a way of wandering up into this high place when there is romance or tragedy afoot. Jamie McQumpha, on his last home-coming, stole into Thrums, like an outcast spirit, by the road across the hill. Little Davy Angus toddled across its bumpy sward and slippery roots, the furse bushes plucking at her frock as if to stop her, on her way to the Whunny Hill and to death. On the Standing Stone sat Micah Dow when he spoke the weird of Babby; and in the hollow of the "Toad's

Hole," a stone cast off in the encampment of the wild Lindsays, she was married, over the tongs, to the Little Minister, while coming from different quarters upon the strange scene, revealed to them by the first lightning flash of the storm, the Dominie of Glenquharity, Rob Dow in his gig, Lord Kilgour and his friend, and the astonished elders of the Auld Licht Kirk looked on in horror.

The hill is a tableland, and its northern edge is fringed by Caddam, or Caldhame, Wood—or rather it was once so fringed, for the great storm of 1892 has smitten the firs of Caddam, and the "Windy Gowl" is but a swampy track among upturned roots and prone trunks. Yet by searching one can still discover Nanny Webster's cottage and the wall in the wood. Across the tableland go roads that make for the hills and glens of the Mounth. One branching away to the right will bring you to the noble ruin of Inverquharity Castle, at the meeting of the waters—

*The waters o' Prosen, Esk, and Carity
Meet at the birkenbush of Inverquharity,
the birthplace of that Captain Ogilvie*

who sang the choicest of the Jacobite lays, "It was a' for our rightfu' king." Another road, leading more directly north, descends by the skirts of Caddam Wood into quiet Glenquharity, where about Newmill we might seek to "place" the Dominie's cottage and Waster Lunny were we not warned that they are to be looked for in the main valley of the Esk. The green and winding glen of the Prosen is beyond, then the woods of Cortachy Castle, the seat of the loyal Ogilvies of Airlie, whither fled Charles II. when he escaped from the prayers and psalm-singing of the Presbyterian divines at Perth; and finally there opens up the spacious Glen Clova—beloved of the botanist and the pedestrian, the scene of the exploits of the "wicked master of Crawford," and of the "Hawkit Stirk"—stretching between steep and rugged brown hills to the base of Lochnagar.

If on this northern or Highland side of Kirriemuir there is more of wild romance, it is to the woods and parks of the old demesnes in the House of Strathmore, to the south and west, that one must go for gracious landscapes rich in

sylvan beauty. Near at hand, within an easy twenty minutes' stroll of Strathview and the "Window in Thrums," is the old House of Logie. It is a quaint gabled and crow-stepped building of uncertain age, its oldest portion going back probably to the sixteenth century. Among its relics is one of the colours of Lord Ogilvie's regiment, carried by the great-grandfather of the present owner (General Kinloch, of Chitral fame) when the Angus Jacobites marched by Glen Clova to disaster at Culloden. But the great boast of Logie has been its noble old trees, more particularly its magnificent beeches. Alas! the wind that wasted Strathmore has left gaps where some of the stateliest once stood. But the great beech avenue, the finest in Angus, known as the "Range of Logie," still stretches from the seclusion of the mansion house to the vicinity of Southmuir, with something approaching a "continuity of shade"—a sequestered and beautiful walk much loved and trodden by the chronicler of Thrums.

Another and much more spacious stretch of sheltered lawn and woodland



Glamis Castle

GLAMIS CASTLE

is that which surrounds the house of Lindertis. It, too, is approached by an avenue that makes it a place worthy of pilgrimage by the lover of trees—a double line of massive Spanish chestnuts that leads past the west lodge to the handsome Elizabethan mansion to which the present proprietor, Sir Thomas Munro, son of the celebrated Governor of Madras, has made recent large additions. The road thither from Kirrie passes through Southmuir and Westmuir, the scene of a famous encounter between

Lindertis is situated on a lower terrace of the hills that are crowned by the Catlaw, sheltered by its woods from nearly all the winds that blow, and yet commanding magnificent views of the Strath and of the Sidlaws, and possessed of almost every attraction as a country retreat and a home of sport, except flowing water. But the Lindertis woods also have been woefully thinned and mutilated, and sawmills have been busy for years clearing away the wreck made by one wild night of tempest.



AIRLIE CASTLE

the weavers of the burgh and the neighbouring farmers, that followed a "snawy hairst" and dear corn more than a hundred years ago. On the westward way one may tentatively identify places that are mentioned in the history of "Sentimental Tommy"—among them the "double dykes" and the Kaims of Cushie. The woods of Kinnordy and the braes of Kingoldrum stretch away to the skyline on the right, while on the left we look down into the fertile "Howe," through the middle of which, between us and the trees and towers of Glamis, run the Dean water and the railway.

Through these woods roads pass to Airlie Kirk and to the "Bonnie House" of the ballad, goal of many an excursion from Thrums. Part of the old tower remains, and the portcullis gate still stands on the peninsulated rock; but the rest of the castle is of comparatively modern date. Nothing could surpass the picturesqueness of the situation of this historic seat of the Ogilvies, its walls beetling on one side over the wooded gorge of the Melgrum, while on the other they overlook the profound green trough of the Isla, flashing in foam over the Reekie Linn or

sleeping darkly in the "Slugs of Auchrannie."

The other great historic house of the neighbourhood, Glamis, the seat of the Lyons, Earls of Strathmore, stands on lower and more level ground, but is not less favoured by tradition and romance. To reach it from Kirriemuir, you walk or drive by cross-country roads shaded by elm or birch, past strips of wood and patches of marsh and muir, as well as rich fields and pastures browsed by herds of polled Angus cattle. The towers of Glamis dominate a lordly expanse of park and forest—a worthy setting for this pearl of Scottish baronial residences. Scores of times have the castle and its history been described. Who has not heard of its clustered towers, corbelled and turreted, and its vaulted chambers; of the room in which, says legend, died Malcolm II., the grandfather of the "gracious Duncan," murdered at Glamis; of the great newelled staircase, designed by Inigo Jones for the first Earl of

Kinghorn; of the chapel and its panels, covered by quaint Dutch Bible-subjects, executed by Jacobus de Wet (the painter of the ranks of mythical Scottish monarchs at Holyrood), for the rebuilder of Glamis, the first Earl of Strathmore; last, not least, the mysterious room, whose secret is known only to three persons, the Lord Strathmore of the day, his heir, and his factor, wherein, as local tradition affirms, sits that grim chief of the Lindsays of Crawford, "Earl Beadie," playing dice until doomsday! Glamis was "Old Glamis, the ancient seat of my family," in the days of Earl Patrick the Builder, when the Merry Monarch was king. Its fame has kept growing, and part of it is reflected on its neighbour, Kirriemuir. Besides its claims as a shrine of literary pilgrimage, Thrums is thus almost within earshot of the ghostly Drummer of Airlie and of the grisly Dicer of Glamis. Mr. Barrie has but added to the store of romance of this wonderful countryside.





WRITTEN BY H. FALCONER ATLEE. ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

“**O**H! help me to save her,” he cried passionately, seizing her hand, and she looked sadly at the strong man appealing to her in favour of another woman, to her, who loved him.

“It is impossible, *citoyen*!” she answered, moving away, “you know it is; how can I, of all people, help you? so far from Paris too—moreover,” she added,

“it is probably too late now, perhaps all is over.”

“No, no,” he exclaimed, “hint not at such a dreadful possibility; see here, her note is dated the 6th,” and he held up the crumpled piece of paper in his hand.

It had been a horrible year that 1795, perhaps even worse than its predecessor, 1794. The Cordeliers had been executed, Danton, Camille Desmoulins, Hérault de

Sec
the
tors
d'H
sa
nob
fort
offer
Men
Am
the
Man
da
fort
been
crow
dun
rate
cam
brea
wa
da
sion
to
pris
won
men
sole
hea
E
side
her
and
frie
Pic
da
gre
wh
Hél
bro
by t
of t
Hé
“y
cas
ma
rul
wh
had
Eli
per
of
wh
cra
wit
lag
fea

Sechelles and many others had mounted the fatal scaffold where their tormentors Robespierre, Saint Just, Collot d'Herbois were likewise to die. Thousands of suspected and acknowledged nobles thronged the prisons, to be led forth in carts, batch by batch, as an offering to the murderous guillotine. Men, women, children, none were spared. Amongst those now expecting death at the Conciergerie prison were the old Marquis de Vaudmont and his young daughter Hélène; by some, perhaps fortunate, mistake, the poor girl had not been incarcerated with the ordinary crowd of aristocrats which filled the dungeons, but had been allotted a separate cell, where old Mathieu the gaoler came once a day with the meagre meal of bread and soup and water. Mathieu's daughter, Elise, occasionally was allowed to visit the female prisoners, and by a word, an encouragement, sought to console the often broken-hearted captives.

Elise had long resided near Lille with her aunt and uncle, and her dearest bosom friend was Rosine Pichou, their only daughter. It was a great shock to Elise when she saw poor Hélène de Vaudmont brought in one night by the terrible soldiers of the Revolution, for Hélène was the "young lady" of the castle which had for many generations ruled the little village where the Pichous had lived. Often had Elise and Rosine experienced the kindness of the Vaudmonts, who though aristocrats, associated freely with the simple village folk. Then the fearful Revolution

had burst forth, spreading terror in every corner of the land. Young de Vaudmont had joined the Royalist troops of Condé and the "émigrés," and added laurels to the old family name, yet he had longed to revisit the place of his birth and had ventured, under a disguise, to re-enter France; a friend followed him, and one dark and stormy night the old gentleman and Hélène clasped the young man to their bosom.

Hector de Vielleroy, young de Vaudmont's friend, soon won the hearts of all—of all, yes, for poor Rosine loved him, though he never saw it, blinded as he was by his own passion for Hélène; the months passed, each day bringing news of fresh atrocities all over the country; then came the summons for the



"YOU WILL TRY AND HELP ME, ROSINE?"

young men to gather once again round the banner of the *fleur-de-lys* and both obeyed.

It was a sad parting, Hélène and Hector vowing eternal love, and poor Rosine following with her heart the unsuspecting loved one.

How the authorities learned that the two young royalists had been for months secreted at the castle, none could tell; but suddenly the place was invested by soldiers, old M. de Vaudmont and his daughter were carried off to Paris to be cast into the dungeons of the Terror.

"You will try and help me, Rosine," pleaded Hector de Vielleroche, who had braved a thousand dangers to re-enter France and to try and save his bride.

"But how?"

"Could you not persuade Elise to allow Mademoiselle to escape?"

"Elise!" cried the young girl; "Elise! I have a plan, yes," she said, "I will help you, I will try and save her," and she turned away to hide the tears that crept up into her eyes.

He wondered, but did not understand.

"What are you going to do?"

"Go to Paris!"

"We had better start at once," said the young man.

"I will start at once," she answered, "you stay here concealed."

And she went, without her parents' knowledge, and from behind a huge tree in the park he watched the cart, that bore Rosine on her journey, rapidly whirling along the white road that curled like a vast serpent amongst the fields and disappeared behind a clump of trees, to which the tender spring shoots gave a faint green touch.

The busy guillotine had spread sorrow in many a family; all over the country a bloody stream flowed freely; on the *Place de la Révolution* Fouquier-Tinville's victims increased in an alarming manner; amongst the doomed batch that was to amuse the Parisians on the next day was Hélène de Vaudmont; her father had preceded her in the next world some time before.

"I must see her, Elise," said Rosine eagerly.

"But I cannot get the keys!"

"Oh yes you can—you must; surely

you would not let the poor Mademoiselle die without a word of comfort?"

"No, no," answered Elise, sobbing; "what are we coming to!"

Trust to woman's wit to obtain what she desires; Elise managed to get possession of old Mathieu's keys for an hour or so, and Rosine was admitted to the cell where on a straw pallet lay Hélène de Vaudmont.

"Dear mistress," she cried, kneeling beside the young captive, "cheer up, I bring you good news."

"Good news to me, Rosine, what good news can I expect? The best news would be that of my approaching deliverance by the—"

"Oh, say not that! say not that!"

"You are right, it is wicked to grumble against Fate," she added listlessly; "but what about your good news, dear Rosine!"

"I can set you free!"

"Thank you, kind, good Rosine, thank you! but what is liberty to me—no home, no family, no—"

"M. de Vielleroche waits for you," said Rosine quietly, and it hurt her poor loving heart to say these words to her rival.

"Hector, oh Hector," and Hélène sprang up, animation in her countenance, her eyes sparkling—"But—"

"But—no but," said Rosine firmly; "change clothes with me and slide out while I talk to Elise—she is sure not to notice your clothes immediately."

"But you?"

"Oh, that's all right! they have probably forgotten you, and consequently will forget me," she added, though she knew Hélène's name was to be called on the morrow!

Hélène escaped unnoticed, even Elise in the dark passages failing to detect the fraud, for Elise respected what she thought was Rosine's grief, and did not speak to her.

And when that same night Rosine was bundled off to the Conciergerie dungeons, none knew of the substitution in the hurry for more victims.

It was only some months afterwards that Hélène and her husband, who had reached Switzerland in safety, knew of the sacrifice of the loving Rosine; a paper came to Hector through an emissary—a line only—one line:

"Hector, I love you and am glad to give my life to see you happy. Rosine."

* * * * *

Many, many years have gone by; Louis XVIII. was on the throne, a throne on which he was to sit but a short while—yet he was there long enough to restore to Hélène de Vaudmont her fortune and

property, and when France once more changed its ruler, the new government, in its policy of reconciliation, did not disallow the grant.

Hector and his wife often talk of Rosine to their many children, and when the whole family gather to pray, Rosine's name is always mentioned with feelings of love and reverence and gratitude.



IN JUNE.

WE have made the most of May-time,
With its love of light and laughter—
Yet, my dear, there is something left to learn
In the passing of the hay-time
And the hush that lingers after—
O my dear, could we pray for Spring's return?
Could we long for April's rule?
When the wild-rose flushes full,
And the sun unfolds the fingers of the fern.

Empty homes are in the hedges,
And their children circle o'er us—
O my dear, scarce we knew our May had gone.
The cuckoo redeems his pledges
In the swallow's swinging chorus—
O my dear, how the year is running on!
With so many new delights
Earth can hardly sleep o' nights,
And the dusk slips ever nearer to the dawn.

I had feared a note of sadness
In the joyance of the Junetide—
Ah, my dear, how a lover's doubts descry
Wisps of grey among the gladness,
And the glory of the noontide—
For, my dear, I had dreamed I heard you sigh.
But, so false a dream was this
That it perished at your kiss—
And I would all men were half so glad as I!

J. J. BELL.





A NEAPOLITAN MILKMAN

Street Scenes in Naples

WRITTEN BY FRANK HIRD. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



HERE is an elusive, intangible suggestion of the East in the streets of Naples which it is impossible to convey in words. The similarity is perhaps rather positive than negative, since nothing can be more dissimilar than the appearance of an Eastern town and the narrow and densely-crowded streets of the ancient capital of the Neapolitan Bourbons. But twenty times a day the traveller will suddenly be reminded of the East—the cry of a driver to his horse, a chance expression of philosophic resignation, the methods of unceasing begging and barefaced and smiling extortion—but the suggestion is only momentary and is the instinctive expression of the Moorish and Byzantine blood which still flows in the veins of the Neapolitan populace.

It is in the fishing colonies that one sees the most picturesque side of Neapolitan street life. Of these there are three, one in the north of the town at Mergellina, one in the centre at Santa Lucia, and one at the southern end at Borgo Loreto, but the most striking and interesting is Santa Lucia. These three colonies are separated only by three or four miles of quays, but as far as intercommunication is concerned they might be in different countries. The fishers of Mergellina and of Borgo Loreto, though each forming a distinct class, are more or less in touch with the people living near them; but the fishers of Santa Lucia, although in the very centre of the town, and the only division between the aristocratic residences on the Riviera di Chiaja, and the rich quarter, which is bounded by the Piazza del Plebiscito, are as far away from the

world as if they lived upon an inaccessible island. The few streets that comprise the quarter all run on to the quay of Santa Lucia, by which all the traffic passes from the fashionable part to the business part of the town, and which is the most crowded thoroughfare in Naples; but the *Luciani* merely look at the unceasing crowd, they never mix with it.

They are a people totally different from the rest of the Neapolitans, both physically and morally. They pass their lives out of doors, for the most part upon the sea and the quay of Santa Lucia, or in the seven or eight narrow streets, which are only from fifteen to twenty yards long, and sometimes not two yards in width, and which form the entire colony, the tall houses, six or seven stories high, giving shelter to seven or eight thousand people. These streets are called *vicoli*, and, being built upon the side of a steep hill, rise in a series of steps from the quay, and are little more than staircases of questionable cleanliness. Every window has its balcony, where the family life is passed in full view of the passers-by; and as one drives from the railway station to the hotels, which are situated in the Chiaja quarter, one has a rapid *coup d'œil* of Old Naples. Clothes-lines cross and recross the narrow *vicoli* in a bewildering maze, hung with garments of every hue and shape; women are combing each others' hair in the dark doorways, or upon the balconies; children of all ages, and more than half naked, swarm upon the quay where the *Luciani* sell the result of their fishery—oysters, shell-fish, *frutti di mare*—upon little stalls amidst an indescribable din raised by loud voices, the rolling of tramcars, the rushing of *fiacres*, the going and coming of heavy carriages, the cracking of whips, and the screams of quarrelling women. The sight is a strange one, and if he is wise the traveller will come on foot and wander amongst the pestiferous streets and the stalls on the quay. If he goes to Santa Lucia in the afternoon, he will find the sellers of shell-fish doing a brisk trade at their little stalls, for although the oysters and *frutti di mare*, of strange shape and forbidding

colour, are gathered near the mouth of a sewer, the Neapolitans evidently are inoculated by custom and seem to take no harm. So popular, indeed, are the shell-fish, that one may frequently see carriages drawn up by the stalls and their fair occupants eating their dozen of *frutti di mare* with infinite relish, in their gloved hands, before going for their afternoon drive in the Via Caracciolo.

Beyond the fish stalls are the glistening benches of the sellers of the famous sulphur water from the springs of Santa Lucia and Chiatamonte, which fall into the sea near by. "*Bella Zuffregna fredda che fa Zumpà i denti!*" cry the girls who have charge of the stalls, and the large terra-cotta pots full of sulphur water that stand on brightly-shining copper. But, untempting as is the cry, the water is generally warm. These girls are specially chosen from the most beautiful in the quarter for this particular work, and are generally surrounded by a crowd of coachmen, loafers, and sailors from the neighbouring naval barracks. Beauty is not one of the characteristics of the women of Santa Lucia, but even the most beautiful of them never marry outside the quarter.

As a race the *Luciani* are most interesting, with characteristics and customs entirely their own. Being a people of fishers, it is essential that they should gain sufficient during the summer months to enable them to live during the winter, and the cessation of the summer fishing is always the occasion of a curious ceremonial of which the origin has never been traced. On a particular day a long procession is formed in the narrow and dirty streets by the Santa Lucia fishermen, clad in the unspeakable rags in which they pursue their avocation. After marching down to the quay amongst the tramcars and carriages of Modern Naples, the procession descends to the beach, where the men throw themselves into the water "to clean their livery of misery." The spectacle is amazing. In an instant the water is alive with thousands of bobbing heads and splashing bodies, whilst the quay above is crowded with screaming women and



A STREET AT SANTA LUCIA

children and curious passers-by. When the noisome garments are supposed to be cleansed, each man, dripping as he goes, seeks his home, and after putting on a new suit of clothes, sits down with his family to a great feast to celebrate the close of the fishery. This ceremony is called the *Nzegna*.

Whilst passing Santa Lucia one very often sees a wedding procession escorted by a crowd of yelling street urchins, whilst remarks more familiar than polite or complimentary are bandied

known unless one has witnessed one of these encounters. With a simultaneous yell the women will be seen suddenly to leap at one another, seizing each other by the hair. The struggle is generally deadly, neither combatant knowing mercy, and is too often concluded by the victor breaking her terracotta water-jug over her opponent's head, or using her high-heeled wooden slipper as a club. Five minutes before the two same women may have been seen combing each other's hair with the



A STREET IN THE PORTO QUARTER

from balcony to balcony on the newly-married couple, who are invariably *Luciani*, and therefore known to everybody since their childhood. It is as well for the sightseer not to attempt to follow the procession through the dark and narrow *vicoli*, for the houses that he must pass are indescribable, and, added to the horrors that meet his eye at every step, he may find himself in unpleasant proximity to one of the fights which are so common between the *Luciani* women. The possibilities of the voice feminine cannot be fully

friendly reciprocity common to the Neapolitan lower classes; and the next day, with bandaged heads and swollen faces, they will probably be as friendly as before, and remain so until their next quarrel.

But if the Santa Lucia quarter—which is now doomed, and will soon be swept away under the Hausmannisation which has already done so much for the health of Naples—presents an unforgettable scene of picturesque misery, it is in the Porto quarter, which has now been cut in two by the Superb Corso



A SELLER OF TIN POTS

Ré d'Italia, that the *bizarre* fascination of Old Naples may be found.

The streets that run from the bay to the plateau of San Lorenzo are nothing but slimy staircases, passing under archways which seem to be the doors of fortresses. This district was the centre of the city under the rule of the Spanish viceroys and kings, and the same trades which were carried on in the fifteenth century are prosecuted in their noisome confines to-day. Many of the streets still bear the names of the colony which inhabited them—as the Piazza Francese, the Rua Toscana, Provençale, Catalana, and the Loggia di Geneva—and French, Tuscan, Provençal, Catalan and Genoese artisans may be found working there to-day. There are also the streets of the cobblers, the cutlers, the mattress-makers, the sword and dagger-makers, the jewellers, etc., which are still practically given up wholly to these particular trades. The shops—dark little holes, in which the only thing to

be seen, even at midday, is the flickering light burning before the image of the owner's patron saint—are unchanged since the middle ages, the workmen, like their ancestors, working in the narrow streets in front of their doors. But if the spectacle of artisans pursuing their work under the same conditions and with the same tools as their remote ancestors is so interesting that to witness it one will brave hours of walking in pestiferous alleys through which a carriage has never passed, some of the streets, that of the jewellers more particularly, fill one with nothing but sadness at a too palpable decadence. Here, in place of the artists who reproduced the great works of Benvenuto Cellini, their degenerate descendants make atrocious pinchbeck jewellery or shapeless and unmeaning *ex-votos* upon the same anvils and at the same forges. From this street have come masterpieces of delicate workmanship in gold and silver, and now it merely floods the churches with the

tasteless offerings of a superstitious devotion.

A bewildering din marks the location of the streets where the blacksmiths, locksmiths, and coppersmiths ply their trade *en plein vent*; red-hot iron glows upon the anvils at the shop-doors, the sparks flying across the narrow street as the half-naked and grimy men hammer and fashion it with swinging blows. And above the incessant ring of metal striking metal, and the blowing of bellows, there is a hubbub of voices, a perpetual screaming, whilst far above the high houses is a narrow slip of bright blue sky; and from every window hang multi-coloured clothes, stained and filthy, which are drying in the heavy air.

The supreme dirtiness of all the streets in these old quarters is the first thing that strikes the wanderer through Santa Lucia, Porto, or Mercato, but nowhere else in the world can he see such brilliant colouring, such striking con-

trasts, or a life of misery led so happily or carelessly. It seems a world of children playing at keeping shop, dabbling in wet and mud from sheer impishness, and it is only at rare moments that he is brought face to face with the sterner and darker side of this light-hearted struggle for existence. The mark of a long gash across the cheek does not excite much remark in a city like Naples, where the knife plays its part in the majority of quarrels, but when this mark is seen on men and women perhaps a dozen times in one day, it points to something more than accidental stabbing. Locally, it is known as the *sfregio*, and is a sign that the person who bears it is a member of the Camorra, and who, for some dereliction of duty, has had his face gashed open with a razor. Amongst the women it is a symbol of their powers of attraction, for it is usually dealt to them by jealous lovers or husbands, and they are rather proud of it than otherwise. The Camorra is one of the most powerful secret societies in Europe, and in Naples has been, and in a measure still is, of greater importance than the police. To its ramifications there is no end, and its members exact blackmail from people in every rank of life, whilst amongst themselves the punishment for any questioning of orders is summary and most severe. It is one of the most potent factors in Neapolitan life.

One of the strangest contrasts in Naples is to walk from the Royal Palace with its fine marble staircase up the new Corso Ré d'Italia, and to climb into the steep streets around the church of San Severino e Sosio. These streets are the dwelling-place of the dyers, and one steps from regal magnificence into a crowd of semi-naked people who are busily dipping great hanks of cotton or wool into seething cauldrons. As elsewhere, the work is carried on in the street, and little streams of water—red, yellow, brown, and black—pour over the rough stones, and gather in multi-coloured pools, whilst on low benches against the walls women are washing clothes, standing in the dirty soapy water that splashes over from their tubs. The passers-by walk heedlessly through the dye and soap-suds, whilst

the children find pleasant occupation in throwing mud of every variety of colour at anybody who chances to be wearing light-coloured garments. It is a veritable feast of colour from the merely spectacular point of view, but a visit to these streets leaves a bodily as well as a mental impression.

Very often in the depths of these sordid alleys one comes across a forgotten old palace, built when carriages were unknown, its great court of honour crowded with booths, its vast halls filled with a heterogeneous collection of men, women, and children, fowls, goats, sheep, and occasionally a donkey, all living together in the happiest proximity. The massive old walls are hidden beneath centuries of dirt; the wood-work has, for the most part, disappeared, the rooms that once knew the revels of Argevin nobles now shelter the haphazard existence of *lazzaroni*.

With the blue waters of the Bay of Naples ever at their feet, and the blue of a Southern sky above them, the poorer Neapolitans are able to support life under conditions which would annihilate a Northern race; and they certainly make more noise than any other people in Europe. Late in the afternoon the Toledo, the principal street, is full of shrieking hawkers and *giornalisti*, or newsvendors, who rush madly through the throng; an unceasing line of carriages rolls over the rough stones, with perpetual cracking of whips and wild shouts, and all the world seems to have gone mad. On the other side of the Corso Ré d'Italia, itinerant cooks, sitting at their stoves in the open air, or under awnings, sell fish, macaroni, and meat, whilst at the Villa del Popolo and the Porto Capitana, quack doctors lecture on their nostrums to large crowds of idle and credulous folk, drowning the strident voices of the public readers, who declaim passages from Tasso, Ariosto, and other poets, to those who care to pay two centimes for the dubious pleasure of listening to them. Everywhere there is deafening noise, which once or twice a day is silenced by the passage of a funeral procession escorted by the masked and disguised members of the brotherhood to which the deceased has belonged. Flocks of

goats
throug
day, c
highes
the p
are m
wife
waitin
her ju
the p
The
driven
streets
engag
Noi
shame

goats with tinkling bells are driven through the streets at all hours of the day, climbing up to the top story of the highest houses in order to be milked at the purchaser's own door. Cows, too, are milked in the same way, the housewife descending into the street and waiting her turn to hand the cowkeeper her jug or basin, which he fills from the patient and long-suffering animal. The *fiacres* are cheap, and the horses, driven without bits, rush along the streets at a hand-gallop—unless they are engaged by the hour.

Noise, dirt, indescribable squalor, shameless beggary, and constant nerve-

irritation, are the memories the traveller bears away from *Bella Napoli*; but if he goes to Porto, to Santa Lucia, and Mercato, he will also possess the memory of a marvellous kaleidoscope of colour which he will never see again, since much of it is happily threatened by the wholesale destruction of these unsalubrious quarters. This work is known as the *Sventraments*, and has already altered the worst parts of the city, giving space and sunshine to thousands of people who, like their forefathers before them, have lived in the depths of cellars, without light and without air.



A FRUGAL LUNCH OF MACARONI



AN ERROR

IN

JUDGEMENT.

BY E. M. DAVY,

Author of "Jack Dudley's Wife," "A Daughter of Earth,"
"A Prince of Como," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY YORK SHUTER

CHAPTER I.

AT CROSS PURPOSES.



AFTER, evening in late summer; place, the north-east coast of England; and a woman sitting at a window looking out on the great North Sea.

The voices of fisher-folk—as they made ready their herring-boats—mingled with the music of the waves breaking on the shore.

Soon quite a fleet of boats rowed out of the little haven, and presently their hoisted sails glistened in the setting sun; when darkness set in, their flickering lights looked like a flight of fireflies on the horizon.

And all this time the woman sat there thinking, thinking . . .

Of herself? Well, in a manner, yes. After all is it not oneself that most concerns oneself?

She was feeling rather tired of life. Not that she had arrived at that dis-

tressful period when one would willingly end it, for she possessed money and freedom. She had enjoyed both a few years now, however, and they had ceased to satisfy her. She desired—what at present appeared to be—the unattainable.

A servant entering lit lamp and candles; not until she was again alone did the woman move from her seat in the window. As she did so a letter fell from the folds of her dress to the floor.

Picking it up she approached a light and read it for the second time. The envelope was addressed to herself—Miss Elliot. It was from her friend the vicar's wife, and its contents were these:—

"DEAREST NELLA,

Come to-morrow evening at eight o'clock. We are inviting a few friends to meet Philip Lorraine, who will spend a day or two with us before going to India. He has just got a splendid appointment out there.

Ever yours,

DORA SCROLEY.

P.S.—I want you to look your best, dear—your very best. You are not pretty, but interesting-looking. Put on your last new frock—it suits you admirably; and bring some songs—something sentimental.

Nella Elliot crushed the paper in her hand. Her cheeks burned with shame. She was angry with herself for feeling any emotion, more angry still because she could not control it.

"That ridiculous episode! That most ridiculous episode!" she murmured. "I must go to prove I never cared; or that if I did it is a thing of the past now, and forgotten."

So she wrote and dispatched the following reply:—

"DEAR DORA,—I will come.

Yours always,

NELLA."

And then until the following evening she lived on tenter-hooks of anticipation and dread of the coming ordeal.

Her will-power was strong, and on that alone she depended to carry her through, for—foolishly if you will, but truly womanlike—she had made up her mind to assume for the occasion a *rôle* as far from her own nature as are the poles asunder. Rehearsing this continually in her mind, she forgot that no one else was likely to understand and play up to the part, in which case the result was pretty sure to be a fiasco.

She reached the vicarage late—this was part of her plan—and entered the drawing-room with her brightest smile.

Some twenty guests were assembled, all known to her. The vicar's portly person, as he came forward, for the moment hid some of the company from her view. But when he had moved aside she saw instantly the man she would have given worlds to avoid.

The clear cut, delicate features of the sensitive face, contrasting in its pallor with the dark hair and moustache, gave him an air of distinction that at any time would have appealed to her sense of the beautiful; and, with a feeling of annoyance she knew that it did so now.

"Mr. Lorraine, here is Miss Elliot at last," she heard Mrs. Scroley say, and saw her touch him on the arm.

He came forward eagerly and held out his hand. The look in his usually dreamy eyes was full of fire and intensity; so eloquent it startled her and caused her to falter in her purpose. His hand clasp tightened; she felt the tell-tale colour deepen in her face;

another moment and she might have forgotten her *rôle*, but the vicar came, quite unconsciously, to her aid.

"Don't you think Miss Elliot does us credit?" he said with a kind of showman-like manner. "Isn't she looking well? All the sea-air, my dear Lorraine; there's nothing like it. You found out its efficacy when you were here among us two years ago. Our now eminent engineer scarcely looks so strong as he was then, does he?"

"Really I don't know," Nella answered with affected carelessness. "You intend going to India immediately, I understand, Mr. Lorraine?" she continued, glancing about the room and acknowledging some of her oldest friends with bows and smiles.

He did not answer for a moment or two, and she felt that he was watching her intently.

"Yes, as you say, immediately," he replied, speaking very slowly.

"Then I wish you *bon voyage* with all my heart. I daresay you are a good sailor—most people are now-a-days. What a difference there is in tastes!" she continued, turning pointedly to Mrs. Scroley. "Fancy if you or I, Dora, were told we must go to India, say tomorrow, next day, or next week, how we should hate it!"

"Really, Nella dear, I don't understand you. Surely you must be joking," Dora said, looking both puzzled and displeased.

"Not at all, I assure you."

"Oh, yes. It is one of Miss Nella's charming little jokes," echoed Canon Scroley serenely.

"I think not," said Philip very quietly, but with such peculiar meaning in the tone—which was withal so sorrowful—that Nella had the greatest difficulty to refrain from looking at him.

Music was asked for at this juncture, and glad of the timely interruption Nella went at once to the piano and sang a song from the "Mikado" with all the serio-comic pathos she could command. This was so rapturously received, that she gave other selections from the same opera with a spirit and *verve* she had never before attempted. The men crowded round, applauding each song.

Philip Lorraine alone remained aloof.

"Brava, brava!" cried a young officer from Linmouth Barracks. "Miss Elliot, you're a brick," he added *sotto voce*.

"Am I really?"

"That you are! And, by Jove, none of us had an idea —"

"No? But you have *now*?"

"Rather!"

"We all possess some latent power that merely requires to be called into action—our reserve forces, you know."

Nella liked young Waldy, regarding him as a mere boy.

Leaning over the piano, and dropping his voice to a low confidential tone, he asked,

"Miss Elliot, may I tell you what our Colonel says of you?"

"If it is sufficiently flattering you may, of course."

"That depends on how you take it. You see we were discussing the Gulcotes girls last night at mess. The Colonel said, 'Miss Elliot is talented, but not clever. She ought to marry well, but won't. She is just the girl to throw herself away on a poor —'"

"Curate? Oh, spare me!"

"I'm a little hot-headed, you know, Miss Elliot, and was dying to say something, when he added—'or an equally poor devil of a subaltern.'"

The young fellow stopped, blushing furiously.

"I am glad Colonel Campbell does not consider me worldly," Nella remarked composedly, after a moment's pause.



"CURATE? OH, SPARE ME!"

"I'm quite sure he doesn't. None of us do. But, by Jove! with your talents, and . . . and . . . attractions—"

"Don't talk nonsense."

Running her fingers lightly over the keys, she was about to sing again, when the vicar called from the whist-table, where he was deriving as much enjoyment from his favourite game as the music would allow—

"If there is to be any more singing surely someone will be good enough to relieve Miss Elliot. Mrs. Scroley suggests she must be quite exhausted."

"Oh, nothing ever tires me," the singer assured him, "and I love to feel that I am amusing your guests. But if anyone else—"

"No one else would venture, *now*," said Dora. "Why didn't you sing the style of song I asked for?" she whispered impatiently. There was an unpleasant significance in her words.

"Where is Mr. Lorraine?" Nella enquired. "Do persuade him to sing or play. It would be such a charming contrast after my—"

She stopped short in some discomfiture, for, entirely contrary to her expectation, Philip Lorraine, who had heard her words, came to the piano. There was a look of intense pain stamped on his countenance. Without seeming to see her, though she made way for him, he sat down at the instrument. He played divinely. Every voice was hushed. The sudden transition from light music to exquisite pathos had an almost electrical influence on some of the listeners, most of whom were musical; while the effect produced on Nella was as though every note—coming as it seemed from the soul of the performer—spoke to her a reproach. She fought against the uncomfortable impression, however, and determined to end the evening as she had begun.

When Mr. Lorraine ceased playing he almost immediately left the room, and shortly afterwards the company began to disperse. Nella was not permitted to go until the very last, and then both the vicar and his wife went with her to the door.

"Well! you *have* done for yourself!" exclaimed the latter, in her usually emphatic way.

"I am sure we are very greatly indebted to Miss Elliot," said her husband good humouredly, "for her very delightful—"

"Performance," added his wife, with sarcastic emphasis. "Good-night, Nella, dear; and if ever I try to do you a good turn again—"

"Take *Punch's* historic advice, Dora—*don't!*"

And, laughing gaily, Nella ran down to the gate, followed slowly and sedately by the elderly attendant who usually came for her on such occasions.

It was a lovely night. Nella crossed the road and stood to watch the sea shimmering in the moon's beams.

"Hoo hev ye enjoyed yor party, honey?" asked Griffiths.

She answered in the way she often talked to the woman who had originally been her dear old nurse.

"Not much, Grif. I feel as though I had been a naughty girl, as I used to be when you had to make me stand in the corner long ago. But I am quite good now. What else could I be face to face with *this*?" The efforts during the evening had cost her more than she imagined. An unwonted feeling of sadness was stealing over her; the memory of Philip's music and Dora's words, "*You have done for yourself*," still lingered in her ears, producing discord.

"Allow me to walk home with you," said a man's voice so near as almost to startle her, and turning she found herself face to face with Philip Lorraine.

"On no account. I have my usual escort, thank you. Good-night," was her hurried and not unembarrassed reply.

"Will you walk on?" he said to the maid. "I wish to speak to Miss Elliot privately."

It was a bold stroke, and one for which she was totally unprepared.

"Miss Elliot—Nella! What have I done that you should treat me as you have to-night?" he enquired, as he walked by her side along the cliff.

"I do not know by what right you call me to account for . . . for . . . anything," she said, turning her face away because she felt ashamed of what

seemed to her now—the childish part she had been playing.

"Pray pardon me. I came here believing I certainly had some right, that of—But your manner chills me; I cannot go on. The words I came to speak die on my lips. If you would only say in what way I have been so very unfortunate as to offend you?"

"Why suppose I am offended? I am sure I have not said so."

"No. And that is the hardest part of it. This meeting . . . which I looked forward to with such happiness . . ."—he paused a moment, then resumed—"never for an instant dreaming that I should find you changed—"

"And you do find me changed?"

"To all appearance, yes. Most sadly."

"And even if I am? What difference could it make . . . to you?" she asked with a little catching of the breath.

"Only this, Miss Elliot. If time and absence have really changed you as you would have me think, then never more will I believe in truth, in honour, or in noble womanhood. My love for you was no short-lived passion, but deep and steadfast, a love that lasts for life; one that—pardon me for saying so—I believed you not only understood, but shared. I told you how I was situated when we parted. Every day, every hour, since then I have been endeavouring to improve my worldly position for your dear sake. By great good fortune it seemed to me—shall I go on? I will not unless you wish it."

"Go on, please," she answered, brokenly.

"Thank you. As soon as I obtained this Indian appointment, I wrote to Mrs. Scroley. She had been very kind and hospitable to me when I was at the pier works here two years ago, and knew of my . . . attachment. She replied at once, inviting me to the vicarage."

"Did she—did she mention me?"

"She said she had good reasons for believing that you cared—"

"What? That for two long years I had cared for—perhaps been pining after—the man who, like the gay young knight in the old ballad 'loved, and he rode away'?"

"I told you how poor I was!"

"Oh! I have not forgotten! The interview lasted—about two minutes. You spoke of poverty, wished me good-bye, and left me!"

"How cruel it sounds when you put it thus!"

"Not half so cruel as the reality."

"But you knew—you must have known and understood."

"Do men and women *ever* quite understand each other, I wonder? Had both been poor I think you would have acted rightly. But had you been rich, would you have left me because I was poor? Where is the difference? I fail to see why the mere fact of the woman being the richer should prevent—"

"In honour I could not ask you—"

"Alas! then, we richer women are poor indeed! Could I be so forward as to say: 'Phil, your love is worth more to me than all the gold in the world?' Could I? Think! Did you even give me the slightest chance to say this to you?"

"It was an error in judgment," he said regretfully, "one that has nearly cost me very dear."

"You almost lost me by it, Phil,—that is all."

They had reached the house where she lived. The door was open, showing a light within. They stood still now by mutual consent; he caught her hands and held them against his breast, while she, raising her tell-tale eyes, let them meet his for the first time. The moon—the harvest moon—was shining so as to make the night almost as light as day.

"Are you naturally rather . . . rather reticent?" she asked, a little anxiously.

"Yes. But you shall cure me, Nella. If you consent to be henceforth the sunshine of my life, you shall see down into all the dark places of my soul and give them light."

"Ah, don't tell me there are any dark places, Phil—"

"At least we will not speak of them to-night."

"No. For there is the church clock striking one, and Griffiths has come to the door again to look for me."

"Nella, one word before we part," he said eagerly. "You have not promised to be mine, nor shall you until I have told you—"

"What?"

"Everything there is to tell. This I will do to-morrow. Meanwhile—"

"I love you, I love you," she whispered, her eyes dwelling on his unflinchingly, her fingers clinging to his hand.

"No, no! Take back those words, my darling girl. I come back to find you leading a life you love. Think well before you decide to change it, Nella. It were better far that we had never met than that I should be the means of casting a shadow on it. May I come at noon to-morrow to know my fate?"

"If you positively and obstinately decline to hear it from my own lips to-night, sir!"

"I do—I must."

"In that case, come to-morrow."

He seemed about to speak, but checked himself. He raised her hands and pressed a kiss upon them, then turned and walked resolutely away.

CHAPTER II.

REJECTION AND ACCEPTANCE.

BETWEEN eleven and twelve o'clock the following morning Nella stood in her little garden in the sunshine.

She had scarcely been there a minute when young Waldy, passing, saw her, raised his hat and stopped.

"I've been wanting to see you ever since last night, Miss Elliot," said he.

She laughed. "Well, that is not a very long time. Here I am. What is it?"

"Won't you ask me in?"

"I am sorry I can't this morning, for I have an engagement almost immediately," she said, glancing hurriedly at her watch.

"I wish you would. By Jove! I'd go to red hell for you, Miss Elliot, you know I would."

"H'sh!"

"They're Swinburne's words, 'pon my honour."

"I prefer your own."

"Then you shall have them straight

as a die," he said with an odd mixture of boyish brusquerie and bashfulness. "You won't allow a fellow to come in, so I must speak them here. You treat me as though I were a boy, Miss Elliot, and that's not fair. I'm a man. I've got a man's heart, and I love you. I don't believe I would have dared to tell you this but for what our Colonel said, and—and—for your manner, don't you know, last night. I'm only a poor devil of a sub, but there's a coronet in our family, Miss Elliot—there is, indeed, though it's—it's awfully bad form to mention it."

He paused, looking somewhat red and shamefaced.

This declaration took Nella so completely by surprise that, for a moment, she was at a loss how to answer it.

"I'm sorry—" she began.

"Don't say no all at once, Miss Elliot. 'Jove! I can't stand that. Take a few days to think it over; take a week."

"Not an hour, not a minute. You deserve better treatment at my hands. I confess I had thought of you as a boy, and, believe me, I am very sorry for what has happened. You will marry some day—a girl who will say 'Yes' directly you ask her, because she will love you as you deserve to be loved, Mr. Waldy. You and I will always remain friends, I hope, but we can be nothing more."

"I don't want you as a friend. I want you to—to marry me."

"That is impossible, Mr. Waldy."

"You *are* hard!" he said dejectedly.

"I mean only to be kind," and she held out her hand as a sign that he should go.

"It will be good-bye, then, for a few weeks. I'm going on leave to-morrow, and it's the best thing for me now."

Some fisher-girls went singing past towards the vicarage, and gave Nella a smiling greeting.

"They all love you!" he cried, impetuously; then, biting his under-lip and giving a little nervous laugh, he raised his hat, and hastened away in the direction of Linmouth Barracks.

"And this," thought Nella, "is another result of my 'performance' at the vicarage!"



"‘AND THIS,’ THOUGHT NELLA, ‘IS ANOTHER RESULT OF MY PERFORMANCE
AT THE VICARAGE’”

It
time
had
she
read
had
year
some
since
was
her,
she
her
him,
as m

W
was
all
The
obvi
cont
scion
sam

S
once
appe
was
des
that
hom
Nel
com
agre
date

"
I lo
who
pos

"
you
mo
T
nei
Nel
tinu
he
lon
den
at l

"
you
cen

"
ser

"
My
vor

It wanted but a few minutes of the time she expected Philip Lorraine. She had told Griffiths he would call, and she went to her pretty drawing-room, ready to receive him. How happy she had been until her disappointment two years ago, and the restless longing for some fresh interest in life that had ever since that time possessed her! But all that was ended now. Philip Lorraine loved her, and she loved him so dearly that she feared lest the very selfishness of her love should induce her to marry him, without considering his happiness as much as her own.

Within a few minutes of the hour he was shown in. Their meeting was, to all appearance, only that of friends. The man's manner was constrained; obviously he was exercising great control over himself, and the consciousness of this forced Nella to do the same.

Sitting down opposite to her, he at once began speaking of his Indian appointment, of the handsome salary he was to receive, and gave an interesting description of the part of the country that for the next few years would be his home. Then came what seemed to Nella the most important part of the communication—he had signed an agreement to leave England at a certain date.

"So soon?" she faltered.

"If I fail to be on board on the 30th I lose the appointment. Another man, who is already out there, will get the post."

"Then nothing on earth must prevent you leaving England on the 30th—to-morrow fortnight."

There was a pause, during which neither spoke; so long it lasted that Nella had time to wonder why he continued so silent and so grave, and why he kept his eyes veiled from her by their long, dark lashes. He raised them suddenly, however, and, looking steadily at her, asked—

"Do you remember saying last night you thought me rather—rather reticent?"

"Perhaps I ought to have said 'reserved'?"

"By nature I suppose I am reserved. My life hitherto has seemed to render a

certain amount of reserve necessary. But now, with you, all will be different indeed. Did you ever hear anything of my antecedents? Will you tell me all you have heard?"

"That all is easily told. I understood your parents died many years ago; that your father was an officer in the Royal Engineers, your mother a descendant of a very old French family."

"That is quite true. You know no more?"

"You came to the North with good introductions. That was sufficient even for Mrs. Scroley."

"I understand," he said, smiling slightly; "but you must be told everything before you decide to cast in your lot with mine."

"And pray what is this dreadful 'everything'?"

"It is of more importance than you appear to think," he answered with increasing seriousness, an expression of dreamy sadness settling on his face. "They say, 'Like attracts like,' but that is not our experience, Nella. Your earliest years were passed in the sunshine of a happy home; mine with an austere guardian who called himself a philosopher, but was, in point of fact, a heartless cynic. My tutors held the same pessimist views of life as did my guardian. I was taught to shun society, to form no friendships, to believe in neither God nor man—much less to put faith in woman."

"What very uncomfortable doctrines, Phil! But now that you are your own master, of course, you have discovered their fallacy, or, at all events, the inconvenience of holding them!"

"I have, and I can only hope that discovery has not come too late. Early impressions, alas! sometimes take deep root, and are hard to eradicate. Mine are the 'dark places' I spoke of, on which, two years ago, you first shed a gleam from the sunshine of your life. I fear it may take some time for my mind to attain a perfectly healthy tone. Nella, after hearing this, does your sunny nature shrink? Are you not afraid of wedding it to the gloom of mine?"

"Philip," she said, speaking with forced calmness, "there is no need for

you to take this appointment; I have enough for both."

"I prefer to take it."

"Then I go with you, dear," she said, rising and holding out her hands to him.

He sprang to her side.

"You have no fear?" he cried, a great joy lighting up his face. She closed her eyes as he folded her in his arms. When she again looked at him his countenance was so transfigured she scarcely knew it.

"Happiness is contagious, Phil; you have caught it now," she said gaily.

And then she heard him laugh for the first time. It was low and musical—and yet a man's laugh, too. It set all her pulses throbbing with delight.

In the midst of their "low laughter and soft replies," Griffiths came into the room—Griffiths who was not used to knocking at doors—and, as she stood dumbfounded by what she saw, Nella went towards her, and said:

"Congratulate me, Grif! Philip, this is my dear old nurse."

"Is this gentleman wantin' to marry ye, then, Miss Nella?" she asked bluntly.

"Yes. And I have said he may, Grif, dear."

"Aa mun kna a sight mair afore aa wishes ye joy, ma honey," she said, looking searchingly at Philip. "Whe are ye, sor? Where de ye come freo? Ye mun heb a power o' assurance te think ye're jeest gannin' te tak ma bairn te yersel wi'oot sayin' 'By yer leave' te nobody. Ye'll pardon me, sor, for speakin' se plain, but thor's neyn but me te leuk te hor intorests, see ye, an' leuk te them aa will."

"I love her more than my life," he answered fervently, "and I honour you for—"

"You forst statement's natrel eneuf, mistor. Your neest—wey! fine words nivvor yet buttored ne parsnips. Leuve? Aa's hord a sight ower much o' you word te place ony faith in't. Ye're soft spoken, sor, ye'll come freo the Sooth? Aye, I thowt se! Leuk at me, noo. Aa wor as bonny a lass, yence, as ony on Tyne-side. Aa's not far gone i' ma sixties yet, but leuve an' marriage aged me afore

ma time. Aa married for leuve; a lad freo the Sooth—"

"Oh, Grif! You know he only came from Durham," corrected Nella.

"Wey, ma honey, aa knaa that. But D'orm wor ower far sooth for me; aa knaa'd nowt o' his forbears, an' if ye gan forthor ye'll likely fare warse. Aa married for leuve, mind ye, an' what coomed o't? Ma man wor that soft spoken at forst, ye'd ha thowt buttor wad'nt melt in's mooth. An' what did he torn oot? Wey, a conformed dronkard. Leuve? ye canna live long on yon dainty, sor. Whatten else hev ye gettin' te offer ma bairn foreby?"

Watching Philip's face anxiously Nella saw that he took all that was said kindly, and it pleased her that he humoured her by his reply:

"Miss Elliot will not be a poor man's wife. I can give her a handsome house, a great many servants—everything, I hope, that she may desire. I can also give you my word of honour that I have always been a strictly sober man," he added, smiling at her reassuringly, "and it is hardly likely I shall change now."

"An supposin' aa tak yor word for it—ye bein' a gentleman born and bred—mebbe ye'll just tell us where aa'll gain te see wi ma ain eyes yor gran' big hoose, an' yor sarvents an' sic like?"

Philip and Nella exchanged glances.

"Do tell her, Phil."

He smiled, and drawing himself up proudly, said, "Miss Elliot and I are to be married very soon. In a fortnight's time we shall leave for London."

"Lord-a-morcy save us!" cried Griffiths, throwing up her hands. "Yor hoose—in India; yor servents—niggers!"

"Not niggers," Philip answered gently. "We have not yet had time to make many arrangements, but we hope you will go with us."

"Me gan wib ye? Me, sor?"

Here Nella intervened by laying her hand soothingly on the worthy woman's arm.

"Dear old Grif! I will tell you all about it later," she said. "Meanwhile do let us have some lunch. I am positively famishing. Mr. Lorraine is the same. Wait on us yourself to-day, Grif, and you will see how ravenous we are."

After bestowing a steady look on both,

she turned and walked proudly and silently from the room.

"Such a dear, good soul, and entirely devoted to me," began Nella, apologetically,

"I know what you mean, dear; a true case of 'love me, love my dog'?"

"Yes, Phil."

"I must always remember the 'sop to Cerberus' then. What is it you call her? 'Griffin'? A good name; she is altogether unique."

Nella laughed without correcting him, and in a few minutes the subject of their mirth brought in the long-delayed luncheon. "The Griffin" waited on them in solemn silence. As their merriment increased, the set, stolid expression on her face deepened, and was emphasised at intervals by long-drawn sighs.

When luncheon was over, Philip looked at his watch.

"I must go to Oldcastle by an afternoon train," said he. "Would you like to hear all about this engineering affair?"

"Not a word, dear. You have a great deal on your hands, I know. I will take everything for granted rather than that you should worry yourself more by talking about it. Besides, I really do not like business matters, and could be of no assistance to you."

"I only wish you to understand, Nella, that I have much to do between now and the 30th—many people to see professionally in various parts of the kingdom; so many things to look after, that I find it will be best for me to make Oldcastle my headquarters. Of course I shall run down and see you daily. It is scarcely half-an-hour by rail, you know."

"Am I unreasonable, then, in suggesting that you might make Gulcotes your headquarters, and run up to Oldcastle when business calls you?"

"That would be pleasanter, but not best; and for this reason—I am liable to be summoned to Middlesbrough and other places. The delay in going from here—"

"Say no more. I'm sure you will come as often as you can, and, in a fortnight's time, you know there will be no horrid business to come between—"

"—My darling and me!"

He had scarcely whispered these words

when Griffiths burst in, looking very hot and angry, exclaiming: "Aa can do stowt wi' them. The huzzies has gotten the bettor o' mi!"

About a dozen bare-footed fisher girls dressed in their short blue tucked flannel skirts, bringing with them a strong odour of the sea and of fish, both fresh and stale, rushed noisily past her, and halting suddenly in front of Nella began singing, at the top of their voices, this well known old Tyneside song:—

*"Weel may the keel row, the keel row, the
keel row,
Weel may the keel row that hor laddie's in."*

"That's hor, an' that'll be hor laddie. Horray!"

"What does it mean?" asked Philip, in bewilderment.

"Ye may well be flabborgasted," remarked Griffiths, indignantly. "Miss Elliot just spoils aal the village. Be off wi' ye! Ye owt to think sheym. Ye're just like Clotie's gang aall broken louse."

"We're Miss Elliot's singin' class, mistress, an' we've coom te practise," said one of the girls.

"That's aall, hammie," corrected another. "We've coom to wish hor joy—hor an' hor intended." And this speaker, apparently bolder than the rest, succeeded in putting Philip to the blush by the persistency of her stare.

"Hor laddie," corrected the next. Whereon, taking their cue from the word, they once more commenced their song.

"Do you think I should give them money?" Philip whispered.

"Oh, they would be dreadfully offended."

"Look here, girls," said he, holding up his hand as they came to the end of one verse, and either the action or his south country accent for a moment commanded their attention. "Don't you see Miss Elliot is engaged?"

These words were received with a titter, culminating in shouts of laughter.

"Aye, that's what ye caall it; we caall it sweetheartin'. Weel, nivoor mind, gan on."

"Nella, for heaven's sake, speak to them!"

Nella was enjoying the joke immensely

herself, almost as much as the girls, whose picturesque appearance delighted her. Their *pose* was admirable, the scene altogether an effective bit of comedy, but she saw the time had come to end it. She thanked them warmly in a few words for their good wishes, appointed to meet them in the school-room at eight o'clock, and gave them to understand they were dismissed.

"Had away, hinnies!" cried the leader of the gang; and they rushed off as quickly as they had come.

But one glance at Philip's delicately sensitive face told that both the incident and the fishy atmosphere left behind were equally distasteful to him.

"It was Dora's doing, naturally," she said, as he took his hat to go.

"I told her nothing. I declined to receive her congratulations, or even to speak of you until I had seen you again to-day."

"Well, I don't mean to quarrel with Mrs. Scroley if I can avoid it, Phil; but I do think there ought to be a special form of prayer for us poor women: 'Preserve us from our friends'!"

"Too true," he sighed, though evidently more in jest than earnest. "And can't you—won't you—be my special providence, dear Nella, and spare me the congratulations of the rest of the fishing population?"

She promised. He sealed that promise with a kiss, and thus the fateful interview that changed the current of both their future lives was ended.

(To be continued.)



T

specu
and o
bodie
famous
more
limble
the li
Pliny
Gaba
the



CHEVALIER DESSEASAU
REMARKABLE FOR HIS VANITY

Facts about Freaks

WRITTEN BY A. KRAUSSE. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

THE abnormal has always had a subtle fascination for the multitude, and the exhibition of monsters has from the earliest times proved a paying speculation. The existence of giants and dwarfs, hairy people and double-bodies, has been noted by the most famous writers of antiquity, and records, more or less authentic, of fat people and limbless bodies are to be found amid the literature of well-nigh every age. Pliny records the existence of one Gabara who flourished in the days of the Emperor Claudius, and whose

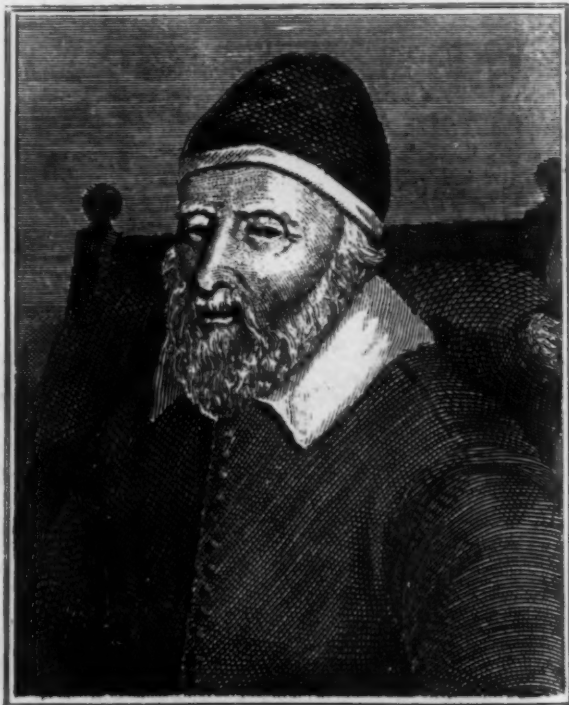
height, in modern measure, was nine feet and nine inches. Cardanus tells of a Carmelite monk whose hair was so peculiar that as often as he combed his head sparks of fire would be seen to fly out of it; and Ovid relates that he met a full-grown man whose height was not above a cubit, and who was carried about in a parrot's cage.

The taste of our ancestors for monstrosities has been inherited by succeeding generations, and the appreciation for freaks of to-day is certainly in no way less marked than of old. And yet it is to be doubted whether even the

most regular sightseer has a notion of what very remarkable nondescripts there are in existence, for the simple reason that natural curiosities are in demand all the world over, and being constantly on the move are easily missed. I propose in this article not to attempt a complete catalogue of the world's freaks, but to refer to some of the most noted, past and present.

It is curious that freaks, like other things, are largely affected by the dictates of fashion. What is to-day regarded as a sensation of the first quality will possibly not attract the slightest attention in ten years' time, and what was the rage fifty years ago lacks interest to-day. And so it happens that modern Methuselahs are at a discount, and the very old folks mostly possessing lying records of antiquity, at one time to be met with among the side-shows at every well-regulated fair, are now rarely seen. The lack of demand has ended the supply, though there are at present probably more genuine centenarians available than in any previous period. It is, of course, an open secret that most of the much-vaunted Methuselahs of old based their records upon the flimsiest of evidence. Henry Jenkins, who laid claim to 169 years, was an undoubted pretender, and it has been shown that the famous Countess of Desmond, supposed to have lived beyond her 140th anniversary, was really made up of two persons, the lives of two succeeding countesses being knocked into one. Nor is the case of Thomas Parr, whose popularity probably exceeded that of all others, more trustworthy. Parr, who was a native of

Winnington, in Shropshire, claimed to have lived during the reigns of ten monarchs. He died in 1634, and was reputed to have attained 152 years and some months; but his body was examined by the great Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, and he certified that it was very doubtful if Parr was more than ninety. It would be easy to fill an entire volume of *The Ludgate* with reputed centenarians. John Burn Bailey has compiled a volume containing accounts of some five hundred such, but the author shows that few of them can be regarded as trustworthy. Among the recent cases of undoubted centenarianism are those of Sir Moses Montefiore, Monsieur Chev-



Old THOMAS PARR of
Winnington in Shropshire.

Who lived in the Reign of Ten Kings & Queens.

He died in the Strand, 1634—Aged 152 Years.

Pub'd by Alan Hogg, Peterborough: 1891. Oct. 1891.

*M.
Barn
him, a
hichar*

reuil
Baill
Bead
while
day a
who
near
Neve
has p
Qu
more
we r
The
an at
the
Cuck



Mr. Henry Blacker the BRITISH GIANT.

Born near Cuckfield in Sussex 1724. He is thought by all who have viewed him, to be the tallest Man ever exhibited in England, measuring 7 Feet 4 inches & exceeds 2 famous Myshoor Gigantes who was shown with us much. Appears several Years ago.

reuil (the eminent French chemist), Miss Baillie (sister of Joanna Baillie), Canon Beadon, Lady Smith and Miss Hastings; while among the Methuselahs living to-day are William Coveney, of Kilpatrick, who is 112; Mrs. Ward, of Lashbrook, near Henley, who is 103; and Mrs. Neve, of St. Peter's Port, Guernsey, who has passed her 105th birthday.

Quitting centenarians in favour of more generally acknowledged freaks, we relinquish long life in favour of bulk. The accompanying reproduction, from an authenticated print, of Henry Blacker, the "British Giant," who was born at Cuckfield, in Sussex, in 1724, is a fair

type of such monsters. Blacker claimed to 7 feet 4 inches of humanity, and there is every reason to hold his claim as justified. He was visited by Royalty and patronised by the rank and fashion of his day. He was well proportioned, and possessed pleasant manners. William, Duke of Cumberland, was one of his greatest admirers. Among the most noted giants of their time were Patrick Cotter, the Irish giant, who measured 8 feet 7 inches, and wore a shoe 17 inches long; and Charles Byrne, who called himself O'Brien, whose height was 8 feet 4 inches. The last-named died in 1783, and his skeleton is now exhibited in the collection to be seen in the museum of the College of Surgeons. Another famous giant was Chang-Woo-Gow, the Chinese monster who was exhibited at the Aquarium some twenty years ago. He attained a height of 8 feet. He died in 1880. Captain Martin Bates, the Kentucky giant, attained some fame in London in 1871 by his marriage with Miss Ann Swann at St. Martin's Church. Both bride and bridegroom measured 7 feet. Marian, the Amazon Queen, a German girl, exhibited herself at the

Alhambra in 1882 to the extent of 8 feet 2 inches, and Joseph Winkelmaier, a young Austrian, 8 feet 9 inches high, held receptions at the Pavilion Music Hall as recently as 1887.

From giants to dwarfs is a natural step. The most famous dwarf of modern times was probably Count Borowlaski, a Pole, who in his twentieth year measured 33 inches. He visited the English Court, and died in London in 1837. In popularity, if not in fame, the foregoing was equalled by Charles Heywood Stratton, who was repeatedly exhibited under the name of General Tom Thumb. Stratton was an American who visited England

more than once. He measured 31 inches. He married another dwarf, one Lavinia Warren, who measured 32 inches. Stratton died in 1883. Another fragment of humanity was Francis Joseph Flynn, known as General Mite, who measured 21 inches, and weighed 9 lb.; his *fiancée*, Miss Milly Edwards, whom he married at Manchester in 1884, barely turned the scale at 7 lb. This record was, however, beaten by the Mexican midget, Lucia Zarate, a well-

fat people must be out of all proportion to the demand.

Daniel Lambert, whose portrait is given, is described in a contemporary print as a person of surprising corpulency, a definition which barely does his memory justice, seeing that he barely turned the scale at 52 stone and 11 pounds. He was a native of Leicester, and lived to the age of thirty-nine. He was an expert swimmer, and owing to his vast bulk could float with two ordinary men



DANIEL LAMBERT

made little woman of 20 inches, who weighed $4\frac{1}{2}$ lb. The best-known dwarf of the present day is probably a little Irishwoman of middle age, who is exhibited under the name of Little Dora. Her height is 23 inches. I am not acquainted with her riding weight. The choice of dwarfs appears to be somewhat restricted, but this limitation does not apply to their contrasts. The supply of

on his back. He was till shortly before his death a remarkably active man, and was able to kick to the height of 7 feet while standing on one leg. His profession was that of gaoler, and he held the post of keeper of Leicester Gaol for many years. He died 21st June, 1809. He measured 3 yards 4 inches round the waist, and 1 yard 1 inch round the calf just before his death. Another

prod
who
Brig
who
died
thirt
deser
a bu
weig
roun
amor
died
two.

T
pecu
dive
attai
on r
prob
amo
grea
indu
who
is ex
thir
enjo
4 in
6
wel
wel
is M
gian
the
pou
Th
nar
also
Mo
Mo
wh
“
2 in
the
wo
his
of
ye
Th
at

a t
ma
ne
th
pr
fo
Cl

prodigy of flesh was one Edward Bright, who was a contemporary of Lambert's. Bright was a miller of Maldon, Essex, who weighed precisely 44 stone. He died 10th November, 1750, at the age of thirty. Another man mountain who deserves mention was James Mansfield, a butcher, of Debden, in Essex. He weighed 33 stone, and measured 9 feet round. This personage is remarkable among his kind for his longevity. He died 9th November, 1862, aged eighty-two.

The records of adipose tissue are peculiar in the fact that one has not to dive into musty archives in order to attain the superlative. The fattest man on record is living to-day, and it is highly probable that the fattest woman is also among us. The distinction of being the greatest man the world has produced is indubitably a native of Mason city, Iowa, who goes by the name of Gay Jewel, and is exhibited as Jumbo. He is at present thirty-five years of age, is married, and enjoys excellent health. He stands 6 feet 4 inches in his socks, and weighs 53 stone 6 pounds. He is an intelligent and well-educated person, and plays the violin well. The Queen's largest lady subject is Miss Frances Sinclair, "the Yorkshire giantess." She measures 5 feet round the waist, and weighs 39 stone 12 pounds. This lady is now thirty-three. The reputation shared by the last-named fat man and woman apart is also claimed by Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Morlan, of Indianapolis. Chauncey Morlan weighs 20 stone 10 pounds, while his wife, formerly Miss Annie Bell, "the Ohio giantess," stand 6 feet 2 inches, and weighs 40 stone, this being the greatest weight recorded of any woman. The fattest baby known to history was one Thomas Sabin, a native of Banbury, who was discovered a few years ago, and exhibited in London. This fragment of humanity weighed, at the age of two years, 8 stone.

"Living Skeletons" are apt to prove a trifle disappointing. There have been many claimants to the title, yet I have never met with a person in whom I thought it justified. The nearest approach to an actual skeleton in living form was probably that attained by Claude Ambroise Seurat, a native of

France, who was exhibited in Pall Mall just seventy-three years ago. Seurat was described in the *Times* during the exhibition as having the appearance of "a mere bag of hoops covered with leather through which the beating of the heart was distinctly visible." He stood 5 feet 7 inches. He was extremely emaciated, yet ate and drank with appetite. Another "skeleton" is now living in one George Moore, an American, who while boasting a stature of 6 feet 3 inches, weighs only 97 lbs. W. Caffin, another of the tribe who arrogates to himself the title of the "Skeleton Dude," is an undoubtedly thin personage, but is by no means reminiscent of the charnel house, either in physique or bearing.

Plunging deeper into the regions of abnormality, I reach those extraordinary freaks of nature which are best classed as twin bodies. I refer under this head to cases of people whose separate existence is restricted by a connecting link in varying degree, ranging from a mere band of flesh to the more repulsive monstrosities presented by cases of double-headed bodies, or the more terrible instances in which one partially-formed being is seen growing out of another. There have been many such creatures, though fortunately the last named class is small in numbers. With few exceptions such sights are better suited to anatomical museums than public exhibition, but they are shown in connection with many fairs, and the "Greatest Show on Earth," at Olympia, contains one.

The most remarkable and least repulsive of these freaks of nature were two twin brothers named Chang and Eng, who were discovered in Siam by Mr. Robert Hunter, who brought them to Europe. Like most freaks, the Siamese twins were married, their wives being sisters. The accompanying illustration is from a print published in 1829 showing the twins at the age of eighteen. A similar circumstance to that of Chang and Eng occurred in the case of two girls named Helen and Judith, daughters of an Hungarian woodcutter near Prague. The children were born in 1715, but they only survived eight years. In 1851, however, a negress of North

Carolina gave birth to twins joined together in a most extraordinary fashion, and these still survive. Millie Christine, better known to fame as the "Two-headed Nightingale," is a composite system of two identities sharing a body and a-half. The sisters were entirely distinct in the upper part of their bodies, but at the waist the two became one, which in turn accommodated four separate legs. This extraordinary couple were exceedingly intelligent, each of the members of the incorporated partnership being gifted with a fine voice. The sisters also danced well. After being exhibited for a series of years, the "Nightingale" retired in 1885, and are, I believe, still living on a farm purchased out of their (or her?) savings, in North Carolina.

A different type of dual freak to those above referred to is that shown in the case of Israel, the twin brothers shown at the age of seventeen, or that of James Pono, who was exhibited in London in 1714. The monstrosity to be found in Barnum's show under the name of Lalloo is another example of a similar misfortune. These freaks, none of them nice to dwell upon, all take the form of a more or less completely developed body growing out of a living man. They may be dismissed as better suited to a treatise on morbid anatomy than a popular magazine article.

Closely allied to the malformations referred to are those unfortunate freaks who have entered the world minus their proper complement of limbs. There have been many such. John Valerius, born without arms, achieved considerable reputation in his day. Matthew Buchinger, of Nuremburg, was also a noted character in his day. He was born at Anspach, without either arms or legs, in 1804. By long practice he attained considerable agility, notwithstanding his sad plight, and he achieved such feats as writing, drawing, threading a needle, shuffling a pack of cards, etc., by aid of his mouth and stumps. It is also stated in a contemporary advertisement that Buchinger could play upon the dulcimer "as well as any musician," and that he also "shaves himself dexterously," but how these performances were achieved there is no evidence

to show. Buchinger was exhibited at Bartholomew fair. He died in 1722. A worthy successor of the Nuremburg juggler was Thomas Inglefield, who, like him, was born without arms or legs in 1769. The portrait given is copied from a print published in 1804. Among the armless men of to-day, the most remarkable is probably John Chambers, a resident in the Old Kent Road, who was born without arms. Notwithstanding this deficiency, however, he achieved all the necessary daily routine just as well as his more fortunate contemporaries.



THE SIAMESE TWINS

John Chambers shaves himself, puts on his boots, and holds the morning paper (with his foot) while he reads it over breakfast. He is a married man with a family, all of them duly provided with the usual allowance of limbs; and his great amusement is to play the cornet, which he does remarkably well. Charles Trip is another example of an armless man, and he performs much the same feats as the sufferer referred to above.



MR. MATTHKW BUCHINGER

Trip is especially proud of being able to thread a needle with his feet. A specimen of the man born without legs is to be seen in the case of Eli Bowen, whose feet protrude directly from his hips, and resemble rather the flappers of a seal than the normal pedal appendage of the genus homo. He gets about by grasping blocks of wood with his hands, and using them as crutches.

People with horns, though not very numerous, have been exhibited on various occasions. This deformity is more common among women than men, and is due to a certain kind of tumour forming in the head, which gradually hardens as it grows, and partakes of the nature of horn. Such affections are in most cases curable under surgical treatment. The most noted instance on record of people developing horns are those of Mrs. Mary Davis and Francis Trovillon. The lady was a native of Great Sanghall, Chester, where she lived all her life. When about twenty-eight an excrescence grew upon her head, which continued for thirty years, and

then it grew into two horns. Mrs. Davis lived seventy-four years, and died at Chester, 1668. Trovillon was a Frenchman. In his case the horn started from the middle of his forehead and took the form of a ram's horn. It bent round towards the point, and would have infallibly pierced his skull had it not been constantly cut. Another well-known instance is that of Paul Rodriquez, a native of Mexico, who is said to have grown an antler from the side of his head having a circumference of 14 inches at the base.

To turn from horns to hair seems a natural sequence, and the vagaries of Nature in the direction of the one are quite as curious as in the other. Donatus tells us, in his marvellous *History of Medicine*, of one John Fugacinas, a merchant of Mantua, who had long hairs growing upon his tongue, who used to pull them out by the roots but found that they invariably grew again. I am not acquainted with an instance of a hairy



THOMAS INGLEFIELD

Engraved for the London Magazine. P. 82*Mr. Edward Bright.*

tongue in modern times, but hirsute marvels are plentiful enough, and hairy men and bearded ladies are to be met with at well-nigh every fair. Barbara Urselin, wife of Michael Vanbeck, is a good type of the bearded lady, while Miss Annie Jones (really a married woman) is perhaps the best example now among us. The much-vaunted Burmese hairy family were exhibited in London in 1886. Jo Jo, the dog-faced man, is interesting from the fact that the hair which so plentifully covers his face is canine, while that on his head is human. The types known as "Unzie, the Hirsute Wonder," with his mass of albinous hair, and Joy Howard, the "Moss-haired Girl," are more interesting from the medical than from the curiosity hunters' standpoint, since both are alike due to well-known causes.

My list of freaks is by no means exhausted, but the exigencies of space compel me to be brief. In the selection of the examples dealt with in this article I have restricted myself to such as can be traced with certainty. The showman in whose hands freaks for the most part are, is not especially famous for the care with which he investigates the claim of his freaks to notoriety, and I have deemed it wise to exclude a large number of curiosities which may or may not have actually existed. Those referred to may be regarded as having all been genuine to the extent of their having been shown to the public for what they are.

Beyond this statement it would be unsafe to go except in the case of such as were specially examined by well-known medical men.

The Surgeon's Knife

BY ALEXIS KRAUSSE AND E. S. GREEN

THE surgeon and myself were driving down the Strand when a block in the traffic stopped us just opposite Charing Cross Hospital. The building was surrounded by planking and scaffolding, imperfectly covered with crimson cloth (this was a month or two, you must remember, before the great Jubilee procession had passed), and the surgeon commented upon its appearance.

"It looks as if it had been putting itself into splints," said he.

"Are you going to see the procession?" I asked.

"No," he returned, "I'm going on ambulance duty outside."

"Interesting?"

"Oh no," said he, "all simple cases. A battle-field is the one place where one can see interesting experiments."

The traffic moved on and we moved with it, and it was only after a few minutes that I recurred to an expression in his last remark.

"Interesting experiments!" said I; "I suppose surgery numbers a great many interesting feats in its records?"

"Well," he rejoined with a smile, "that is according to the point of view; but they are not usually of a kind suited for publication."

"But surely in the published records," I persisted, "and even in the newspapers—why, only the other day I read about an operation on a man's heart—in Vienna or somewhere."

"There are a good many things you

read in the papers," the surgeon observed drily, "which don't find their way into the medical records. I'm sure I can't tell how they get there—perhaps some half-fledged rumour from the hospitals. Hospitals have their stories and traditions. For instance at Charing Cross they once made a man a new nose out of his little finger."

"That's the sort of thing," I said eagerly.

"And at the South London," he went on, thoughtfully, "Mr. — once grafted a piece of chicken's flesh on to a man's upper lip, and when his moustache grew there were rudimentary feathers mingling with—"

"Thanks," said I, "that isn't quite the sort of thing I want."

"No?" he laughed, "I suppose it isn't; but if you really want to write a magazine article, as I suppose you do, on famous feats of surgery, I'll help you to rout among my books for them. That is the only authentic way of getting at them. But you'll find yourself unable to publish the best cases."

He was quite right. I found many interesting things, and many that sometimes I wish now that I had left unread. Many were scientifically important and scientifically interesting without being at all impressive to the lay mind; and upon these the medical books lavished a great deal of detail and many illustrations. But there remain a great many instances of surgical skill and achievement, and these not the least interesting, which may be repeated without shock

to the most sensitive mind. It is of these that we propose to speak.

Of minor importance to mankind as a whole, but of extreme importance to the individual, has been the introduction of manipulation of hare-lip—a malformation which is found far more frequently among newly-born children than would be supposed. This deformity is treated by cutting away the edges of the cleft in the flesh, and then bringing them closely together. The surface is united by stitches, and the whole face is clamped in a specially-constructed machine which enables and aids the wound to heal. The results attained by the operation are simply wonderful, and it is difficult to believe, on looking at photographs of the same child, before and after treatment, that such a marvellous change can have been effected by such simple means.

The delicate operation of skin-grafting is, perhaps, one of the most curious of surgical feats. In idea this treatment is comparatively ancient, for the great Hunter proved it possible nearly a century ago; and his startling experiments evoked considerable astonishment at the time. He transplanted the spur from the leg of a chicken to its comb, and he also grafted a spur from one chicken on to the comb of another. He found in the result that the birds not only lived and did well and continued to grow, but that the transplanted spurs also grew in their new positions. These experiments were the origin of what has now become a more humanly beneficial operation. It is found that in cases where patients suffer from sores and abrasions which refuse to heal, that their cure can generally be speedily effected by removing the unhealthy sink from the place affected, and replacing it with a portion of healthy skin obtained either from another place or another person. When the grafting has been accomplished the progress made by the patient is in most cases remarkable. Perhaps the most interesting operation of this kind yet performed was that undertaken by the great surgeon, Thomas Bryant, who grafted pieces of skin cut from a nigger on to the leg of a white sufferer. The wound healed speedily, but the black skin not only remained black but caused the margin

of the white skin around it to become black also—the inference being that the black skin possessed greater vitality. There is little doubt but that it would be perfectly possible by a judicious use of this means to turn a white man into a nigger. The suggestion may be of use to any amateur who would like to give complete verisimilitude to a rendering of the part of Othello.

The operation known as "transfusion"—of blood—bears to the internal organisation of the body much the same relation as does skin-grafting to the outer. The notion of the employment of some means to supply a patient, weakening under loss of blood, with new blood is very old. It was attempted by Dr. Lower so far back as 1665. He attained his object by making a cut in the arm of his patient and inserting a tube which communicated with a similar incision in the arm of a healthy volunteer for the service. This method is very crude and fraught with extreme risk, though it was tried many times. The late Mr. Charles Reade, having verified its possibility by several accounts taken from his elaborately compiled books of reference, used it as an incident in his historical novel of "Griffith Gaunt." In the case of this 18th century hero and heroine, according to the novelist's account of it, the transfusion of blood from the husband to the wife carried from one to the other certain mental attributes, and instituted one or two remarkable psychical phenomena. There is no reason for supposing that such is the case nowadays, when the operation, after a good many improvements, has been rendered comparatively safe and simple by means of the Roussel injecting apparatus. When using this the incision is not made in the artery of the volunteer, but in one of the veins. The blood is not conveyed directly but through a transmitter, by means of a canula which acts as a pump. By this means the entry of air into the veins of either person is made impossible, and the blood enters the patient regularly and slowly. From six to nine ounces of blood are transmitted at a time, and the effect on the weakly and sometimes dying patient is marvellous to the point of the miraculous.

The treatment of injuries to the brain has always called for, and has indeed called into existence, the greatest surgical ability. It is, of course, impossible to get at the brain without removing a portion at least of the skull, and this delicate operation has been achieved in a variety of ways. But of late it has undergone considerable modifications, chiefly through the brilliant achievements of Mr. Victor Horsley. The trephine is the instrument which is most commonly used for this operation. It is a contrivance not unlike the old-fashioned but clumsy "automatic" or "differential" corkscrew. The trephine consists of a circular sheath of steel with a saw-like edge, in the centre of which is a sharp-pointed steel which can be advanced or withdrawn, and which acts as a pivot for the revolving sheath of steel. By the use of this the bone of the skull is pierced, the covering of the brain rifted, and the brain itself laid bare for treatment. This method, which was employed in the early sixties, and which was the foundation for quite a literature of wonderful stories, is now further enlarged by the use of a chisel with which the edges of the skull are removed. After the brain matter has been repaired, cut, cleaned—one might almost say shampooed—the opening in the skull is closed by a silver plate which is laid over the orifice. The scalp is then replaced and soon heals up. There are hundreds of persons going about, well and healthy, who have been operated upon, and who could pawn their heads for the half-crown's worth of silver they carry on their skulls—covering up a hole leading to their brains.

The most recent, and undoubtedly the most extraordinary discovery yet made in surgery has only just emerged from the experimental stage, and is now in actual progress in a special hospital in London. The discovery in question is the more remarkable inasmuch as its method reverses the methods that have gone before it. For centuries past the evolution of surgical knowledge has been the growth of new methods of operation; and increased dexterity in the use of the knife has been the great factor in the results attained. The new discovery, known as the oxygen treatment, on the

other hand, renders operations unnecessary, and, while the treatment is purely surgical, it is so called on account of the nature of the cases treated, and not because of the methods employed.

The new departure in surgical treatment has been introduced by Mr. George Stoker, a well-known surgeon, who was officially attached to the Zulu Boundary Commission. While in Africa Mr. Stoker was greatly struck by the methods in vogue among the Zulus, who treated their wounded in a manner which attracted his attention. They refused all offers of surgical aid, nor did they indulge in the charms or magic so customary among semi-savage tribes. Natives who were suffering from gunshot wounds, burns, etc., were simply conveyed up a high mountain, where they were kept for a week or two, and their wounds were in every case found to have healed thoroughly during their voluntary exile from the plains. Mr. Stoker took pains to examine the mystery of these speedy recoveries, and satisfied himself that they were due to the unusually pure air to be found at the great altitude resorted to. He came to the conclusion that the atmosphere in that particular place contained an unusual proportion of pure oxygen, and, having formed this opinion, he began experimenting.

He found that flesh wounds were singularly amenable to the effect of oxygen gas, and, though, when exposed to pure oxygen, the patient suffered considerable pain from the too marked effect produced, the healing power developed was quite distinct from anything known to the archives of treatment. He then tried a mixture of oxygen and pure air, and derived excellent results without any corresponding suffering. A great number of experiments followed, and the result is seen in the founding of the "Oxygen Home" in Fitzroy Square, where the treatment is carried on, the establishment being instituted to serve as a centre for instruction and public experiment in the use of oxygen as a curative agency.

The means employed are exceedingly simple. Oxygen is obtained commercially in cylinders, and is mixed with

air in certain proportions. The patients, of whom some thirty are accommodated in the wards, do much as they please, without any direct medical or surgical regimen, the whole *modus operandi* being the constant exposure of the wounds with which they are afflicted to an atmosphere highly charged with oxygen gas. This is effected by enclosing the limb in a glass-lined receptacle so constructed as to be practically air-tight, the chamber being charged with the gas. In the case of injury to the eye, nose, etc., specially made masks are worn, through which a current of oxygen air is conveyed so as to play over the surface of the wound. And the results attained are simply marvellous. Among the cases treated is that of a man who has suffered from wounds in his leg which have prevented him getting about for thirty-five years. That man was treated for six months, and is now absolutely cured. Ordinary cases of burns or open sores which refuse to heal are cured (provided they have not existed very long) in a few weeks, and

many burns, etc., have been entirely cured in a couple of days. Malignant diseases, hitherto regarded as incurable, and capable of being merely temporarily averted by the use of the knife, are cured in a few weeks, notably the fearful lupus, of which several cases have been cured, and two are at present in the house under daily improvement.

And most wonderful of all, wounds treated by the oxygen treatment do not cicatrise. No scar or sear is left as would be the case in an ordinary healing. The flesh does not join, but fresh flesh forms, and the result shows an even and a healthy skin where none at all previously existed. Mr. Stoker explains this by the theory that oxygen has a selective power, and discourages the growth of all pernicious bacteria, while it promotes the production of those requisite for healthy growth. And it is further important to note that the treatment is cheap, the cost of the gas being infinitesimal, and half a cubic foot sufficient for a man a whole day.



THE SONG OF THE LAPWING

THE brooks are big with the melted snows ;
Pee-weet, weet, weet, in the fallow :
The fields are alive with the clamorous crows,
And chill blows the wind at the evening's close.
Pee-weet, weet, weet, in the fallow.

The lark and the swallow are come o'er the sea ;
Pee-weet, weet, weet, in the hollow :
Sweet is the hum of the sun-wakened bee,
And sweet is the smell of the new-ploughed lea.
Pee-weet, weet, weet, in the hollow.

In fun the joyous schoolboys cry,
Pee-weet, weet, weet, from the meadow,
As they search where the eggs of the plover lie,
And laugh at the bird as it wheels on high.
Pee-weet, weet, weet, from the meadow.

Milk-white and warm is the lapwing's breast ;
Pee-weet, weet, weet, through the meadow :
The breeze blows soft from the balmy west,
And the cuckoo has come, a welcome guest.
Pee-weet, weet, weet, through the meadow.

The meek cows stand in the stream knee-deep ;
Pee-weet, weet, weet, in the hollow :
The new-shorn ewes in the shade are asleep,
And the tender lambs with drowsy eyes peep.
Pee-weet, weet, weet, in the hollow.

The moor-birds fear the sportsman's foot ;
Pee-weet, weet, weet, in the hollow :
The trees are bowed with the sun-kissed fruit,
And black are the berries the brambles forth put.
Pee-weet, weet, weet, in the hollow.

The wood-paths rustle with russet leaves ;
Pee-weet, weet, weet, o'er the billow :
The yards are filled with the well-stacked sheaves,
And the lapwing cries, as if parting grieves,
Pee-weet, weet, weet, o'er the billow.

GREIG HORNE.

For Wife and Honour

BY H. L'ESTRANGE MALONE, Author of "Fools Together," "A Woman Outwitted," etc

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM PEDDIE

"**T**HEN why don't you marry her?"

"Because I can't."

"Well, it's beastly rough on the girl."

"What about me?"

"Pooh—you—I am not going to waste any sympathy over you. You say you love this Dora Engleton, and that she loves you; you have a sufficient income to marry on, and yet you shy at the foot of the altar. She is only a woman after all, and, believe me, women prefer to be loved rather than worshipped."

"Admitted!" but a marriage is impossible, Jackson, that's the long and short of it."

"Scissors and knives! Where's the hitch?"

"There's no hitch, but merely an iron barrier."

"Which can possibly be removed."

"Only by death, for I am already married."

"Then you are a bigger fool than I took you for," retorted Jackson, showing no surprise, and there and then he devoted himself vigorously to his pipe, and, enshrouding himself in smoke, closed his eyes, gave the fire a vicious kick, and, finally, leaning back in his chair, brought his feet to rest on the mantel-piece.

There was a long silence, broken at last by Forster, who, seeing that slumber was fast taking possession of his friend, jerked out,

"Jackson, do you think that you can help me?"

"Haven't you gone yet?" was the only response.

"Only listen to what I have to tell you and then —"

"Look here, Forster, I think it would

be advisable for you to go before I tell you what I think of you; my language, you know, is generally more forcible than polite, and I don't want to lose my temper."

"And I dislike losing my friend, so hear what I have to say; believe me, I am more sinned against than sinning."

"Well, fire away. Hear the indictment in legal language: 'You, Cyril Forster, are charged with making desperate love to a young girl of eighteen, and of causing that love to be returned, well knowing at the time that you are a married man. Are you guilty or not guilty?'"

"Not guilty."

"Then why didn't you say so straight away?"

"Because you had already judged me before my defence had been heard."

"Well, clear yourself."

"You no doubt remember, Jackson, that three years ago I was travelling in the United States. While visiting New York it was my misfortune to be knocked over in the street by a passing car, rendered insensible and carried off to a hospital. There was no serious injury, but nevertheless I was laid up for a few weeks. The hours spent there would have been frightfully dull had it not been for one of the nurses whose special duty it was to look after me, as, being able to pay well, I was allowed to have a separate compartment and special attendance."

"Which once more demonstrates the folly of separating yourself from the common herd; home-reared birds are easiest to shoot."

"Precisely. Nurse Agnes was young, handsome, and loving. The accident that I had had perhaps made the blood run quicker in my veins—and I was

always
turned
to me
in the
when
patal
room.
looked
planat
was n
cool as
to the
Forste
marrie
enough
which
you b
pense
The m
marki
please
remov
and m
love-n
outsid
thereu
whistl
"T
refrain
and d
reman
"I
cool v
situat
little
she w
and s
Cyril,
propo
don't
or my
vanish
"I
marri
cause
of co
make
"St
shall
ignor
you v
not re
we w
be a s
me h
silenc
will f

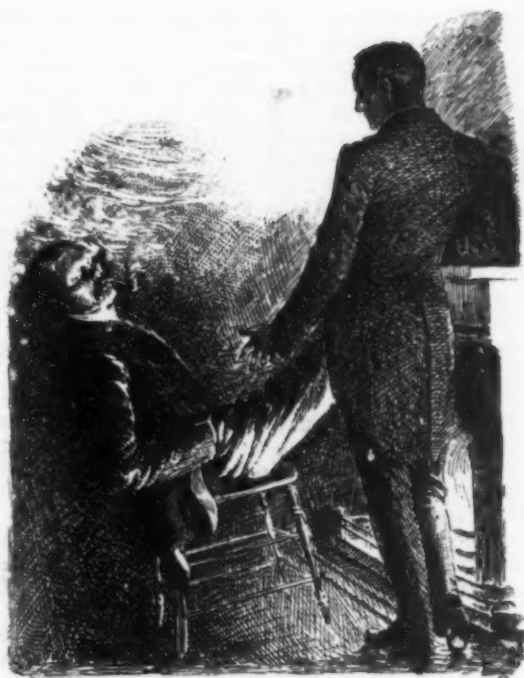
always susceptible. I returned the advances made to me, and one day I was in the act of embracing her, when the matron of the hospital suddenly entered the room. I was speechless. She looked at us both for an explanation, which Nurse Agnes was not slow to give. As cool as a cucumber she turned to the matron saying, 'Mr. Forster and myself are to be married as soon as he is well enough to leave the hospital, which will be very soon. Will you be good enough to dispense with the usual notice?' The matron bowed stiffly, remarking that she should be pleased to see her trunks removed the same evening, and requested that further love-making might be made outside the hospital gates; thereupon she left us, and I whistled —"

"The tune of that popular refrain, 'Young men taken in and done for,' I conclude," remarked Jackson.

"I was astonished at Nurse Agnes' cool way of getting out of an awkward situation," went on Forster, "and not a little uneasy as to the consequences; but she was not in the least disconcerted, and said to me sweetly, 'Of course, dear Cyril, I ought to have waited for your proposal; but we understand each other, don't we?' and I had to say what I did, or my character would have completely vanished by this time."

"I was now thoroughly alarmed. 'A marriage,' I said, 'is impossible; if I am the cause of you losing your situation I will, of course, give you compensation and make what amends I can, but —'"

"Stop," said she, "you fool, you *will* and *shall* marry me; you must be strangely ignorant of the laws of this country, or you would not talk as you do. Did you not remain silent when I told the matron we were going to be married? It would be a strange jury that would not award me heavy damages for such tell-tale silence. No, you will marry me, and I will fix the date, and I will make a wife



"ONLY BY DEATH, FOR I AM ALREADY MARRIED"

whom you need not be ashamed of. We will therefore look upon the matter as settled."

"Then I began to persuade myself that there was no help for it. I looked at her from head to toe as one about to purchase a fine animal, and that she was. Tall, handsome, and well-developed, her slightly-parted red lips seemed to invite kisses, and I accordingly became intoxicated with the heat of passion which some people call love; she had such a seductive charm about her, and I was young and an idiot. She conquered: shortly after we were married, and then, and only then, did I thoroughly realise what an awful fool I had been."

"She spent my money, treated me like the very devil, told me she didn't care for me a jot, and that if I would make her a regular yearly allowance she would trouble me no more. For two years this was punctually paid, but the third no claim was made for it, and the fourth I had enquiries made and learned

that she was dead. The rumour was false, for at this moment she is alive, well, and in prison for murder. I am engaged on her defence, and I didn't know who she was till we came face to face in the prison cell; but, my God! Jackson, after all—whether I love her or hate her—she is my wife, and I must defend her to the best of my ability."

"What is her name?" asked Jackson.

"Agnes Hunt."

"Precisely. I am the Counsel for the prosecution. We shall meet in Court in a few weeks' time, till then I think we had better say good-bye."

* * * * *

The Central Criminal Court was crowded, and people were being turned away from the gallery doors, for the case of Agnes Hunt had excited universal interest. Many had indeed condemned her already, but they were mostly women. The fact of two such eminent lights in the legal world as Jackson and Forster being engaged on the case was sufficient to inconveniently crowd the gallery, and had it been generally known that the great barrister was defending his own wife the excitement would have reached fever heat.

In one of the corridors of the Court the two barristers were engaged in earnest conversation.

"For goodness sake, Forster, set your wig straight and throw away that worried look. How's your client?"

"Bold, confident and defiant, and says that if I don't get her off she will tell the Court that I am her husband."

"Which is an unpleasant fact; if she does, she does, and there is an end to it. But what of your defence, is it a strong one?"

"It is."

"Well, look to it, for my attack will be stronger."

"I am confident that my client will be acquitted, and I have no wish to have the matrimonial compact severed with a yard or two of rope."

"For my part I shouldn't despise the tool that cut my way to freedom."

"Ah, Jackson, you are a hard man, especially to women; but come, the Judge is in Court—let us go in."

As they both took their seats in

the well of the Court, all eyes were fixed on them. The jury had been sworn, and the Clerk of the Arraignment called out in a clear voice, "Bring up the prisoner, Agnes Hunt."

If there had been excitement before, it was now intense, for the prisoner in the dock was a strikingly handsome woman. With a scornful look she glanced round the Court, and finally rested her eyes on her husband, as if she thought that her salvation depended on him.

Then the Clerk of the Arraignment read out the indictment.

"Agnes Hunt, you are charged with causing the death of one Edith Harley, by administering poison to her; are you guilty, or not guilty?"

"Not guilty," was the ready response.

Jackson now arose to address the jury.

"My Lord and gentlemen of the jury, the case before us is exceedingly simple, and the evidence clear and straightforward. I think that I shall shortly be able to prove to you that the prisoner in the dock is guilty of the crime she is charged with. Three months ago Agnes Hunt was stopping at a country house in Warwickshire, called Charlecombe Court. The hostess of that house was the murdered lady, Edith Harley. It was the custom of this lady to entertain and to keep large house parties, but at this particular time there was only one gentleman staying in the house besides the prisoner, and I propose to call him as principal witness for the prosecution. This gentleman was the lover of the prisoner, and the motive of the crime I attribute to jealousy, inasmuch as he had been paying marked attention to the deceased lady, which had been the cause of bitter words between prisoner and herself—nay, not only bitter words, but threats had been used. The bottle of poison found by the dead lady's side has the label of a New York chemist on it, and I think that I can prove to your satisfaction that the prisoner is not unacquainted with New York. With your Lordship's permission I will now call the first witness, Emily Smith."

"Emily Smith, you were a servant in the employ of Miss Edith Harley?"

"Yes, sir."

"THE P

"V

"Y

"Y

you n

"Y

"D

pressi

"V

"Y

templ

"N

"B

man s

Mr. I

"Y

"D

"O

"D

annoy

"T

"V



"THE PRISONER IN THE DOCK WAS A STRIKINGLY HANDSOME WOMAN"

"Was she a good mistress?"

"Yes, sir."

"You were her special maid, were you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did she suffer from fits of depression?"

"Very rarely, sir."

"You don't think that she ever contemplated taking her life, do you?"

"No, sir."

"Before her death was there a gentleman staying in the house of the name of Mr. Forman?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did he pay this lady any attention?"

"Only respectful attention, sir."

"Did this seem to cause the prisoner annoyance?"

"They often had quarrels over it."

"Who are they?"

"Miss Hunt and Mr. Forman."

"On the day before the murder of deceased lady did you hear the prisoner use any threat towards her?"

"Yes, sir; I was just coming in to Miss Harley's morning room when I see Miss Hunt standing up in front of her saying, 'If you don't give it up I'll make you, and there will be good reason for your never troubling me again then.'"

Here Jackson sat down, and Forster rose to cross-examine her.

"Was your mistress in the habit of losing her temper often?"

"At times, sir."

"Would she then fly into violent passions?"

"Her temper wasn't of the sweetest, sir."

"How did she receive the attentions of Mr. Forman?"

"I don't quite rightly understand you, sir."

"Did she seem pleased when Stanley Forman paid her attention?"

"No, sir, not during the last month or two."

"Then can you understand why the prisoner should use threats towards her?"

"No, sir."

"Did the deceased lady make any retort to the threat?"

"Yes, sir. She said, 'I will never give it up anywhere except in a Court of Law.'"

"You may go down."

"Call Martha Daly."

"Martha Daly, you were matron of the Central Hospital in New York five years ago, were you not?" asked Jackson.

"I was."

"At that time was not the prisoner one of the nurses there?"

"She was."

"You can swear to her?"

"I can."

"Why did she leave?"

"Ostensibly to be married, but I never thought that she would be."

"Why?"

"Because she was bold and brazen."

Then the Judge intervened.

"My good woman, we only want evidence relating directly to the case."

Here Forster rose, feeling nervous for

the first time, for he half felt that the matron must recognise him, but he soon found that she did not; he was much older now, and his wig perhaps helped to disguise him.

"Would the prisoner, in her capacity as nurse, be in a position to have an intimate knowledge of poison?"

"No, she would not."

"Her duties were rather to look after convalescent patients, were they not?"

"They were."

"Did she strike you as likely to excel in her profession?"

"No."

"She never showed any desire to learn anything in connection with medicine, did she?"

"No, she did not."

"Thank you, you may go down."

"Call Dr. Stanton."

"You are Dr. Stanton?"

"I am."

"You were Miss Harley's ordinary medical attendant, were you not?"

"I was."

"On the evening of 3rd July last were you not summoned to Charlecombe Court?"

"Yes, I was."

"By whom?"

"Emily Smith, her servant."

"Who sent her?"

"The prisoner."

"What did Emily Smith say to you?"

"She said that her mistress had been suddenly taken very ill, and would I come to her at once."

"When you arrived in Miss Harley's room what did you see?"

"I saw the deceased lady on her bed struggling for breath."

"How far do you live from Charlecombe Court?"

"Not five minutes' walk."

"Could Miss Harley speak at the time?"

"No, she was in too great pain."

"Did she make any sign?"

"Yes, she pointed to the prisoner, who was standing near the fire-place burning a paper."

"What did you understand by Miss Harley's signs?"

"That she wished me to prevent the prisoner from burning the paper."

"Did you do so?"

"Yes."

"What was the paper?"

"A marriage certificate."

"Have you it here?"

"Yes."

"Produce it."

A murmur of repressed excitement ran through the Court. Forster brushed the sweat from his brow; full well he knew that the certificate was a record of his own marriage. Would he now be shamed before the whole Court?

"My Lord," said Jackson, "this is a record of a marriage between the prisoner and"—here Jackson looked Forster straight in the face—"a person unknown, that part of the certificate having been burnt away."

Turning again to Dr. Stanton he said, "Did the prisoner struggle to keep possession of the paper?"

"She did."

"Did you then turn your attention to Miss Harley?"

"Yes, but she was in the last stage, and writhing in agony."

"Did she die without saying a word?"

"No, she simply said the word 'poisoned,' and was gone. I could do nothing for her."

"What was the nature of the poison?"

"Strychnine."

"How did you know that?"

"By the symptoms she showed when dying, and by what I found in a teacup by her bedside, and also by a post-mortem, which was held immediately after her death."

"Did the prisoner say anything to you after the death of the lady?"

"Yes; she said, 'She has committed suicide.'"

"Did you make any reply?"

"Yes, I said that was a matter for the police to investigate."

"Did she seem alarmed when you said that?"

"No; she simply remarked, 'As you please.'"

"You then sent for the constable?"

"Yes."

"As Miss Harley's regular medical attendant, can you say whether she ever betrayed signs of melancholia or insanity?"

"No, she was always of a cheerful disposition."

"Do you know Mr. Forman?"

"Yes."

"What were the relations between him and the prisoner?"

"I know of nothing save rumour, and that was to the effect that they were engaged."

"Was Mr. Forman related to Miss Harley?"

"Yes, he was a third cousin."

"Was Miss Harley fond of Mr. Forman?"

"Not to my knowledge. She was proud of his kinship."

"Thank you; I have no more questions to ask."

Here Forster rose to cross-examine.

"Is strychnine a poison easily obtainable?"

"No."

"Would a hospital nurse have easy access to such a poison?"

"Not in this country."

"What was the name and address on the label attached to the bottle of poison?"

"Saunders, chemist, Forty-eighth Street, New York."

"To your knowledge, had the deceased lady ever visited New York?"

"Yes, she had—last year."

"Then it is quite possible she may have obtained the poison there herself?"

"It is extremely improbable."

"Answer me, yes or no, sir."

"Well, it is possible some chemists might be induced to sell some to customers of good reputation to destroy animals, but it is extremely unlikely."

"You say the prisoner was burning a paper at the fire which purports to have been a marriage certificate of herself to a person unknown. Had she not a right to destroy her own property if she so chose?"

"I suppose so."

"Why should there be anything suspicious about that?"

"It is not for me to say."

"I understand the deceased lady merely said the word 'poisoned'; she didn't say that any one poisoned her, did she?"

"No."

"No, of course she didn't. Isn't it a

fact that suicides very often deceive their best friends as to their intentions?"

"I have known such cases."

"Thank you. You may go down," said Forster, taking his seat, while Jackson rose to question the next witness.

"Stanley Forman, you are related to the deceased?"

"I am, distantly."

"You are, I understand, a single man?"

"Of course I am."

"Why 'of course'?"

"I don't see that it affects the case in any way."

"Allow me to be the best judge of that matter. You are here to answer my questions. I repeat, why do you say 'Of course I am'?"

"Because I don't believe in matrimony."

"Indeed! How long have you been acquainted with prisoner?"

"Since I stopped at Charlecombe Court, about six months ago."

"And you never saw her previous to that time?"

"No."

"Had you any serious intentions towards her?"

"No."

"You were fond of her?"

"I admired her."

"Have you ever been to New York?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Ten years ago."

"What were you doing there?"

"Nothing."

"Does your memory ever give you any trouble?"

"Sometimes."

"Then you think it possible that it may have slipped your notice that you went through a ceremony of marriage there?"

Here the witness, turning very white, appealed to the Judge.

"Must I answer that question, my Lord?"

"Yes, you must," was the curt reply.

"Well, then, sir, since you press me, I remember now that I did go through a form of marriage whilst there; but I don't see what my private affairs have to do with the case."

"Possibly not; only remember, sir,

that there is such an offence as perjury. Just now you said that six months ago you first saw the prisoner. By a copy of the registry books of St. Dunstan's, Third Avenue, New York, I see that ten years ago you married the prisoner. Possibly your memory failed you, and, no doubt, the prisoner might have been placed in the dock for bigamy had she not burnt an important part of the other marriage certificate."

At this astounding piece of news Forster felt the whole Court was spinning round. Was he, then, a free man after all?

But Jackson went on as if quite ignorant of the fact that he had removed a heavy load from his friend's shoulders.

"Where were you on the night when Miss Harley was taken ill?"

"In my room."

"Did any one summon you?"

"Yes, the prisoner."

"Why do you suppose that she came? Would not the servant have done as well?"

"I don't know."

"What did she say?"

"Come at once. Edith has poisoned herself with some stuff out of this bottle."

"What did you say to that?"

"Send for the doctor; it's strychnine."

"Did you suspect the prisoner?"

"No."

"Did you suspect any one?"

"No, why should I?"

"The prisoner was alone with the deceased lady while she drank her tea, was she not?"

"I don't know."

"My Lord and gentlemen of the jury," said Jackson, "I wish you to pay very special attention to the evidence which I am now about to call on Mr. Forman to give us, as it is the strongest information we yet have, and which incriminates the prisoner beyond question. You will see that witness gives all his evidence most reluctantly, as is only natural when you bear in mind the fact that he has been proved to be the husband of the prisoner. Stanley Forman, tell us what happened when you went downstairs with witness to the deceased lady's room,"

"When I entered Miss Harley's room she was in great agony, and pointed at the prisoner, saying these words, 'Your wife has poisoned me!'"

"You liar!" rang out through the Court. It was the first time Agnes Hunt had spoken.

For a moment there was an indescribable scene in Court—people rising to their feet and hissing at the witness who could give such damning evidence against his wife with the ghost of a smile on his face.

"Order! Order!" shouted the usher.

"Unless there is immediate silence I will have the Court cleared," said the Judge.

When order had been restored, Forster was seen to be standing; he was deadly pale, and his features set hard. Jackson pitied him from the bottom of his heart, but inwardly reflected, "He will have all his work cut out to sever the cord from Agnes Hunt's neck, or I'm a Dutchman."

But he was now beginning his cross-examination of witness.

"Stanley Forman, you call yourself a gentleman, do you not?"

"I believe I am known as one."

"Of independent means?"

"Yes."

"Have you ever found yourself short of money?"

"Who hasn't?"

"Answer me my question, sir."

"Well, yes, at times."

"At which times you did not scruple to apply to your cousin?"

"No."

"Did she ever refuse you?"

"Once."

"And that was shortly before she was murdered?"

"I didn't say so."

"But you don't deny it? Was it not a secret that you were married to prisoner?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"It was not convenient to let it be known."

"Was that out of consideration to the prisoner—in short, to prevent proceedings being taken against her?"

"Precisely."

"You are a humane man, but you have no such scruples in this case?"

"It is a different matter."

"No, if she had been placed in prison for bigamy you would not have obtained your freedom. If you say your marriage with prisoner was a secret, how comes it that Miss Harley was aware of the fact?"

"She found it out."

"How?"

"My Lord, must I answer that question?"

"Yes."

"She discovered the prisoner coming out of my room one night, and we then had to tell her."

"Was she angry?"

"No, certainly not."

"Is it not a fact that you will benefit largely from Miss Harley's death?"

"I shall have a considerable inheritance which was known by every one; but if you mean to suggest, sir——"

"Who suggested anything? It would have been a very awkward thing for you if Miss Harley had disinherited you, would it not?"

"It would have been very unpleasant, but I could have turned to and earned my own living."

"But you as good as said a little while ago that you could do nothing."



"'YOU LIAR!' RANG OUT THROUGH THE COURT"

"Yes."

"Did she forgive you after?"

"Yes."

"How did she find out that prisoner had gone through a ceremony of marriage again?"

"I don't know; she got hold of the certificate somehow or other."

"Was she not very angry with you both?"

"Yes."

"Why with you?"

"Because I would not—I mean I don't know."

"You mean because she found out that it was with your knowledge and sanction?"

"Oh, I am young enough to turn to some profession or other."

"Medicine for preference, eh?"

"Certainly not."

"Ah, you surprise me. Have you no knowledge of poison?"

"None whatever."

"Then how comes it that when the prisoner came to your room saying that Miss Harley had poisoned herself with something out of a bottle, you answered, 'It's strychnine'?"

"From the label, of course."

"But I understood you answered at once without looking at the bottle, not that it would have mattered if you had, because not strychnine, but the

word poison, is merely marked on the label."

Here there was another sensation in Court, and for the first time witness passed his handkerchief over his brow.

"Although a hospital nurse, as we have already been told, would have no knowledge of poisons, I suppose, Sir, that it comes within the education of a medical student."

"Possibly; but how should I know?"

"Ah, I will refresh your memory, if you will be good enough to listen to this."

"Yes. Ten years ago a Stanley Forman was studying medicine at this institution—Central Hospital, New York."

"Do you deny that you were that person?"

"No."

"Then what about your ignorance of poisons?"

"I had not proceeded so far in my studies."

"Possibly not, but we are at liberty to form our own opinions on that subject."

"Thank you, you may go down."

"Call Emily Smith."

"My Lord," said Forster, "will you be good enough to issue an order that no witnesses leave the Court."

The order was made in time to prevent Mr. Forman from making himself scarce.

"Emily Smith, on the night of the murder did you see the prisoner run up to Mr. Forman's room?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you follow her?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why?"

"Because I was curious, and thought there was a sort of a mystery somewhere."

"Did you overhear any conversation?"

"Yes, sir."

"That which has already been described?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did the prisoner and Mr. Forman come downstairs together?"

"No, sir. Miss Hunt came down by herself."

"You are sure of that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Forman remained in his room?"

"Did he add anything to what he has already said took place between him and prisoner?"

"Yes. He said, 'How disgusting, send for a doctor; I wouldn't look at her for worlds!'"

"Thank you, you may go down."

"Call Daniel Pulley."

"My Lord and gentlemen of the jury, I wish to draw your especial attention to the evidence of this witness, as I think it will prove to you conclusively that my client is innocent."

"Daniel Pulley, you are a solicitor, are you not?"

"I am."

"You were Miss Harley's confidential adviser, were you not?"

"Yes, I was."

"You have known her since a child?"

"I have."

"On the morning following her murder you received a letter from her, did you not?"

"Yes."

"You have it here?"

"Yes."

"Produce it."

Forster took it, and, turning to the judge, said, "My lord, I am ignorant of the contents of this letter. Shall I read it aloud to the jury?"

The judge nodded assent, and Forster read as follows:—

Charlecombe Court.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I am writing you on a most painful subject. I wish you to come to see me at once, as I am about to alter my Will. You know that I had left my cousin and his children, if he married, everything I was possessed of. A short while ago it was my misfortune to find that he was already married, and at the moment of discovery, that that lady was a guest residing under my own roof. I had no high opinion of her; but as his wife I was determined that I would try and forget my prejudices and be a good friend to her. Two days ago I had occasion to go to a room in this house which I had given over to my cousin for a smoking room and study. I went ostensibly to look for some keys which I knew were in that room by an old bureau, wherein my cousin kept his papers. He was at this time in that room and asleep—it was after dinner. I did not disturb him. Whilst looking for these keys a marriage certificate caught my eye. Thinking that it belonged to my cousin and his wife, I took it up curiously. Imagine my horror, on reading it, to find that it

was a record of a marriage between my cousin's wife and another man—a record of *four years ago*, and Stanley and Agnes have been married *ten years*. I was rooted to the spot, when my cousin awoke and tried to snatch the paper from my hands. I resisted and asked him what he knew about it, and told him to tell me everything, which he refused to do. The whole matter is inexplicable, and after his violent conduct towards me, and his many escapades, which I have overlooked too often, I shall certainly disinherit him, or leave him a very small income. I have told him of this, and he is most violent about it; and to tell you the truth, I am rather frightened of him. So please, my dear old friend, do come and see me at once,

And believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

EDITH HARLEY.

"You may go down, Mr. Pulley," said Forster, and then turning round to face the jury he commenced his speech for the defence. After he had finished reading the letter silence reigned supreme in the Court, a silence that could be felt. All eyes were turned to this man, who in the last few minutes had lifted the chains of guilt from the shoulders of the prisoner and held them threateningly over the principal witness; all were listening breathlessly for the eloquent defence which they knew would come from such a man as Cyril Forster—he was now beginning.

"Gentlemen of the Jury: It is with the utmost confidence that I appeal to your good judgment in the case now before you. The evidence against the prisoner in the dock is of a most flimsy character, and I am sure that no jury would convict any one on such slight grounds. Let us take it bit by bit, for and against. Let us place the good and the evil in the scales, and see which will weigh down the heaviest.

"First of all we have the evidence against her of Emily Smith: what does it prove? Simply that she was Miss Harley's special maid, and that her mistress lost her temper at times. But the most important part of it is that the prisoner used a threat towards the deceased lady—'If you don't give it up, I'll make you, and there will be good reason for you never troubling me again then.' Well, give what up? Why, the marriage certificate. As I said before, the prisoner had a perfect right to her own property,

and it must have been maddening to have seen this property in the possession of one whom she perhaps thought would use it against her. In the heat of passion, we all know that threats come easiest to us. You must not be prejudiced against the prisoner because she has undoubtedly been a bad woman; if she were the worst woman ever created, that is nothing to do with us—nothing at all. The question for you to decide is, Did she or did she not poison Miss Harley? So I pray you dismiss from your minds all question of bigamy and illicit love—that is for another Court to decide. It has been proved that the prisoner is acquainted with New York, and might have obtained the poison there; but was not it also proved that the deceased lady had visited New York? and though I for one do not believe she committed suicide, yet the idea is equally feasible. We have it from the lips of the matron of the hospital that, in her capacity of nurse, the prisoner would be entirely unacquainted with the properties of deadly poisons. Then are we to believe that a woman, and a young woman too, would use such a cruel and deadly means to obtain a paper that would at the most give her a few years' imprisonment? I won't deny that her conduct was strange on the arrival of the doctor; but no doubt her one great idea at the moment was to get rid of the damning certificate. At such times as these people frequently lose their heads. Then we have the one word spoken by Miss Harley before she died—'Poisoned.' By whom she did not state, but it might have applied equally to any one in the house. We have Mr. Forman's evidence, which may be taken for what it is worth. He says that he went down with the prisoner to Miss Harley's room; but the witness Emily Smith proves that he did not go down. That is all the evidence against the prisoner, and were it to convict her none of us would be safe. Did the deceased lady, in her letter to her solicitor, say that she was frightened of the prisoner? No, gentlemen, it is another person she was frightened of; and if we think for one moment on such slight grounds that this woman can be guilty of the murder of Edith

Harley, what shall we think of the man who perjures himself in order to incriminate his own wife? What can his motive be? You may well ask. Was it to free himself from a troublesome burden, and to go out into society an unfettered man, from his relative's decease, when the delay of another day would have left him penniless? Had not somebody to suffer for his cousin's death—why not his wife? Thus he would kill two birds with one stone. Why should he say that the deceased lady had poisoned herself with strychnine, when he professes himself ignorant of all poisons, when there was nothing on the bottle to prove it was strychnine? Why should he say that he was ignorant of poisons when it has been proved that he was at one time a medical student in New York? In what countries are medical students ignorant of poisons? Why—why—why should he refuse to go down to see his cousin when she was dying? Would it not have been natural for the only man in the house to have rendered the first assistance? What kept him back? Was it guilt? Mind, I am not saying he is the guilty one; but I only want to place the case clearly before you, so that you shall see that if one person can be placed in the dock on such slight grounds for suspicion, how much more ought the person to be put there against whom certainly things look very black? Did not Miss Harley say that he was violent? Has he not told lie after lie in the witness-box? What object had he in telling these lies? So that he might cruelly sever a tie which he found irksome. That is the answer. Also bear in mind that, if Edith Harley had lived another day, Stanley Forman would have been penniless. He—an extravagant man about town—would have dreaded that state of things very much more than the prisoner a few years' imprisonment; and, besides, are we likely to believe for a moment that Miss Harley would have had criminal proceedings taken against her relative by marriage? "She may have said so in the heat of passion, but she would never have done so; and you may be sure, therefore, whose motive was the strongest for murder—the prisoner's or Stanley

Forman's. Gentlemen, it is with the utmost confidence that I appeal to your verdict in the matter, and I rest assured of your decision."

The Judge summed up in the prisoner's favour, and the jury, not leaving their seats, gave the unanimous verdict—

"NOT GUILTY."

Agnes Hunt was leaving the dock a free woman, saved by the man who had the most cause to hate her—she who had darkened his life, and who, but for the good friendship of his friend Jackson, might have left the Court bound hand and foot with the fetters of a bad woman's vows.

Five minutes later the newspaper boys were shouting—

"ARREST OF STANLEY FORMAN."

• • • • •

"Well, old chap, when are you going to be married?"

"Thanks to you, Jackson, in about a month's time."

"By Jingo! Forster, that was a brilliant defence of yours. All London is ringing with it. The music-halls have taken you up and made a song of it—in fact, you will be a nine days' wonder."

"The sooner it's forgotten the better I shall be pleased. But what I want to know is, How did you find all that out about Agnes Hunt's marriage?"

"By taking a sea voyage before her trial, and visiting New York; the change did me a wonderful lot of good. I owe you a debt of gratitude."

"Great Scott! you are a friend worth having. The way you went for Forman any one would think that it was your duty to prove that he was guilty of marrying Agnes Hunt, rather than that Agnes Hunt was guilty of murder."

"By the way, Forster, have you heard from her—had a cheque or anything?"

"I had another offer of marriage from her, saying that, should certain circumstances make a free woman of her, she would marry me out of love this time. I merely wrote across the paper, 'Once bit, twice shy,' and returned it."

"What do you say to a dinner at the 'Frascati'?"

"Excellent."

"Then right away."

Six weeks later Stanley Forman was tried and found guilty of the murder of

Edith Harley, and suffered the extreme penalty of the law.

His wife was the principal witness for the prosecution.



"IT IS WITH THE UTMOST CONFIDENCE THAT I APPEAL TO YOUR
VERDICT IN THE MATTER."

Curious Old Customs Still in Vogue

WRITTEN BY GEORGE A WADE, B.A.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



THE GUILDHALL, PETERBOROUGH



THE purpose of this article is to bring before the reader a few quaint ceremonies which have their origin in the far distant past, and have still so managed to survive the shocks and changes of modern days as to be vigorous and flourishing in our own generation, and to be worthy, from their very picturesqueness and antiquity, of more care and attention than the prosaic people of to-day often bestow upon them.

Dealing with them in order of undoubted antiquity, the premier place must, I think, be awarded to what is known, in the Isle of Man, as "Tynwald Day." This is the 5th of July, commonly known amongst Manxmen as Old Midsummer Day.

At St. John's, in the centre of the Island, is a curiously-shaped hill, called the Tynwald Hill. It consists of a mound, built in four circular terraces, on an open green, whose shape resembles that of a guitar.

Here, on the above-mentioned day, the Governor of the Isle of Man promulgates, or reads out, the laws which have been passed by the native Parliament, the House of Keys. The green is covered by an immense crowd of people, Manxmen and visitors, from all parts of the island, who have come on foot or in every imaginable kind of conveyance, to witness the annual cere-

mony. There is, as may readily be supposed, the usual accompaniment of cheap-jacks, side shows, and sweets vendors, and the hullabaloo is simply deafening.

On the topmost terrace of the mount are placed two armchairs under a canopy, and above them flies a flag from a high pole. These chairs are for the Governor and the Bishop. The ground is kept by a regiment of soldiers with rifles and bayonets, assisted by a company of marines with drawn swords.

By the side of the green is the church, and here, on the day in question, the representatives of law and majesty first attend service, for the "Law Day" of the Manx Island is always thus opened. On the completion of this service the band of the regiment present plays the National Anthem, and the Governor, Bishop, Council, and Clergy then walk to the top of the hill. The Governor wears court dress, a cocked hat, and has the sword of state carried before him; the Bishop wears full canonicals.

Then the senior Deemster, *i.e.*, magistrate, reads the titles of the new laws in English, and is followed by the Coroner of the Glenfaba Sheading, who recites them in Manx. After this ceremony the band again plays "God Save the Queen," and the procession returns to the church to sign the newly-promulgated laws.

This singular custom is at least over

one th
the Isl
it prob
into th
first
from t
they c
billows
mothe
past, h
lar cer
But
vigorou
a reg
make
cerem

is so
extre
quai
and
who
If
a sta
the
cust
A
its h
Rip
man
dow
Yor
"co
wit

one thousand years old, even so far as the Isle of Man is concerned. In itself it probably dates even farther backwards into the dimness of ages, seeing that the first Manxmen brought it with them from the bleak shores of Iceland, when they colonised the "green spot 'mid the billows of the ocean." In its northern mother-land it is now a thing of the past, having fallen into disuse as a regular ceremony since the year 1800.

But in the Manx Island it is more vigorous than ever, and is becoming now a regular gala day, at which visitors make a point of being present. As a ceremony, it must be confessed that it

shops, and its red-tiled houses. Life here goes on much as it did in the "good old times" so dear to the memories of many; change is slow, and the people are methodical. They used to be noted for the production of spurs—"Ripon rowels" were once famous throughout Europe. But probably to-day, Ripon is best known for its Bishop and its Marquis, and from their fame its name has become world-celebrated.

Yet there takes place every day, or, to be more correct, every night, in Ripon, a ceremony which may well call attention to its antiquity, the noted "horn-blowing." Ripon has a history of over



PROMULGATION OF THE LAWS ON THE TYNWALD HILL

is somewhat boring and tedious. Its extreme popularity arises from its quaintness, and its affording a holiday and rendezvous for old acquaintances who seldom otherwise meet.

If it were rather better managed from a stage point of view, it might be made the most picturesque of our old customs.

An exceedingly ancient custom has its home in the very old peaceful city of Ripon, whose minster has looked for so many centuries quietly and serenely down upon the clear waters of the Yore, in North Yorkshire. A regular "country-town" sort of city is Ripon, with its old-fashioned market, its quaint

one thousand years behind its municipal archives, surely that is something to be proud of! A few years ago it celebrated its "millenium" on a scale which did it credit. And the "horn-blowing" custom is, say many of the residents, as old as the city. If this be granted, and indeed it certainly is hard to disprove, the Tynwald Hill ceremony has a very severe rival.

At nine o'clock every evening there marches into the market-square of Ripon the municipal horn-blower, and takes up his position at the market-cross. He wears a livery, with the conspicuous three-cornered hat, a prominent feature of it. The ancient horn—there is no

doubt of this article being hundreds of years old, its appearance and all records prove it—is slung from his shoulder by long straps.

The horn-blower gives three vigorous "toot-toots" on the old instrument of music, and very quaint and ancient it sounds to the spectator who has not previously heard it.

It is supposed to be a kind of curfew-signal, that it is time for all good citizens to retire to rest, and put out their lights. One need scarcely say, however, that that part of the ceremony is not carried out, nor does the municipal authority insist on such a thing, as it did less than a thousand years ago.

That exceedingly curious custom known as "Beating the Boundaries" is still carried on annually in many country towns and parishes. It must be confessed, however, that the practice has been very intermittent in late years, and has dropped through altogether in some places formerly noted for it. Morley in Yorkshire, Dunstable in Bedfordshire, Teddington in Middlesex, and other spots have long had a reputation for this ceremony, and what describes one will describe them all.

Recently, at Dunstable, shortly after the election of the new Mayor, the practice was gone through of "beating the bounds and bumping." The Mayor, attended by several members of the Town Council, set out from the Town Hall at ten o'clock. A sum of money had been granted, according to usage, by the Council, to supply the "beaters" with bread and cheese and beer. On coming to the first boundary post, the crowd took his Worship, the Town Clerk, and the Surveyor, and lifting them up, "bumped" them very unceremoniously on the top of the post, thus forcibly reminding them of where the boundary was.

After passing along several streets the party had to go right through the centre of some cultivated fields, a task by no means comfortable on a muddy autumn day. On passing round the cemetery it was found that a new bay window, added lately to the caretaker's house, covered the boundary line, and so the

"beating" party had to proceed over the top of the window by means of ladders and planks.

As they had now been tramping more than two and a-half hours—an unusual proceeding with most of them—a halt was made, and the Council's provision was ravenously devoured, the scene of action being a meadow. On resuming, it was found that, after some distance, several buildings and sheds were in the direct line of procedure, and these had to be surmounted and crossed as before.

Several dozen new aspirants to local fame now joined the party, and were "bumped" with great gusto at the next post reached. Twice after this it was discovered that a house had been built over the ancient line of route, and on each occasion the Mayor's party had to climb ladders and go over the roof. At the latter obstruction there was much amusement caused by several gentlemen who had just come into the town by train being inveigled by the "beaters" to come and give their opinions as to where a certain post should be placed, and then, on being thus caught, having, often reluctantly, to undergo the "bumping" process.

The whole ceremony ended with a dinner in the evening given by the Mayor to the members of the Council and some personal friends.

This custom of "beating the bounds" and "bumping" is a very ancient one. In whose reign it first originated it is now almost impossible to say, but there are records existing in Anglo-Saxon of the exact laying down of the boundary posts and marks long before the time of King Alfred. In these records it is often stated "Thou shalt go," or some similar phrase, which would tend to give the idea that even then some similar, if not the same, process was carried out. The "bumping" is doubtless of later date, being probably a relic of the facetiousness of the Middle Ages.

That grim yet fascinating building, the Tower of London, still retains a ceremony which has come down from very ancient times, and is yet performed nightly. I refer to the custom known technically as "Locking up the Tower." Though the place has long ceased to be

even
the t
affect
Sove
be gu
kept s
Even
pity t
cerem
let us
any ra

The
to be
Henry
black
whose
and b
quart

Ever
the C
Porter
the m
Porter
great
guard
the k
Beefe
soldi

even a fortress, in the modern sense of the term, let alone a prison for disaffected or traitorous subjects of the Sovereign, there are still treasures to be guarded from thieves, objects to be kept safe from the hands of the enemy. Even were this not so, it would be a pity that such an ancient and picturesque ceremony should come to an end, so let us hope this will not happen yet, at any rate.

The Tower is guarded, or supposed to be, by the Beefeaters, in their old Henry VIII. costumes of crimson and black; by the Yeomen of the Guard, whose tunics are very showy; and by a regiment of soldiers which is quartered in the barracks there.

Every evening, just before midnight, the Chief Warder and the Yeoman Porter meet together, and proceed to the main-guard room. The Yeoman Porter carries in his hand his bunch of great keys, and on arriving at the guard-room, he asks for "the escort of the keys." This escort consists of a Beefeater (a sergeant) and six private soldiers. The sergeant carries a lantern,

and the whole party then proceeds to the outer gate, where the soldiers assist the Yeoman Porter to close it. The latter then takes his keys and locks the gate, after which the procession is reformed for the return.

As the party passes the sentinels on its way back, the latter challenges it with "Who goes there?" The Yeoman Porter makes answer, "The keys." Then the sentinel further inquires, "Whose keys?" and the functionary responds, "Queen Victoria's keys." To this the sentry calls out, "Advance, Queen Victoria's keys," and the escort proceeds onward to the main-guard.

When this is reached the same ceremony is gone through, at the conclusion of which, however, the officer of the guard and the escort salute the keys by presenting arms, after which the Yeoman Porter exclaims aloud, "God preserve Queen Victoria!"

The keys are then carried by the same guardian to the Queen's House, or as it is sometimes called, the Governor's House, and placed for the night in the Constable's office.



THE QUEEN'S KEYS—"GOD SAVE HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN. AMEN."

It will easily be conjectured how striking and picturesque is the above-described little ceremony. One may be excused for regretting that its performance, necessarily taking place at night, is practically barred from being seen or widely known by the general public.

Another very old civic custom is that which the town of Peterborough observes every year. In connection with the famous railway town there is what is known as the Bridge Fair held annually. It is a gathering of the countryside from far and near, held both for business and pleasure, and is looked forward to by all classes for long beforehand. The antiquity of the fair is

beyond dispute, since it certainly was under the patronage of the Abbots of Peterborough in the olden times, and as they have been *non est* for the last few hundred years, the fair can claim some prolonged existence.

It is now generally held in the fields known as the "Fair Fields," which adjoin the main line of the Great Northern Railway, and are bounded by the waters of the River Nene. During the time the fair is held, travellers on the rail-

way get an excellent view of it from the train as they fly past the fields.

In the "good old days of long ago" the Dean and Chapter used to attend the opening ceremony, and the fair was always "proclaimed" in their name, occasionally by them. In these later days this duty of "proclaiming the fair" has come as a legacy to the Town Council, who, pleasant to relate, take much interest in it, and do not think it "rubbish" simply because it is "old."

At noon on the first day of the fair the Mayor and Corporation proceed from the Guildhall to the town bridge. They do not wear their official robes, as Jupiter Pluvius is often in evidence

in the late autumn, and the vicinity of the river Nene is scarcely the spot for purple robes and edgings of fur. At the bridge a proclamation is made that the fair will be held in Northamptonshire, as well as in the neighbouring county of Huntingdonshire. Any one who looks at the border position of Peterborough on the map of England will easily see the reason of this. Then the procession moves onward to the "Fair Fields," where the same proclamation is read out.

At each proclamation, besides narrating the place and time of the fair, there is read out an exhortation to the people, requiring that those who attend the fair



GOING TO PROCLAIM THE FAIR AT PETERBOROUGH

shall behave themselves "orderly and soberly," and shall "pay all their just dues and demands."

Both these clauses are certainly necessary for the average showman's guidance, as well as for the benefit of the attending masses. But the last one gives a glimpse of the reason why so much interest was, in olden times, taken in the fair by the authorities of the Cathedral. As to the Town Councils of to-day, well, the man who pays rates doesn't find them forgetting many "of their just dues and demands," eh?

The ceremony of thus "proclaiming" the fair being ended, the invariable rule is that the Mayor of Peterborough shall

enter
and
duly
tion.

The
the t
any r
porta
impos
doubt
though
the c
proce

On
queat
the a
mow
peopl
is pre
if mo
can
which
mode

You
Tha
Nor
By
Or
Offe
Or
Wis
Or,
Rep
But
As

Ev
the o



PROCLAIMING THE FAIR AT PETERBOROUGH

entertain the Corporation to a sausage and champagne luncheon, which was duly carried out at the late proclamation.

The proclamation itself is done by the town-crier, who, for this occasion at any rate, becomes a person of vast importance and dignity. His work being imposing, he wears his official dress, and doubtless feels no small pride at the thought that for once in the year he is the central figure of the Corporation procession!

One of the best-known customs bequeathed to the present generation by the ancient days is that of the "Dunmow Flitch." In this case, as most people are aware, a flitch of good bacon is presented to the couple—or couples, if more than one lay claim to it—who can truthfully take the oath below, which was the original form of a more modern version—

*You do swear by custom of confession
That you ne'er made nuptial transgression;
Nor, since you were married man and wife,
By household brawl or contentious strife,
Or otherwise in bed or board,
Offended each other in deed and word;
Or since the parish clerk said "Amen,"
Wished yourself unmarried again;
Or, in twelve months and a day,
Repented not in thought anyway,
But continued true in thought and desire,
As when you joined hands in holy choir?*

Every summer, on an appointed day, the old ceremony of awarding the flitch

the middle of the thirteenth century.

Great Dunmow keeps the annual festival in high style, with all modern accompaniments, including whirligigs and pony races. In a field—which does duty for the amateur racecourse, by the way—a tent is set up, and the flitches of bacon to be competed for are hung on poles outside it, in full view of an admiring crowd. From the population of the village—or should we say "town"?—a judge is chosen, whilst other prominent men represent "counsel" for and against the claimants. There is also a jury, which is composed of representatives of both sexes, unmarried, of course! The "judge" and "counsel" appear in real wigs and gowns, borrowed for the occasion, and "briefs" are very much in evidence. The trial proceeds exactly as in a court of law, except that the cross-examination of the parties and witnesses is probably keener, on the whole, for one must not forget that there are ladies in the sham jury box, and we know what they are at probing into secrets!

"Counsel" address the jury, the "judge" sums up, and the "clerk of the court" asks the "ladies and gentlemen of the jury" to consider their verdict. If that is "guilty," the couple get no flitch; if "not guilty," they go home rejoicing, with the bacon probably under the cart seat.

After the ceremony the winning

of bacon to those who can thus swear is observed at Great Dunmow, in Essex. The affair is said to have formerly had its seat at Little Dunmow, which place, however, gradually let it fall into decadence, from which fate Great Dunmow finally rescued it when the old ceremony was revived in 1892. The first origin of the custom is dated back to the Abbot of Dunmow Priory in the reign of Henry III., about

couples are driven round the "race-course" in an open landau, the clerk precedes them, and the "court" follows in a waggonette, whilst the "jury" comes next in a larger waggonette, which, however, is never large enough, as there is a vast amount of squeezing always necessary before the "jury" gets settled!

The band plays, the crowd cheers, and everybody looks extremely well pleased, as the procession perambulates Great Dunmow—all except those disappointed couples whom the mixed

"jury" has rejected! The great concourse of spectators and visitors from the neighbouring villages keep up the feast till midnight hour draws nigh, and then the six or seven thousand who have assisted in the "Dunmow Flitch" annual ceremonies disperse to their various homes.

It is one of our oldest ceremonies, perhaps as comic an old custom as any still left to us. And, as before stated, it has had its ups and downs, its decays and revivals. But it seems fixed again now, and long may it flourish!



CHAIRING THE FLITCH-WINNERS.

The Colonisation of Siberia

WRITTEN BY ROBERT L. JEFFERSON,

Author of "To Constantinople on a Bicycle"; "Across Siberia on a Bicycle"; etc., etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

SOME one has written that Siberia is to Russia what Canada is to England, a vast landed heritage only waiting to be developed. The extent of these northern possessions of the Czar is so vast that it is estimated that if it could be taken up bodily it would completely cover the whole of Europe, excepting European Russia and the whole of North America, and then still be more than large enough. This enormous possession is even to this day very sparsely populated. The nomadic tribes—such as the Bashkires, Khirghiz, Tun-

gus, Buriats, Votiaks, Kamchakdales, and Samoyedes scarcely count, so infinitesimal are their numbers to the millions of acres comprising Siberia. The Russian population is scattered over the whole of Asiatic Russia, from the eastern base of the Urals to the Pacific coast—a veritable handful of seed blown by the wind over a ten-acre field, the official computation of the population being (including both Russians and Aborigines) one man to every five square miles. The first cause of the extremely slow process in populating Siberia may be set down to its distance and inaccessibility from



EMIGRANTS READY FOR THE CARAVAN MARCH



EMIGRANTS DETRAINING ON OMSK STEPPE

the congested districts of Russia, the only means of reaching its heart, up till the commencement of the trans-Siberian railway, being by the lonely tarantass or the occasional steamers plying the tortuous waterways of the Irtysh and Obi systems. The Siberian railway, however, promises to consider-

ably alter this state of things, combined with the startling fact that Southern Russia is rapidly getting over-crowded. Another stumbling block to the rapid development of Siberia has been the great prejudice existing against it throughout European Russia, a prejudice which may be said to be far greater



CAMP OF EMIGRANTS ON THE STEPPE

than th
For aln
been th
of the
held up
Muscov
quieted
"Hush
And th
volunta
as an
commu
first, th
in Sibe

colon
called
trans
half a
It
which
Russ
ment
for s
had
Asia
drea
to it
men
It w
wha

than that existing amongst foreigners. For almost countless years Siberia has been the dumping ground for criminals of the worst class. Siberia has been held up as a Bastille-like threat to every Muscovite. Mothers have for ages quieted their noisy children with "Hush, or I will send you to Siberia!" And thus every man who goes to Siberia, voluntarily or otherwise, is looked upon as an exile. Although the want of communication may be set down as the first, the chief cause undoubtedly exists in Siberia having been made a penal

(then Czarevitch) took his memorable journey across the Steppes and mountains from the Pacific coast. And then came Alexander's famous ukase, "Let there be a railway built across Siberia—the shortest way possible." The Czarevitch was then in Vladivostock, the Russian Pacific port; a telegram from St. Petersburg bade him remain there and await the corner-stone which was to be laid in Vladivostock, as the foundation piece of what will, in the course of a few years, rank as the monumental railway enterprise of the nineteenth



EMIGRANTS DETRAINING BY KRASNOIARSK

colony—a mistake, if mistake it can be called, which we ourselves made in our transportation scheme to Australia of half a century back.

It is said the great famine of 1890-1 which spread throughout Southern Russia turned the eyes of the government Siberia-wards as a possible outlet for surplus population. The late Czar had ever taken a kindly interest in his Asiatic possessions, and it was the dream of his life to see Siberia developed to its fullest extent. The wish was commendable, but the means were lacking. It was in order to see with Imperial eyes what Siberia was that the present Czar

century. Alexander, right up to his death, cherished his colonisation scheme, and the heritage he left his son has been energetically pushed forward.

Some assert that the idea which dominated the Siberian railway scheme, was that of strategy. While there may exist the strategical undercurrent, no one who has passed over the line from end to end as far as it is constructed—and I have done this pilgrimage three times inside the past twelve months—can be oblivious of the fact that, at present, at any rate, the principal object of the railway is the transportation of emigrants to the fertile valleys of

Central Siberia. *En route* from Krasnoïarsk (the present terminus of the line) to Europe, the train-bound traveler passes train-load after train-load of outward-bound emigrants. At such places as Chelabinsk, Kurgan, Omsk, Kainsk, and Atchinsk, emigrants by the hundred are detrained and may be seen encamped by the roadside, awaiting their further transportation north, south, or east. The numbers are evidence complete that the attractions offered by the government outweigh entirely prejudice and the discomfort of a long journey.

The principle underlying Russia's colonisation scheme is similar to England's policy with regard to Canada, only that the means are easier and the efforts and influence more energetic and widespread. The agents of the government are sent to the most thickly populated or distressed portion of European Russia, and there the desirability of emigrating to Siberia is impressed upon the more industrious of the peasantry, but who, in Russia itself, can scarcely make both ends meet. Ne'er-do-wells are not catered for, but the Russian government offers inducements to the

willing, and at the same time fixes a nominal fare to Siberia, in order to keep out the absolute drones. This fare is fixed at the rate of 1-20th of a penny per verst, and thus it is possible for a peasant to travel, say, 3,000 versts (2,000 miles), for the moderate sum of six roubles (13s. 3d.). From Southern Russia this would land the emigrant in the heart of Siberia.

On arrival at his destination the colonist is given a free grant of land, 10 deseteens in area, which equals about 27 acres English. He has permission to cut enough wood to build his house and fencing, and to provide him with fuel for one year. Thus, with a clear start, and providing the peasant is abstemious and frugal, there is every opportunity for him of not only being able to feed and clothe himself and his family warmly and cleanly, but of making a small profit out of agricultural pursuits. For purposes of comparison it may be as well to state that in Russia itself the peasant is allowed only 4 deseteens of land, and as the price of agriculture is abnormally low, it is next door to impossible for him to make ends



COLONISTS ERECTING THEIR HOUSES IN WINTER

meet;
imple
sence
years i
an ext
increa
climat
are en
is that
from i
than i
such p
Siberi
far ric
is bot
reflect

T
exce
emig
con
shoe
one
mar
eigh
ligh
pen
hav
jou
The
but
is k
wit

meet; inasmuch as the rude agricultural implements he uses and the entire absence of artificial fertilisation, in a few years impoverishes his property to such an extent that it is hopeless. With the increased acreage in Siberia, a better climate, and a richer soil, his chances are enhanced, while a powerful factor is that agricultural prices all round rank from fifty to a hundred per cent. higher than in European Russia. Of course, such prices will not last for ever, but as Siberia, minerally and commercially, is far richer than Russia itself, the peasant is bound to come in for some of the reflected prosperity.

point of detrainment the emigrants are compelled to camp on the Steppe or on the mountain side until some provision is made for them to proceed to the land apportioned off to their use. The filth, the rags, the utter woe-begone aspect of the Russian emigrant is something inconceivable to the European; but then it must be remembered that the Russian moujik is used to roughing it all his life, and to hog in forty together in a cattle truck, or to sleep by the camp-fire with no more covering than the stars, is no very great hardship for him.

It must be gratifying to the Russian government that the advantages offered



ONE OF THE EMIGRANT'S HOUSES

The Westerner might, perhaps, take exception to the manner in which the emigrants are transported to Siberia. I confess it came upon me at first with a shock. The emigrant's train is simply one of cattle trucks, each car being marked on the side for "forty men or eight horses." There are no seats or lights provided, and into each of these pens forty men, women, and children have to herd over a dreary railway journey of fourteen or fifteen days. They have to provide their own food, but at every station a huge "Samovar" is kept boiling in order to provide them with hot water for their tea. At the

to the peasant have been keenly appreciated, and the difficulty which now exists is to get the land ready for all the overwhelming tide of colonists flowing into Siberia. Last year alone, nearly a quarter of a million peasants left Russia for Siberia. At that time neither the railway nor the colonisation department were able to cope with the rush, and the Emperor was compelled to issue the ukase commanding the officials of the various Siberian departments to drop all other State work and for the time being devote their efforts to the colonisation movement. For a time things were in a rather chaotic state,

and a large number of emigrants, finding no land ready for them, returned to Russia.

Last autumn I had a long and interesting conversation with one of the head officials of the colonisation department. He was on his way to Turkestan, there to confer with the officials regarding the colonisation of that valuable and practically un-Russianised possession. He assured me that the rush for land in Siberia had not only completely astonished the authorities, but was rather startling in the fact that it threatened to deplete portions of Russia of labour. The Russian peasant is of such a simple, guileless disposition that he is apt to think the inducements

offered to him are the means to a comparative paradise. Thus many of the emigrants have suffered sore disappointment, and partly from this and from home-sickness have returned to Russia.

The government is, however, grappling manfully with the task it has set itself, and it will take but a few short years to even-up the disproportionate population of Russia considerably. One fact cannot be overlooked, and that is, that the trans-Siberian railway, apart from its political and commercial significance, is likely to be handed down to posterity as the means by which the riches of the Great White Czar were brought to the thresholds of his people.



WRIT

BY

cred

A

that

a ch

dow

An

has

nine

the r

No

pres

prom

in it

"po

pern

Po

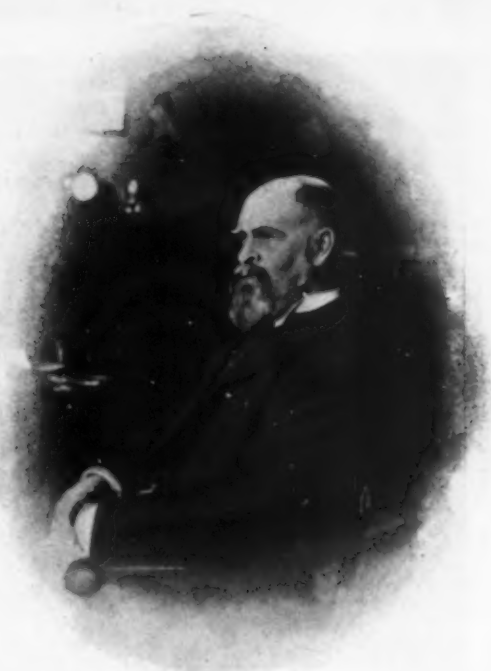
I w

Rob

"The Weather Office"

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED

BY REGINALD H. COCKS



ROBERT H. SCOTT, F.R.S., SECRETARY

Photo by R. H. COCKS

EVEN Messrs. Fahrenheit and Centigrade (as the school-boy put it) sometimes fail to truthfully record the very mixed "samples" which "Ammurricans," amongst other generous donors, are said to contribute towards our discreditable climate.

A wit once said of the English climate that on a fine day it was like looking up a chimney, on a rainy day like looking down it.

Another savant remarked that London has weather, but no climate; it had nine months winter, and bad weather the rest of the year!

No sooner has one formidable depression overtaken us than another is promised of larger magnitude to follow in its wake, while our cousins across the "pond" chuckle over this "weather permitting" land of ours.

Pondering over this chameleon-climate, I was led to seek the permission of Mr. Robert H. Scott, the courteous Secre-

tary of the Meteorological Council, to enable me to briefly describe the arduous duties of forecasting which so versatile a clime entails.

The numerous gentlemen engaged spared no pains to render every facility, and I must take this opportunity of thanking them, one and all, for their kindness.

The Council has capacious chambers in Victoria Street, while various weather reports stand out in bold lettering from an upper balcony, signifying that this office has telegraphic connection with various important positions on our coasts. This frame is changed at 9.30 a.m. and 3 p.m. every week-day, and displays telegraphic information from six of the principal stations, namely, Yarmouth, Dungeness, the Needles (Hurst Castle), Scilly, Holyhead, and Valencia.

Charts also showing the very latest reports received are posted up at the entrance for public inspection.

Having had, then, the privilege of a brief interview with the well-known



THE WARNING DEPARTMENT

Photo by R. H. COCKS

Secretary, who, by the way, occupies a handsome office on the second floor, we descend the stone staircase to enter a room with door marked "Telegraph," but better known as the "Storm Warning and Forecast" Department.

This is the busiest Department of any, and that is one reason for its being on the first floor, as near as possible to the entrance, thus permitting easy access to the numerous and constant stream of

messengers from the Press and elsewhere.

The receiving and despatching of all reports is here undertaken, besides very much else that also requires assiduous attention.

Time is, perhaps, valued in no other place to a greater extent than in a Meteorological Office, for the busy hum of dictated reports barely ceased for a second while the camera (the legs of



THE TELEGRAPH DEPARTMENT

Photo by R. H. COCKS

which
warni
Dung
Gales
leav
And
Office
station
daily
telegr
includ
under

T
is, c
clas
serv
furn
tem
fall
clo
(
tion
Th
the
por

which trembled as they overheard the warnings — "Barometer falling rapidly. Dungeness 46, 43 less 56 S.E. Gales," etc.) endeavoured to make and leave an impression.

And how widespread a connection this Office has! There are no less than 253 stations in the British Isles from which daily reports are received, either by telegraph or on monthly sheets, not including twelve Continental points under similar regulations.

regard to legal points where sea collisions and damage by wind are concerned.

(3) Fifteen Barograph stations supply data concerning the rate of movement of various depressions by means of self-recording aneroids.

(4) We shall have more to say about the apparatus used at these Sunshine stations, of which there are forty-eight.

(5) The observations at thirty Telegraphic reporting stations are taken by



THE TELEGRAPH DEPARTMENT

Photo by R. H. COCKS

The nature of the information received is, of course, varied. There are seven classes of "stations." (1) The Observatories, of which there are seven, furnish a continuous record of pressure, temperature, wind, sunshine, and rainfall, "with frequent eye observations of cloud and weather."

(2) There are nine Anemograph stations for supplying a continuous record. Their "forte" relates to storms, but they are also often of invaluable importance as affording evidence with

"eye," but self-recording aneroids are also in use. These stations furnish the material upon which the daily reports are made, both of the weather and forecasts.

Then we come to "Second Order" and "Third Order" stations. Seventy-three of the former furnish complete climatological information from eye observations taken twice daily. The "Third" order is on similar lines to the "Second," but not so complete.

Here we have, then, merely a skeleton

of the incredible amount of information for which this—the Meteorological Office—is responsible.

Some of these stations transmit messages as often as three times a day, while others only twice.

Sea temperature is not omitted, for daily observations are taken of this, as also of "sea disturbance," at certain points.

It is a curious anomaly that both Oxford and Cambridge should be prolific of weather-extreme reports, but 'Varsity men know best: and that is another story.

We will now betake ourselves to the Marine Branch, more technically termed "Ocean Meteorology."

This department undertakes to lend to *bonâ fide* observers (in most cases captains of important vessels) a complete outfit of verified instruments, on condition of the same being returned together with a log of observations which have been made by their use.

One barometer, six thermometers with a screen—a wooden covering having open "venetian" sides—and four hydrometers constitute the outfit. Both Her Majesty's ships and those vessels in the Mercantile Marine are correspondingly supplied with instruments, while some of the observers gain the distinction of "excellent."

We notice some Royal Navy logs in the immediate foreground of this picture.

To give an example of the thoroughness with which these ocean charts are compiled, in one case no less than 75,000 observations were taken, showing the force as well as the direction of the wind likely to be experienced in any one part of the sea in question.

The entire number of instruments supplied to the Royal Navy, Naval Stations, the Admiralty, the Mercantile Marine, Fishing Villages, etc., amounts to some thousands per annum, to say nothing of those in use at Observatories and other stations on land.

One may roughly calculate the value of all the instruments lent when it is said that the contract price of a set of thermometers is two guineas, aneroids £3. 10s. each, a deep-sea reversing thermometer £2, a sun recorder about £6.

We have next a small collection of instruments before us. The thermometer to the extreme left was used in the "70's" during a scientific expedition in H.M.S. "Porcupine." We notice that the porcelain face is chipped; this occurred through the enormous pressure of water due to the depth to which the instrument was sunk.

Hydraulic presses are used to test the instruments, and as a rule thermometers of this description will stand a pressure of five tons on the square inch; they have borne eight tons on the inch, but under so great a strain they show errors. Five tons on the square inch is the usual pressure test.

We see a modern deep-sea thermometer on the extreme right of the picture. The aneroid just showing beneath it was once the property of the Hon. Ralph Abercromby, who made wonderful weather studies whilst travelling because of ill-health. As the work of one man, they are deemed extraordinary.

The second thermometer on the left was used on board the Yacht "Fox" in the year 1859 for deep-sea observations.

The deepest distance that a thermometer can or has been lowered to in the ocean is said to be about 5,000 fathoms.

All this time we have been in the branch known and marked as "Instruments," where shelves upon shelves and cupboards full of these varied specialities are stocked.

No instruments are, of course, manufactured at the office itself, Messrs. Negretti & Zambra undertake this responsibility, or Messrs. Hicks or Casella, whilst the instruments are tested at the Kew Observatory.

The remaining thermometer is a deep-sea reversing instrument, and was designed according to Admiral Fitzroy's wish, namely that it should be large.

Now we come to the sun recorders: that instrument which is shown to the left of the picture is considered to be the best adapted for this purpose. Sir Geo. Gabriel Stokes designed the instrument. The inventor had many difficulties to surmount, but has successfully overcome them all.

A pale blue card marked off in sections is slipped into a groove just behind

the glass globe, whilst the sun makes a burning-glass of this glass ball. One great difficulty was to get the cards a reliable shade, and one that would register accurately.

The other is also a sun-recorder, to our right in the illustration, and is worked upon a similar principle, except that there is no card for the sun's rays to imprint, only the mahogany side, which we notice is considerably charred here and there. This was the device of the late Mr. John Campbell of Islay.

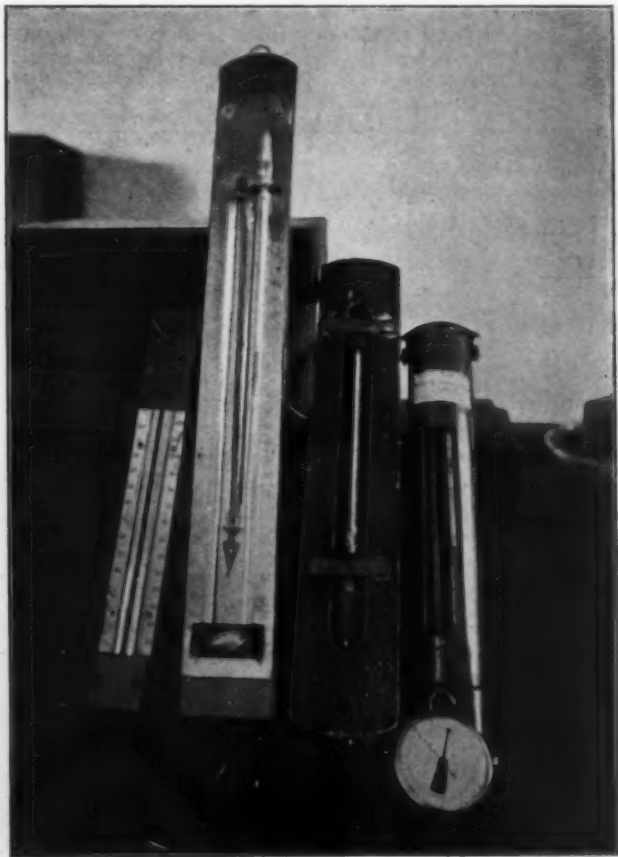
It is an interesting point that at the top of this charred record the black line is very short (winter time) as compared

with the bottom impressions which the sun made in the summer. The glass ball has been removed purposely to show these indications.

It was a hot summer in '94, judging from this indisputable proof.

The Meteorological Council has not much sympathy with prophets who either predict a year in advance or do not prophesy until they know.

The Daily Weather Report is issued free of cost to newspapers (seven copies), whilst 71 copies go to sea-ports, 80 to Government Offices and Public Institutions—61 copies to correspondents at the Office, and to Foreign Offices about



SOME INTERESTING INSTRUMENTS

Photo by R. H. COCKS

35 copies. Nearly 200 copies are issued to paying subscribers for £1 per annum.

It is not generally known that all the forecasts are available for any one who applies for them at the Weather Office, where they may be obtained in writing at stated hours for the fee of one shilling each inquiry. Inquiries may be made by letter or by telegraph, when the latest information either of forecast or weather in any district will be sent for the very moderate outlay of one shilling, plus all extras consequent upon transmission.

This Office also undertakes to give similar information on the same terms with regard to any forecast required on some future specified day; the forecast will be sent on the evening of the day for which it is required.

The Council grants special terms for Hay Harvest Forecasts on a free list,—which is never suspended!

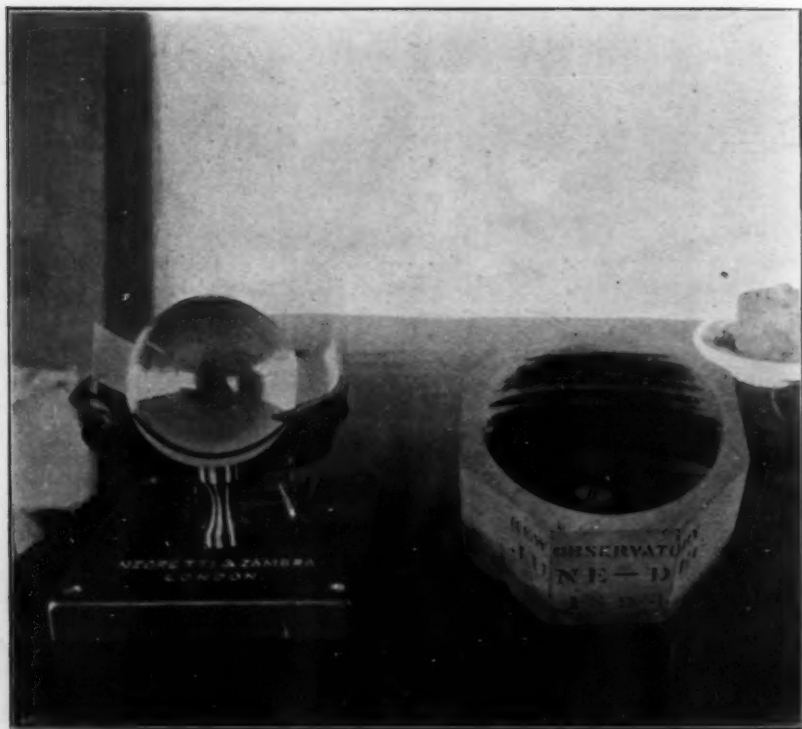
"The South Cone Hoisted" often puzzles a good many people as to the meaning of its and similar warnings.

These notices of atmospherical disturbances are sent gratis to responsible persons at certain ports. If such a notice has been received, a black canvas cone, of regulation size, is hoisted—triangular in form, while near to this flagstaff will be found the telegram received.

At night three lanterns hung upon a triangular frame are hoisted in place of the cone.

But, then, a description of that which is the World's Weather Office requires—if it is to be exhaustive—a book all to itself.

A true forecast is only "a beam that tints to-morrow with prophetic ray"—those that attempt more than this are unwise.



SUN-RECORDERS

Photo by R. H. COCKS

n
e
s-
e
a
is
-
is
n
a
of
ch
es
to
at
-
re



"DON'T FORGET!"

ILLUST

A
the sl
is ove
a rep
ennia
Euro
cans
of th
quent
poser
the
"Mus
We
of th
the
takes
nate
old
Bayr
havin
fashio
upon
ing th
see t
jority
belon
which
to pa
bute
to t
leagu
tween
and
festiv
press
carrie
the o
that V
much
his r
Those
at the
capac
as th
not a
of lis
silenc
opera
VOL.

Richard Wagner

WRITTEN BY A. DE BURGH

ILLUSTRATED AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEINRICH HEUSCHMANN IN BAYREUTH, AND OTHERS

No might or greatness in mortality

Can censure' scape."—SHAKESPEARE: "Measure for Measure"

ANOTHER year's pilgrimage to the shrine of Wagner is over. It was simply a repetition of the biennial procession of Europeans and Americans to the last home of the great yet frequently abused composer, whom some call the creator of the "Music of the Future." We grant that much of the popularity of the function which takes place every alternate summer in the old Bavarian town of Bayreuth is due to its having become the fashion; but looking upon the crowd gathering there, one can soon see that a large majority of the pilgrims belong to that class which could not afford to pay so costly a tribute to the mode as to travel the many leagues which lie between their homes and the place of the festival. No, the impression everybody carries away from the opera house in the Bavarian hills is that Wagner is greatly beloved, his music much admired and appreciated, and his memory sacred to many hearts. Those who have looked upon the scene at the theatre, which is filled to its full capacity, can bear witness that as soon as the prelude has commenced there is not a sound to be heard, the multitude of listeners seeming to be awed into silence. Though "Persival" is an opera the performance of which lasts

VOL. VI., NEW SERIES.—JULY, 1898



RICHARD WAGNER

through hours, rarely does any one leave the house before the very end. The first act takes nearly two hours, then there is an interval of three-quarters of an hour, the second act lasts an hour and a-quarter, another interval, and then comes the third and last act of an hour and a-half.

So we have fully four hours and a-half of music more solid, subtle and mysterious than tuneful—and not a cough, not a word of conversation, not

one creak disturbs the infatuated and attentive audience. But who has not read and heard of the wonderful performance at Bayreuth? We need not go so far to find genuine admiration for the works of the great maker of harmony. London proves its existence sufficiently, for in spite of a large hostile party, Wagner's operas always fill the houses well. Even in Paris, where a few years ago the production of "Lohengrin" at the Eden Theatre was prohibited by an outbreak of violence which compelled the administration to give it up and pocket the enormous loss its preparation had caused, a revolution of feeling has

of the struggling artist, whose genius he had recognised.

Fortunate circumstances have thrown me twice into the company of the great composer, and I had the privilege of hearing him at the piano and listening to his words of explanation of his "themes" and their development. Of course, it is well known that he was a poet, and to most of his operas he has written the libretto himself. As far back as 1833 young Wagner began, but never finished an opera, called "Die Hochzeit" (the wedding). He wrote the words and composed an introduction, a chorus and a septet. Asking his elder



WAGNER'S VILLA IN BAYREUTH

taken place, and has proved how true is the aphorism "that genius has no age, no sex, no country." Wagner's operas are now most successfully brought out in the Grand National Opera House in Paris. The name and fame of the great composer can neither be written up or down! They are immortal. Less known is the history of the great man, a history which reads like fiction—and frequently do we forget to link with Wagner a noble but unfortunate Prince who, a close friend of the master, was the one to lift him up when almost unknown and unappreciated, and who placed his royal purse at the disposal

sister for her judgment upon his work, she gave an unfavourable one, as she did not like the plot. It is a bride's wedding night, and a friend of the bridegroom, full of jealousy and passion, climbs to the bedroom-window of the bride. After a short struggle she hurls him into the courtyard below, against the stones of which his head is battered in. The next act brings us to the funeral of this victim of mad jealousy and the heroine falls dead over his corpse.

However, this was not Wagner's first effort, as there is still extant a drama of the most blood-thirsty nature, which he wrote when he was a school-boy of

fourteen
forty-t
killed i
and sev
in the
order t

Will
in Lei
father,
died a
child v
person
wright
was on
his sec
had st
become
no tale
finding
liking,
were d
encour
musical

How
to devo
suit wi
his auto
I was
wished
was no
my sist
loved t
music v
Freisch
Latin h
the pia
through
first wi
Freisch
it, he p
a first-c
He was
time p
Greek,
history.
hands
poems.
projecte
the old
English
read S
metrical
The gr
Avon ev
"Abol
High S
trivial m

fourteen. In this extraordinary work forty-two of the speaking characters were killed in the course of the first four acts and several of them had to come back in the shape of ghosts in the last act in order to bring the tragedy to an end.

Wilhelm Richard Wagner was born in Leipzig on May 22nd, 1813. His father, who was a commissary of police, died a few months afterwards, and the child was given a step-father in the person of Ludwig Geyer, actor, playwright and painter. When Richard was only seven years of age he lost also his second father, but not before Geyer had strongly advised his step-son to become a painter. The latter having no talent at all in this direction, and finding that music was more to his liking, further lessons in drawing, etc., were discontinued, but there was no encouragement given to Wagner's musical proclivities.

How he managed at last to be allowed to devote himself to his favourite pursuit will best be seen by quoting from his autobiography:—"In my ninth year I was sent to school at Dresden. I wished to study playing the piano, but I was not permitted to do so. Two of my sisters played fairly well, and I loved to listen to them. My favourite music was contained in Weber's 'Der Freischütz.' A tutor who taught me Latin had at last to give me lessons on the piano, and before I had gone through the scales I studied secretly, first without notes, the overture to the Freischütz, but when my tutor heard it, he predicted that I should never be a first-class performer on the pianoforte. He was quite right. I occupied my time principally with the study of Greek, Latin, mythology and ancient history. I also tried my head and hands in the composition of some poems. I wished to become a poet, I projected dramas after the prototype of the old Greek masters. I learned English only in order to be able to read Shakespeare, I even translated metrically the monologue of 'Romeo.' The great bard of Stratford-on-the-Avon ever remained my ideal.

"About four years later I entered the High School at Leipzig, but some trivial matter offended me, and I lost all



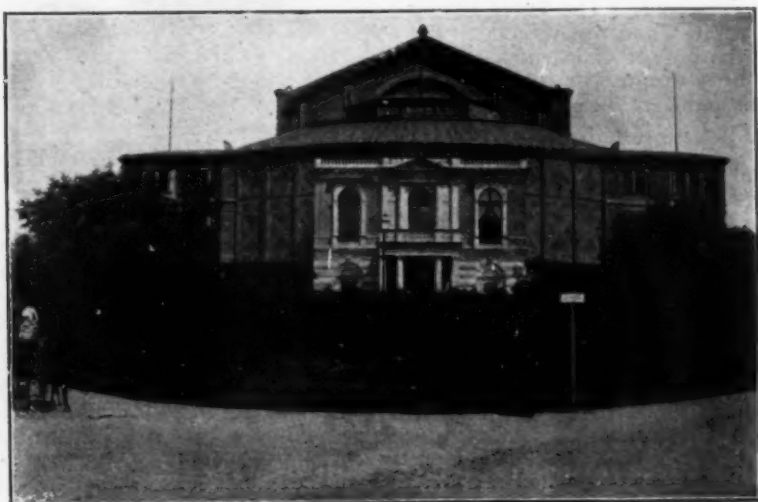
KING LUDWIG IN HIS 20TH YEAR

love for study, my heart was given entirely to the idea of a great drama. However, it was here that I heard for the first time Beethoven's and Mozart's music. The impression I carried away with me was one of the deepest reverence, admiration and awe. Beethoven's music composed for the drama 'Egmont' threw me into such raptures, that I felt no drama of mine could satisfy me except accompanied by melodies expressing in tunes what words could but coldly set forth. I had no misgivings in my own mind as to my capability for writing the music, still I thought it would be wiser to make myself at least partly acquainted with the rules of the counter-point. I borrowed 'Logier's Method' for a week, and I became so interested in the study of it that I then and there decided to devote my life to music and composition."

We shall only very briefly refer to the many difficulties our composer had to compete with, to the ups and downs he was subjected in his onerous career, to his many disappointments, his blighted hopes and his despair. When his first composition, an overture he had written with great care, was produced at the theatre at Leipzig, it only caused laughter. He was deeply chagrined and discouraged by the failure of his

creation. However, it was at the same time an incentive to more study. Wagner felt he would eventually succeed; he made a new effort and was fortunate enough to meet with a man of great learning, who was able to show the youth where he was at fault. The composer of the music of the future could never speak with sufficient gratitude of that teacher, Theodor Weinlig, of Leipzig. When they parted, the old master said to his young pupil: "You have studied diligently and I can heartily congratulate you on your attainments, but the greatest of

the leader of the orchestra. It was only once performed and was not successful. In 1836 our master became musical director at the opera in Königsberg; here he married, but financial difficulties and poverty prevented his genius from rising at once above mundane worries. The only work he produced of any importance at this time was an overture, named "Rule Britannia." From Königsberg Wagner was transferred to Riga in 1837, and here he composed the first of his immortal works, "Rienzi," taking the subject from Lytton's beautiful novel,



WAGNER THEATRE

them are your spirit of independence and the originality which I perceive in you."

How true a prophet Theodor Weinlig proved himself, the future career of Wagner showed abundantly.

In 1832 and 1833 various symphonies of the young composer were played and found some admirers. Wagner's first opera was called "The Fairies." It was never brought out with the exception of the overture, which was performed at a concert. His second work, the libretto, being taken from Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure," was offered to the public at the theatre of Magdeburg, where Wagner became

The year 1839 was an important one in the life of the great musician. Finding himself but little appreciated in his own country he decided to go to Paris, then even more than now one of the great centres of the musical world. His means were so slender that he chose the cheapest way and shipped with his wife in a sailing vessel at Riga for London. The journey took nearly four weeks and was an extremely stormy one, even so much so that the ship was obliged one time to run for safety into a Norwegian port. Here it was that Wagner heard the legend of the Flying Dutchman, and his experience

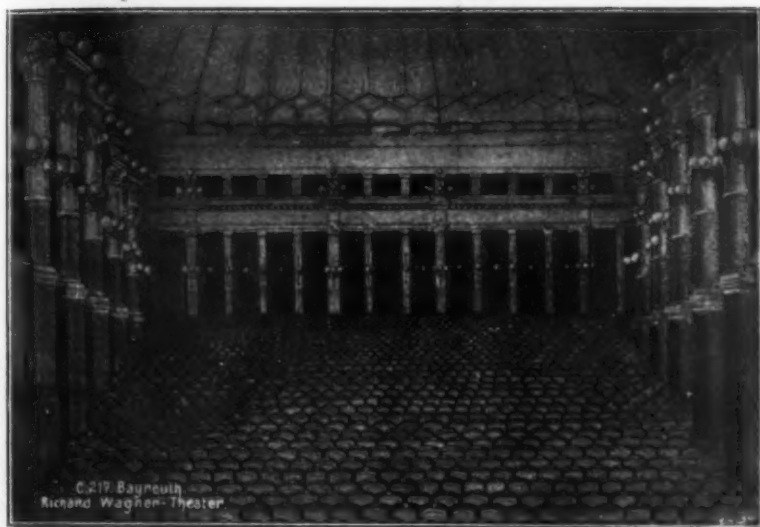
of the
him th
given to

From
Boulog
acquain
used his
to Paris
there.

the ma
with e
journal
easier
He bec
"Gaze

to the
time
Dutchm

At la
some l
existen
Dresde
Dutchm
to Gern
graphy
saw the
my eye
remain
"Vater
Ther



THE AUDITORIUM OF THE THEATRE

of the storm and the sea suggested to him the wild and weird music he has given to us in that grand opera.

From London Wagner went to Boulogne-sur-Mer, where he made the acquaintance of Meyerbeer, who perused his "Rienzi" and advised him to go to Paris, promising him his assistance there. But fate seemed to be against the maestro. He had to be satisfied with empty promises and found that journalism offered him a likelier and easier means of livelihood than music. He became a member of the staff of the "Gazette Musicale," and remained so to the end of 1841. In his leisure time he composed "The Flying Dutchman."

At last the poor poet-musician saw some light dawn upon his darkened existence; "Rienzi" was accepted for the Dresden opera house, and the "Flying Dutchman" for Berlin. So he returned to Germany, and he says in his autobiography on this occasion: "At last I saw the Rhine again, and with tears in my eyes I, the poor artist, swore to remain true in future to my German 'Vaterland.'"

There is now for the next seven or

eight years little to relate in the life of the subject of our sketch. He became the Musical Director of the Court-Opera in Dresden. As might be expected of a man of broad views, an idealist, a poet, when the storm of the revolution which, starting in France in 1848, swept over the greater part of the Continent, burst also over Germany, and Saxony especially, Richard Wagner adopted without hesitation the side of the people, and his words, "That equality among men would have to come at last, whatever means might be necessary to accomplish it," which have become historic, showed his sentiments at that period. When the battle had come to an end, and the people were defeated by the overwhelming military power, Wagner was obliged to flee his country, and it was the Abbé Liszt who secreted him at his house in Weimar so successfully that the police were unable to find him. From that time forward there existed the most sincere friendship between the two great musicians. Our composer reached Paris safely, and then moved to Zurich to find an asylum in the Alpine Republic. Here he wrote two works of

note, "Ueber das Kunstwerk der Zukunft," from which the expression, the "music of the future" was adopted, and "Opera and Drama," which literary productions gave him a high position as a writer.

Years passed in a struggle more or less severe, and it seemed impossible for Wagner to reach the height which alone would satisfy his ambition. Whether his genius would have ultimately triumphed over the daily cares and worries which pressed upon the master's brain, if he had not found a Royal patron, is a matter of surmise.

In 1864 the Munich dailies brought the following news:—"Richard Wagner has arrived here, and at the Royal Opera House is in preparation his grand opera 'The Flying Dutchman.'"

One would hardly have thought of what enormous importance this short notice was in its consequences for the world of music at large and for the creator of the opera in particular. It was the young and romantic King Ludwig II. of Bavaria who desired to have near him the man whose composi-



PAUL PRINZ VON THURN AND TAXIS



KING LUDWIG II. OF BAVARIA

tion had made so strong an impression upon his impulsive soul, that so deeply loved all that was beautiful and ideal. So openly did the King show his admiration for Wagner that the latter soon became the object of the most bitter jealousy of the Court party and the people in general. The composer was frequently admitted to audiences at the palace when courtiers were refused the privilege, and it was reported that the interviews often were prolonged into the small hours of the morning. Ludwig felt that to allow Wagner's genius full scope the author of "Lohengrin" must be released from financial troubles, and he ordered a villa in Munich to be furnished according to the composer's design, and the garden to be laid out as a grove where the maestro might remain in undisturbed communion with the Muses. A new school for music was projected, and the King expressed his intention to build a grand new opera-house solely for Wagner's operas.

The great war of 1866 brought many



HANS VON BÜLOW

changes, and the financial position of the kingdom did not permit these plans to be carried out. "The Flying Dutchman" and "Tristan and Isolde," produced in 1865, won great success. We must remark here that at that time Hans von Bülow was the Musical Director of the Munich Opera-House.

In the same year (1865) took place an extraordinary and unique production of parts of "Lohengrin." On the twentieth birthday of the King (August 25th) the Fairy Opera was performed in the open air on the shore of the "Alpsee" (Alpine lake), near the Royal Castle of Hohen-schwangau. The orchestra, greatly augmented from the military bands, was under the leadership of Bülow, and the title rôle was sung by Ludwig'sequerry, Prince Paul of Thurn and Taxis. The performance commenced at ten o'clock at night, the whole lake was illuminated with fairy lights, and the scene of the arrival of Lohengrin, in silver armour, in his swan-boat as he came from the furthest dark recesses on to the glittering sheet of water and approached nearer and

nearer, to the accompaniment of the exquisite music, which seemed to float through the tranquil air, the orchestra being concealed, is said to have been indescribably beautiful. The King was deeply moved.

But dark days were to fall once more upon the poet-composer's life. The Bavarians, persuaded by the enemies of Wagner, compelled the King on December 9th, 1865, to sign an order of expulsion against his friend. "To show my love for my people I grant their request"; thus read the order. The exile left Munich at once for Lucerne, where he devoted his life entirely to his art; here he also married afterwards the divorced wife of his great friend,



PRINCE PAUL VON THURN AND TAXIS AS "LOHENGRIIN"

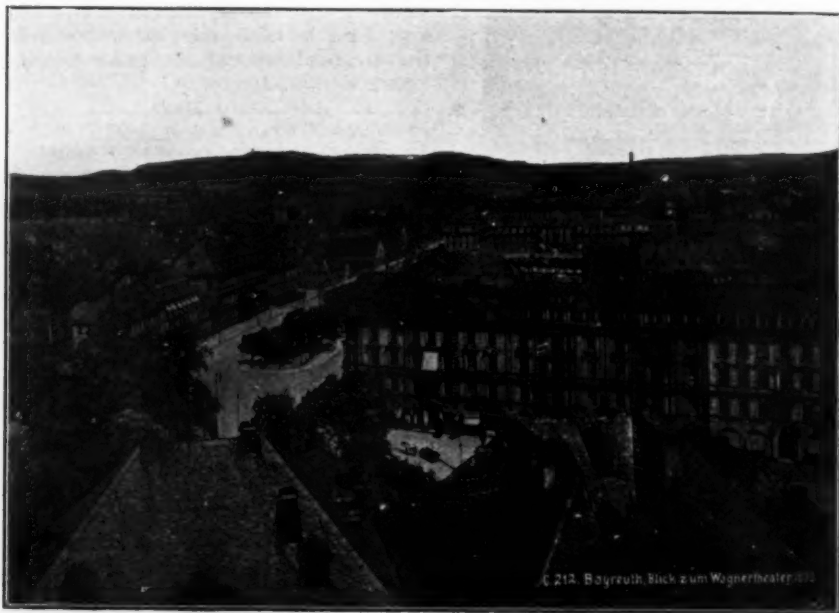
Hans von Bülow, Cosima, who is still alive, and is now proprietress of the Wagner Theatre at Bayreuth.

The King-friend of the great composer paid various private visits to his Swiss abode, generally only accompanied by Prince Paul of Thurn and Taxis and a trusted valet.

Wagner had been a widower for some years, and it is strange that, although Ludwig took so much interest in the public and private life of the master, he never recognised in any way his married state, and ignored the whole affair,

where "Sir Walther of Stolzing and his Squire" had arrived on horseback at midnight of the previous day. The Bavarian Premier telegraphed to Richard Wagner urging the King's immediate return to give his signature to the most important orders bearing upon the mobilisation of the army, etc. The composer laid the matter before his Majesty, who without delay returned to Munich by the shortest railway route.

Many facts, officially stated, show beyond any doubt that King Ludwig was most warmly attached to the great



BAYREUTH

which, of course, afforded much material to gossip and scandal-mongering, all those concerned in the divorce suit and the subsequent marriage being prominently before the public. The former had begun in Munich, the latter took place in Switzerland.

It is an historical fact that when, at the time of the outbreak of the Prusso-Austrian War in 1866, King Ludwig II. could not be found at any of his castles in Bavaria, he was at last discovered at the villa of Wagner near Lucerne,

master, and that his purse was always at the latter's disposal, and large sums were paid over to the credit of the young Monarch's friend, whose influence upon the romantic sovereign was considered by many most dangerous. Wagner, being known as a democrat, had soon not alone the Ministers against himself, but also the Town Council, the aristocracy, and the great majority of the Members of both Houses of Parliament, and so strong proved this feeling and the agitation that the King was

reluctantly obliged to yield, as we have seen. His hopes to recall the great maestro again after the storm should have passed were never fulfilled. Wagner, who received a princely allowance from his royal patron, came only to Munich for short sojourns in connection with the production of his operas. At such occasions he was the guest of the Monarch. At the first representation of "The Meistersinger" the King invited the composer to take a seat at his side in the royal box.

Wagner had never given up the idea of building an opera-house, and with the financial assistance of the young King this conception became a reality. The town of Bayreuth presented a suitable piece of ground, and in 1872 the first stone of the new theatre was laid. In 1876 the master gained his greatest triumph, for in that year, when his house was opened with the "Nibelungen Ring," he saw a pilgrimage of princes and commoners, of musicians, poets, men of letters, high and low, moving towards his temple of the Muses to hear the greatest musical poem the world has heard—the grandest creation of the

grandest musical genius of this century. Crowned heads, even the venerable, aged Emperor William I., princes of the blood, world-renowned statesmen, bearers of the most illustrious names in Europe and America, met here to do him honour.

Richard Wagner did not long survive his final triumph; he died on February 13th, 1883, at Venice, of heart disease. It is reported that more than 5,000 telegraphic despatches sent the sad news to all parts of the world, the first being forwarded to the friend and patron, King Ludwig II. of Bavaria.

The body was brought back and buried in the tomb prepared by Wagner at Bayreuth, but his fame is undying, and the more his immortal tune-poems become known the more they are understood and admired. Bayreuth has become the modern Mecca of all music-loving nations.

His last work, "Persival," is the sole property of his widow, and cannot be performed anywhere but at the Wagner Theatre, the profits derived from the productions belonging entirely to Madame Cosima Wagner.



ROYAL PALACE AT BAYREUTH

The Vampire Bat:

A STUDY FROM LIFE

WRITTEN BY SYDNEY TRAVERS. ILLUSTRATED BY DUAMOT

I.



HE last guest had left the hall where the ball had been held. The last lights had been put out, and they were preparing to close the doors for the night.

Outside, the men who had lingered in the smoking-room were waiting to have a last word with their friends before starting homewards, and to form themselves into little parties according as their directions agreed.

There was only one man who preferred solitude to jovial, boisterous companionship, and, owing to the character he was generally believed to possess, he found it difficult to obtain it.

But he succeeded in the end.

He watched the other men disperse, and heard the ring of their footsteps and the sound of their voices die away in the distance. He waited a moment, lit a pipe, rolled up the collar of his great-coat, and turned to walk slowly homewards.

He liked an hour like this.

His footsteps made the pavement ring—it was the only sound he could hear. The starry, frosty sky gave the mystery of infinity; the gas-lamps, flickering feebly, held vague suggestion; the memory of bright eyes, of smiles which he never lacked, of the dainty swish and bright colours of satin skirts occupied a brain which might otherwise have run riot.

"Never to have time to think," is one definition of happiness, given by those to whom Thought has brought most of

their sorrow. And Kenneth Ker was one of those.

It was a mind instinctively sensitive to the finer things of life which made him welcome Fancy as a means of shutting out Thought. To-night there were pretty speeches to echo in his brain—the touch of gloved fingers still seemed to linger on his arm—there was a delicious suggestion of future possibilities. And the still, wonderful sky above lent a poetry to his surroundings which saved his finer instincts from finding them commonplace.

Fleeting touches of memory and light fancies were pleasant butterfly companions to take home—far pleasanter company than the Vampire Bat Thought, whose presence is always grave, and very often sad.

It was almost unconsciously that Kenneth Ker spent so much of his life doing battle against this same Vampire Bat. He owed it a grudge for having robbed him of the sweets of childhood and darkened his boyhood, and for threatening to throw its shadow on all his walks of life.

But lately it had seemed to be at last dying of starvation, and the traces of its influence were leaving his face. Eyes with a shadow in them, and a sigh like that of a woman, were the only signs which told of its vanishing presence.

A strong instinct bade him enjoy his life, and when he found that the loss of early ideas, and the disappointment of high ideals were going to interfere with that enjoyment, he deliberately stamped out both ideas and ideals to avoid the loss and the disappointment.

He was trying to forget how to think. And in his ordinary life, spent day by



"HE WAS IN THE MOOD TO LET AN IMPRESSION TAKE HOLD OF HIM."

day in the office, with considerable relaxment and amusement, it would have been fairly easy to do so; but the finer strings were there, though untouched and untuned, and growing slack for neglect, and they jangled discordantly when reached from some outside source.

And then the Vampire Bat who had seemed to be dying of starvation waxed into feeble life, and the struggle was to fight over again.

The cool night wind blew against his face with a touch that seemed caressing after breathing the hot air of the ball-room he had left. The town he lived in was a peculiarly beautiful one, and walking westward he could see half-a-dozen spires traced in delicate dignity against the luminous sky.

He loved beauty in form and colour—indeed in all its many phases.

He was nearing home when a carriage overtook, and passed him. Following an instinct that was almost part of his character, he turned his head to see the occupants.

The light from the street-lamp flashed into the carriage, revealing for a space of time which seemed less than a second the face of the girl who was sitting with her back to the horses,—and leaving in his mind an impression rather than a memory of that face, framed in the

fluffy feather trimming of a white cloak, with great dark eyes that seemed to look straight at him, and rich dark curls falling apart on the temples.

He was in the mood to let an impression take hold of him.

He would like to have looked longer at that face—he wondered if he would see it again.

He lived alone.

This played into the hands of the Vampire Bat, and forced him to arm himself with all kinds of memories—memories that ran riot themselves sometimes, and obliged him to blot one out forcibly with another.

The mantelpiece in his little sitting-room was rich with photographs. He had others in his album—one or two in his desk.

He had to go to his album to renew the memories he sought for this evening.

But somehow the face he had seen in the carriage got between him and the faces of the photographs he held in his hands.

The next morning he went to his office—as he did every day—and found it very dreary and interminably dull, and fantastic fancies might never in his life have come his way, for all the part they had in his brain in those office hours.

At night he dined with some friends, and went with them to the theatre. It was a small party, consisting only of his hostess, Alison Gray, her father, and himself. She was a girl with a tired clever face—only twenty-two, but seeming old for her years, being motherless and an only child.

Almost immediately they took their seats he saw that the girl who had driven past him the previous evening was in the theatre too.

She sat on the other side of the circle, almost opposite him.

"Five minutes allowed for bowing to your friends," said Alison Gray, looking round her. "Do you know many people, Kenneth?"

"Yes—no—not very many."

"That is well, for you can give me all your attention."

He laughed and looked at her approvingly. She was not very pretty, but always exquisitely dressed. He liked exquisite things, and her opera-cloak

and her fan were a real satisfaction to him.

A moment later he noticed that her eyes had wandered over to the face opposite.

"Do you know who that girl is?" he asked her.

"No—I do not remember seeing her before. I have been looking at her. I am glad I have good eyes and do not need to aim opera-glasses all over the house. Do you admire her?"

"I don't know."

"Which means you do. She is pretty."

"Yes."

"And looks ignorant and unlearned. Don't look puzzled, I mean it. She is, I suppose, about eighteen, and not what people call 'out.'"

"How do you know?"

"She looks as if she had ideas about knighthood and chivalry."

"Would it be impossible to be 'out' and have them?"

"Of course. Men take care of that."

"A modern ball-room does not foster the belief in twin-souls," said Kenneth meditatively.

"Where are your wits? I said nothing about twin-souls. Her beliefs do not include twin-souls. But that does not matter—she will come out soon and lose her pretty ideas. It will take her longer than most people."

"Why?"

"You are stupid. If you have a bag of peas and you scatter them all along the road, the bigger the bag the longer they'll last."

"Someone might pick them up—" laughing.

"You have a wonderful faith. Does one look on the ground for ideals? That others have cast them away is a poor motive for saddling oneself with them. What rot we are talking. I shall make a point of getting to know her, and introducing you to her."

"Do."

"On second thoughts I won't."

"Oh, why not?"

"For a variety of reasons that you are not sufficiently subtle to understand. You may continue to worship her from afar. Meanwhile, you will come to me to be amused."

"No one could be 'blue' with you."

"I have the knack of being amusing—I wish that curtain would go up—it is a questionable gift. Nevertheless, being my only one, I make the best of it, and hope that I keep you out of worse mischief."

"You are an enigma."

"Bosh—I beg your pardon—but that is my only way of being amusing. A woman is only interesting to a man when he does not understand her. I am safe in letting you into my secret because you are too stupid to believe it. Now don't talk—curtain's going up at last."

The lights were lowered—the theatre was in semi-obscurity, and all eyes were turned to the stage.

Now that Alison was engrossed he took the opportunity of looking over to the girl in the white cloak.

He liked the white cloak—but Alison's purple velvet with its cascades of lace was more fascinating.

But the dark eyes and glossy black hair and the delicately moulded features of the girl opposite had a beauty to which Alison had no pretensions.

If only he could get to know her. He had never seen such glorious eyes.

Twice when he looked over to her he was surprised to find those eyes on him.

Did she know him by sight, and by name? And if so, what had she heard of him?

It made him sick to think she knew him as the undignified hero of sundry scuffles on the stairs—after supper—at dances.

Girls talked, and he was accustomed to know that they said, "He's a dreadful flirt," after mentioning his name.

But he hoped now, that if this girl had heard of him at all, it was not in connection with any common-place ball-room episode.

For he knew that there were some people, here and there, who would speak of him differently.

The situation interested him. It was within the range of possibility that he might know her some day. Meanwhile she was a very very pretty picture to look at.

He was sorry when the final act ended, and he was obliged to rise.

He went home with Alison. Mr.

Gray had gone straight from the theatre to his club.

Alison was accustomed to do just as she liked. She took Kenneth to the luxurious little smoking-room, and lit a cigarette first for him and then for herself.

"I am glad to get away from that beastly play," she said, nestling back in the cosy arm-chair and stretching out her feet to the fire. "It affected me. Oh, don't try to look sympathetic. Your thoughts were far enough away from the stage."

"Nearer my companion."

"Trying to be amused no doubt, instead of being improved. You should have attended; the play was elevating."

"I am a hopeless case."

"There is nothing so gloriously satisfactory as hopelessness. Half the misery of the world is caused by useless striving, and hopelessness finishes that."

It was the sort of sentiment he liked. It suited him.

"That is jolly," he said.

"Don't you congratulate yourself. You are given to wayside kindlinesses which prevent you being happily hopeless."

"They are cheap, and often easier to do than to leave undone. Much good any I have done will do."

Alison looked at him through the smoke that was leaving her lips.

"They have no doubt taken the bitterness out of someone's pain, and so lessened the sum total of wormwood in the world. A little kindness goes a long way—" she stopped and sighed.

He looked up at her sharply. It hurt him to hear her sigh like that.

She was just as quick to see that it hurt him.

"Kenneth—it is fatal to happiness to begin being sorry for people—for the world is wide, and where will you end? I advise you to have a whisky and soda. I will ring for it, and have some port-wine myself."

"I rather wish you were my brother sometimes," she said to him an hour later, when she opened the hall-door for him, and bade him good-night.

As he walked home alone, he did not know whether he wished it too or not.



DUARST / 98

"HE LOOKED UP AT HER SHARPLY."

II.

From this time he often saw the dark-eyed girl. He met her in the street and passed her driving, and when he went to a concert she was invariably there.

Each time he saw her she seemed more lovely, whether her face was framed in the white feathery cloak or shaded by a wide-brimmed velvet hat.

She attracted him, but he was not certain whether he wished to know her or not.

Finer sensibilities are not conducive to enjoyment; therefore, when enjoyment is an end, they must be crushed. And those who have the power of awakening and thrilling those sensibilities must be avoided, while those who can dull them are to be courted.

It was a slowly-acquired habit, not a thought-out plan, which guided him, and he was quite unconscious that he was so guided.

As the season went on he over-tired himself. He was not a very strong man, and want of sleep knocked him up sooner than he liked to own. And then

he fell victim to a life-sapping physical depression which he had no power to reason with or health to conquer.

He was in the depths of one of his blackest moods one dreary wet afternoon, when he came upon Alison in the street.

He had not seen her for some weeks, but she never asked him why he came or why he stayed away.

"Isn't it a beastly day?" he said. "And I feel beastly too—water splashing down from above and water splashing up from below."

"It makes the air clean. Come with me a little way, I have something to tell you." Alison still looked fresh and serene, in spite of drizzling rain and low-hanging clouds. "I have met your divinity."

"Oh, have you? But why do you—"

"Because you recognise her under that name. I met her at an afternoon At Home two days ago. She is called Madeliene Hurst. By some attraction of opposites she took a liking to me."

"What is she like to talk to?"

"Sweet. That expresses her better than any other word. She is not clever, but she plays the violin divinely. I make up my mind quickly—and I like her. I am going to get her mother to ask me to call."

"You will introduce me to her if you get a chance?"

"Yes—perhaps. You will possibly fall in love with her, but do not let her fall in love with you, and above all, do not marry her. You would be wretched if you did."

"Would I? Why?"

"She would set you up on a pedestal and worship you. You could not possibly stay there, and you would be unhappy at every downward step you were obliged to take, because it is not natural for you to hurt people."

He did not like that last phrase of Alison's. It made him think after he had left her—and Alison did not often say things that made him think.

The rain drifted down drearily and incessantly, and he got more and more depressed.

He had to dine alone—a melancholy meal, not enlivened by the sound of the pattering rain on the window-pane, and the steady tramp, tramp of the passers-by on the wet pavement below.

The Vampire Bat he hated spread its wings and shadowed him heavily.

For a few moments it seemed that it was going to conquer him. But with the strength of habit he threw it off.

He had a dance that night. He began to look forward to it as he went into his room to dress. He expected to meet one or two girls whose society he found entertaining.

He would enjoy it—somehow—and throw off this fit of "blues."

Of course life was very sickening at times, and no doubt there were those who would call him frivolous. But suppose he gave up his frivolities, what had the serious side of life to offer him in their stead?

Nothing.

He was cursed with faculties keenly sensitive to the whirling doubts and the great sorrow of the world, yet powerless to combat them.

What was left him then but to forget their existence?

What good to the world would be his impotent pain?

As long as he had youth's keenness he would fill his life with pleasure—or excitement. When he was old, things would not matter so much. Age was duller and blunter than youth.

He danced till the early hours of the morning, and got more tired than ever. There was no pleasant walk home under frosty skies—the rain fell all through the night, and when the stars are hidden it often seems as if they might just as well not be there.

He came in, chilled and depressed, to find his fire out and his sitting-room most gloomily untidy.

He gave the lifeless embers a kick to see if he could not extract a companionable spark from them.

He had not enjoyed the dance at all. His partners had disappointed him—they were not interesting. One of his favourites had just got engaged, and had found it convenient to pretend all the evening that she did not see him.

Girls were all alike, and all uninteresting, he said to himself. All except pretty Madeliene. Madeliene was different. If only he could get to know her. He was glad she was not clever, and glad that she played the violin divinely.

He loved music. It awoke his imagination, and made life beautiful and fantastic, and peopled it with mysterious, fascinating personalities. And it sent thought right away from him.

"I did not think I was the kind of man to fall in love with a girl I have never spoken to," he said to himself, "but I feel to-night as if that was just what I had gone and done."

He went to bed, and lay listening to the rustle and the patter of the rain till morning light began to look through the blinds, and the rain stopped. Then he went to sleep and dreamt of Madeliene.

It was a curiously real dream. Most dreams seem real at the time, but awakening usually dispels the illusion.

But when he woke the reality still clung to him. He could recall every detail of the scenery that he had seemed to be in the midst of.

He was wandering down a stream with a fishing-rod in his hand, in a cloud of

spring sunshine, and a glorious spring landscape stretching for miles around. He could feel the yielding ground beneath his feet, and hear the water rippling softly past him. The sun was too bright on the water for fishing—he was going slowly down stream in search of shade. And suddenly and unexpectedly he came on Madeliene, sitting alone on the bank with a book in her hand, and primroses growing in clumps all round her. She was dressed as he had never seen her, and the little cap she wore on her head was quite new to him. She raised her head and looked at him long from those great, glorious dark eyes of hers, and then she rose and held out her hand to him and said, very simply and girlishly—

"I have wanted to know you such a long, long time."

Then someone knocked violently at his door, and he woke—first with a feeling of regret that he had been taken out of his happy semi-consciousness, and then with a quick gladness as he remembered that Madeliene, at least, was no vanishing dream, but a living, lovely reality.

It seemed quite natural that he should meet her when he went out that morning.

There was a mild Spring wind blowing, carrying with it a breath of budding woods and flowering meadows, and she seemed the incarnation of the promise of Spring in her wide violet-decked hat and a great bunch of tall white Annunciation lilies in her hand.

She looked at him wistfully, or did he imagine it?

If she had stopped and said, "I have wanted to know you such a long, long time," he would not have been at all surprised. He even felt a little disappointed when she looked away and passed on.

The wind with its flower scents and warm moist breath played softly on his face.

He was young enough to feel its infectious hope. Life was after all very good, for did it not hold wonderful possibilities, among them the possibility of knowing sweet dark-eyed Madeliene?

Perhaps yesterday's depression had something to do with this reaction of life and hope.

He wanted boyishly to go after her and say, "Come with me, and let us go to meet this blessed Spring together."

Had he stopped to think he might have considered himself foolish, but as he did not think he was spared the useless humiliation.



"SHE LOOKED AT HIM—WISTFULLY, OR DID HE IMAGINE IT?"

But he had owned to himself last night in the fog of overwhelming depression that he was in love with her, and now in the daylight of sunshine and hope he owned it again.

With that subtle gladness born of the wind and the coming Spring whispering to him that to bring her brightness and her beauty into his life was not impossible, he watched her out of sight, and wish slowly gave place to resolve.

He lived through that day feeling more affinity with the clouds and the wind than with pavements and stone walls. He felt very exalted, and he believed that he was very happy.

The exaltation and the belief lasted, with only a few fits of depression from reaction, for many following days, in spite of the fact that success to his wish seemed very unattainable. Hardly any of his many friends knew the Hursts. Those who did promised aimlessly to introduce him if they "got the chance," but as the chance seemed little likely to turn up, he did not waste very much hope on those promises.

But he went on hoping, indefinitely, all the same. And, as so often happens when we set our minds on attaining an end, the helping hand that brought it within reach was from a very unexpected quarter.

Kenneth sat in his rooms one evening entertaining, or trying to entertain a youth who had thrust this visit upon him.

He was not fond of well-meaning unintelligent youth. He liked children, and dogs. Children are often amusing, and they carry an element of mystery with them which appealed to him. Dogs are faithful, and he found that it was very pleasant when the world treated him, as she always does her devotees now and then, to a series of small buffets and neglects, to be able to meet a pair of unfailingly devoted and loving eyes.

But he was not quite old enough or quite strong enough to have that large-minded affection for youth, that is anxious to hold out a helping hand to those who are following behind.

And this boy was not only boring him, he was occasionally being actively annoying, for he seemed to have eyes for everything.

To an ordinarily unobservant visitor, Kenneth's rooms were ordinary. To an understanding observer they corresponded with the strange contradictory elements of his nature. For Kenneth had a trace of the unhappy psychic nature which corresponds so helplessly with its surroundings, yet he was sufficiently practical and keen-witted to arrange his surroundings, when possible, so that they might bring no jarring influence with them.

So anything suggesting memories that were sad or sordid was very much in the background. All that was prominent was dainty or artistic, or of pleasing associations.

And this again from no conscious plan—merely the result of obeying the demands of his very complex nature.

"Jolly lot of photos," said the boy; "regular tidy little place, not like other fellows."

"I like things to be reasonably tidy."

"Can't keep my things tidy somehow. I say, did a girl work that table-cover?"

"No, I bought it at a bazaar" said Kenneth, telling a deliberate untruth. He was cursing himself for having been so weak as to let this boy invade his rooms, and wondering what possessed him to stay so long.

"Awfully pretty lot of girls—those photos."

"I do not care for the portraits of an awfully ugly lot of girls."

The boy giggled. "Tremendous lot of pretty girls in this town, aren't there?"

"I don't know. Except in pictures, I don't care whether a girl is pretty or not, provided she looks nice."

"He—he. You are a funny chap you know."

A pause. Kenneth would like to have taken him by the collar and dropped him out of the window. He was meditating saying that he had an engagement, when the boy got suddenly interesting.

"Madelienne Hurst's about as pretty a girl as there is in town."

"Yes, she's awfully pretty." Kenneth had a soft, very sweet, and often almost caressing voice that gave expression to the most crude utterances.

The boy looked pleased. "Know her?" he asked.

"Only by sight."

"Awfully decent sort—her people. Give jolly dinners too. Come and call with me, will you?"

Kenneth felt his heart give a quick throb. He looked sharply at the boy's foolish eager face.

"Was it chance, or was it design? Had Madeliene —?"

"Are you sure they would not mind?"

"Mind! bless you, why should they mind? I can take any one I like. They are kind of relations of mine."

The boy's stupidity was certainly his most attractive feature now.

"It's awfully good of you," he said, hesitating because he did not want to get conspicuously warm in manner.

"Monday's their day. Come next Monday. I'll call for you at your office."

"Had you not better ask them first?"

"I tell you they—I mean—I can take any one I like."

"Have you ever taken a stranger before?"

"Thousands of times—at least—but hang it, look here, don't you want to come?"

The boy looked hurt and disappointed.

"Rather," said Kenneth, warmly now. If this conversation was the result of a former one, it would certainly in its turn result in a third, and the boy's exaggeration should be on the right side.

"Rather," he repeated. "I have been wanting to know them ever so long."

The boy looked immensely relieved.

"Well, Monday then," he said, "and don't you be afraid they don't want you—a good looking chap like you."

Kenneth laughed nervously. Stupid as that boy appeared to be, he could not make up his mind to ask the question he would have given so much to have answered.

"Well, I must be off."

"Already," exclaimed Kenneth, startled at the sudden movement.

"Got heaps of work to do. S'long then, old man. Awfully good of you to let me look you up—remember Monday."

And he went blundering and clattering noisily out.

Kenneth sat down again and looked into the fire.

Had that been a triumphant twinkle in the boy's foolish eyes? Had he come for a purpose, and gone directly he had accomplished it? And if so, what had been the motive of his purpose?

There was nothing of the braggart about Kenneth. He was not even ordinarily conceited. The psychic in his nature refused to allow him to derive much inward and permanent satisfaction from small successes in the life against which it rebelled.

But to-night it seemed just that psychic element which rose and asserted itself above all others and claimed Madeliene's invitation—if invitation she had given. And which even claimed sweet Madeliene herself, crying aloud the while "I—I, who have tortured you, troubled you, poisoned your pleasure, have brought you the very desire of your life. You have crushed me, despised me, hated me, and now, only by my strength have you attained this wonderful thing."

Kenneth gave himself up to the bewitchment of the moment—watched this rosy light playing on the mists of his future life.

He had an engagement later, but he did not fulfil it.

The many-sided nature which usually found some degree of congeniality in almost all company was perhaps for the first time in his life merged in one absorbing interest.

And the enchantment lived with him till Monday morning.

He had slept soundly, and he woke suddenly with the sense that the coming day held something very pleasurable.

He dressed with a subtle happiness tingling all his nerves.

The morning paper lay on the table beside his breakfast things when he went into the sitting-room.

He took it up—casually—inattentively, and in it read the announcement of her death.

"After two days' illness, Madeliene, beloved daughter—"

The paper fell away from his hands while the words slowly imprinted their meaning on his brain.

There was no Madeliene now.

She had drifted out—through the mists—into the wide unknown beyond.

Some of the mists seemed to cling even about him.

He tried to remember the old lesson—not to think.

But the strength was suddenly on the other side now.

For on the side of Thought was reality and truth—the misty side was the true—the life he liked to believe real was the unreal—made up of passing emotions and fancies, and coloured with the subtleties of a wayward will.

The Vampire Bat spread its wings and rose into strength, never to be quite crushed again.

Loneliness—wide, aching loneliness, stretched all round him.

* * *

And Alison that morning had read those words too. She put down the paper with hot tears blinding her eyes; and then turned to wait—patiently—for as long as need be.

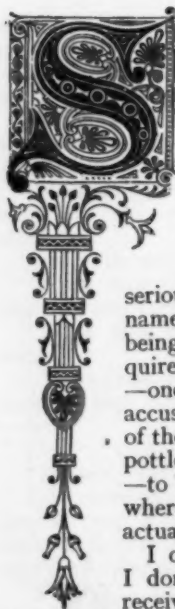
THE END.



"THE PAPER FELL AWAY FROM HIS HANDS"

A Chat with Mr. Arthur Roberts

BY MARIE A. BEATTY-KINGSTON. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



SOMEbody once asked Arthur Roberts if he thought he could ever be serious. To this leading enquiry that genial comedian promptly replied, "No, never; not even at a funeral." I think, however, that he is quite serious in one respect, namely, in his abhorrence of being interviewed, and it requires an accomplished artist—one, for instance, who is accustomed to going in quest of the proverbial needle in a pottle of hay, and finding it—to be able to discover his whereabouts when he is not actually upon the stage.

I ought not to complain; I don't, since Mr. Roberts received me most courteously at the Lyric Theatre some days ago, and imparted to me the *raison d'être* of this word-sketch. Some of my fellow-workers, however, have tearfully intimated to me that Arthur Roberts takes "a deal of finding!"

Our interview took place in his dressing room, just before he had to don his uniform for his impersonation of "Dandy Dan." His is one of the prettiest stage rooms I have ever seen. When you enter it a cheerful fire greets you, and the *tout ensemble* is that of a cosy little boudoir. A piano stands across the room; there are, *entre autres*, heaps of flowers and pretty photos to make things homely, an iron safe, a helmet, a boot-jack, "Dandy Dan's" way-worn hatbox—all over labels from abroad—and that most important ad-

junct, the dressing table, which always offers to a woman irresistible attractions. A wig or two, some cigar boxes, a cricket bat, quantities of wearing apparel hung up in a recess, in fact, a mass of heterogeneous inconsequences, chiefly heaped upon one another, a massive writing table, and a luxurious lounge complete the picture. No, not quite; I am thinking of the frame only. The picture is not complete without its principal subject. My subject was seated opposite me, looking very spic and span, and smoking a big cigar.

"And now you want me to be funny," he began; "it's not always an easy task."

"If you don't mind *being yourself*," I timidly rejoined, "that will do nicely."

"Well, what do you want to know?"

—he was already glancing nervously at his watch—"all about the early days of hard work? It has never been otherwise to me, for I assure you it is a serious undertaking to be a funny man. I began life in an office in the City, and the odd part of those days was that I was travelling at the same time, during the evenings, as a comic vocalist in the provinces. It used to be pretty hard work to get to business every morning in good time, but I managed it somehow, and my town employers had no idea at first that I was trying my stage luck with the public at the same time. This 'Jekyll-and-Hyde' life did not last very long, for it became very awkward when sometimes clients came in and said they had seen me performing behind the footlights over-night. Of course I looked horrified when I heard it, and they immediately apologised profusely for having made such a dreadful mistake. In 1875 I went on the music-hall stage altogether.

I remember a funny incident in connection with the first song that brought me a real big success. The prime feature of the lyric, in addition to its pretty tune and the idea, was the quaintly peculiar walk by which I pointed the rendering of the chorus. That walk was not a voluntary creation of mine; it was thrust upon me. I had sprained my back severely on the same day that I produced the song, and the erratic step was the outcome of extreme pain. The audience, however, took to that sing so kindly, that I never dared sing the song again without it. The walk took London, and I made quite a little fortune by singing it. This happened at the Oxford, and the song was called 'If I was only Long enough.'

"I suppose you toured chiefly in the provinces at first?"

"Yes, then I settled down to work at different halls, among others the old Oxford, the old Pavilion, the Royal (then under Sam Adams), the South Pavilion, and the Canterbury. My first pantomime engagement was offered me in London in 1878, and in 1880 I played in the Brighton pantomime under Mrs. Nye Chart's management. In 1881 I played in the pantomime of Mother Goose at Drury Lane, during which period I had the honour of being presented to the Prince of Wales. The Prince, as usual, was very kind and genial, and at once put me and one or two other members of the company, who were introduced at the same time, at our ease. Some one played us a nasty trick that night; it must have been jealousy through not having been included in the presentation to H.R.H. Anyway, somebody's head suddenly appeared at the door, and the cry was given, 'Stage waits.' With one bound we all flew out of the room, entirely forgetting, when duty called, our society manners. I remember that I explained our situation to Lord Alfred Paget afterwards, and added that I fervently hoped the Prince would forgive our rudeness in disappearing so abruptly. Lord Alfred

Paget's reply was characteristic and to the point: 'On the contrary,' he said, 'Prince delighted—strict attention to discipline—quite right, quite right.'

Starting in a small way at humbler music halls, Mr. Arthur Roberts gradually worked his way up the ladder, until his quaint characteristic humour was forced upon the notice not only of the public, but of the managers. Then commenced his long-continued run of prosperity on the theatrical stage; but he has more than once returned to his



MR. ARTHUR ROBERTS "MAKING UP" FOR "DANDY DAN"
From Photo by ALFRED ELLIS

old love, the halls, notably some years ago, when he appeared at the Empire, and drew all fashionable London to see him.

In 1884 a contract was entered into by Messrs. Alexander Henderson, H. B. Farnie, and Arthur Roberts. It seems that H. B. Farnie was an essentially irritable man, and Arthur Roberts delights in telling anecdotes about the

way in which he used to worry him. There was, however, one sure method of calming the ruffled spirits of that enterprising impresario, and that was by suggesting a game of billiards. Arthur Roberts generally managed to assuage Farnie's wrath at the right moment, or who knows to what extremities his temper would have led him!

After the death of Farnie Mr. Arthur Roberts embarked in management on his own account. Several companies were taken on tour through the provinces, among which, "Lancelot the Lovely" and "Guy Fawkes" scored great successes.

Looking back upon his various triumphs, Arthur Roberts has rarely been seen to greater advantage than as Pedrillo in "Don Juan." His efforts were quite indefatigable. Now wearing a costume which was an irresistibly absurd travestie of a nautical rig, now emerging from a bathing machine in an impossible blue swimming costume, and later doing utterly ridiculous things with hanging bottles and property game, Mr. Roberts worked heroically, never allowing the fun to flag for a moment. "Don Quixote" and "Gentleman Joe" were also huge successes, and that reminds me of a good story in connection with the production and origin of the first-named burlesque. Arthur Roberts met George Dance in the street one day, and they began chatting about the proposed new piece, "Come in out of the rain," said Dance, so they went and sat down under cover. Presently, Dance suggested "Don Quixote" as a possible story, to which Arthur Roberts laconically replied, "What's 'Don Quixote' about? Well, I suppose it doesn't matter much. If I call myself 'Don Quixote,' it will be alright, so I must get a company together, and also get a plot . . ."

The part of Captain Coddington was also brought into much prominence by Mr. Roberts, and from what he said about it, I fancy it is one of his favourite if not his favourite part. I once read the following recipe which was rather good:—

"To make an Arthur Roberts' burlesque take:

Roberts	90	parts
Bright music	2½	"
Pretty chorus girls	2½	"
Dainty dancing... ..	2½	"
Catchy choruses	2½	"
Plot	0	"

100

Garnish with applause and laughter; serve you right."

Arthur Roberts is undoubtedly more than a funny man, he is an artist. The types of people he depicts live as do Phil May's!

Curiously enough, the works of these two inimitable artists somehow resemble one another.

Speaking about his various rôles Mr. Roberts said, "It would be an utter impossibility for me to learn a part off word for word as the author has written it, unless I am allowed to introduce my own fun, in fact, wander about in fields of my own merriment and imagination. I never quite know what gag I'm going to introduce; it generally occurs to me on the spur of the moment. I am fearfully nervous, although you may not think I look it, and suffer terribly from insomnia. My audiences are responsible, to a great extent, for my moods. One hardly ever sees a bored face in the theatre in the provinces. The provincial audiences are by far the warmest and most appreciative. I remember in Glasgow once the scenery was very shaky, so shaky in fact, that the whole of a house-piece, which had not been properly "set," came down with a terrific crash. The collapse made such a noise that the audience became alarmed. Some ladies began to scream and fidget, and it seemed as though we were about to have a panic. A happy thought struck me, and I made my way down to the footlights at once."

"Don't be alarmed, ladies and gentlemen," I said; "whenever I come to Scotland I invariably "bring the house down." Tumult gave way to laughter, and this apt little bit of 'gag' quashed what might have resulted in a serious panic . . ."

Mr. Arthur Roberts, like most actors, receives scores of remarkable letters, chiefly anonymous, from the public.

This is a specimen :—

"Sir,—I have four years' good character, and I hope you will give me a berth in your theatre. Awaiting a favourable reply.—I am yours truly, etc., etc."

Upon the receipt of this letter Mr. Roberts not unnaturally wondered how to cast the applicant. Can he play "Hamlet," he wondered, or does he only want to shift scenes? Another funny letter was once sent to him. It ran :—

"Dear Sir,—I have written a five-act tragedy, but if you don't like it I can swim. Will you back me for a match next week? I send the play and await your answer.—Yours truly, etc., etc."

Mr. Roberts is, moreover, a great favourite with young ladies. He often receives letters from his unknown fair admirers, and as they do not sign their names we are not committing any indiscretion in quoting them. Sometimes he is addressed as "Dear old Dandy Dan," and the letters are signed "from one who delights in your jolly face," or "I am ever, Dandy dear, one of your devoted admirers." Flowers are sent to the theatre in profusion, and, in one case I have in my mind's eye, a young lady evinced so great a partiality to the popular comedian that she spent seven years in collecting every possible notice, criticism, and article that appeared in connection with him, and finally sent him the collection contained in several bulky volumes, into which she had carefully pasted them with infinite labour, as a gift. Whether or not Mr. Roberts ever discovered who his industrious admirer was, or is, I cannot say.

A prophet is, however, not always honoured in his own country goes the saying, and indeed, Mr. Roberts complains that the members of his family are not as appreciative of his humour and wit as he would like them to be.

"When I tell a joke at home, it seems to have a depressing effect upon my people," he says, pulling a wry face. "It falls absolutely flat, I may say, so I have given up trying to amuse them. They don't care about laughing; at



MR. ARTHUR ROBERTS IN HIS DRESSING ROOM

From Photo by ALFRED ELLIS

least not at their dad; but that, perhaps, has its advantages after all. And that reminds me of a story, a true story, which proves the exception to the rule, that he does not always laugh last who laughs loudest. It happened at Edinburgh. We were touring one of my pieces. We had been dining at the Castle with the Highlanders, and some one began chaffing me about my show. 'It can't hold a candle to the portable theatre in Market Street; stalls two-pence, my boy; let's go round there now!' he said. So off we went to the Royal Theatre of Varieties. I won't attempt to describe the performance. It was pretty bad, and I am ashamed to say that we did not fail to express our amusement at the expense of the unfortunate actors. Presently a very homely-looking young girl limped on to the stage and shrieked out one of the most inane songs I have ever heard. This proved the crowning

point to our festive crew; so we all roared with laughter. I laughed just as boisterously as the others, and turning round, I perceived a broken-down, white-haired old man, standing by me who touched me on the shoulder.

"'Mr. Roberts,' he said, 'I see you are guying the show, and I don't wonder at it. And you are laughing at my daughter, but'—he spoke very gently and gravely—'she is my only child, and is singing here on trial to-day. I have only just come out of hospital, and her mother died last night. If the manager sees you laughing he won't engage her, and if he doesn't we shall starve, for we have neither of us tasted food for thirty hours. You won't laugh now, will you, Mr. Roberts?' I don't mind admitting to you that there were tears in my eyes while I listened to the old

man's pitiful appeal and gazed into his wan, furrowed face. My companions became very serious too, when I told them, and one of our military friends—the one who had laughed loudest—quietly took off his hat and passed it round. When it was finally handed to the old actor it contained a good many weeks' treasury for him and his girl."

I hope Mr. Roberts will pardon my closing these lines with this pathetic little story; my only excuse is that it touched me deeply. It proves that success has not "staled his infinite variety," and that under the mask of buffoonery, which he has donned for the amusement of the public, a sound and stout heart beats, which is not impervious to those little human tendernesses that "make all the world akin."



Some Curious Tombs

WRITTEN BY ALEXIS KRAUSSE

THE ingenuity of human eccentricity is practically boundless, but it would seem that the acme of originality has, in most cases, been reserved for the elaboration of quaint departures in the matter of burial. The variety of funeral custom is limited, not as might be supposed by the number of the races of mankind, but rather by the fecundity of the imagination of the individual, and nothing appears to be too grotesque to find favour with eccentrics in the matter of obsequial rights.

The memorials to the departed which teem in every quarter of the world are endless in their variety. They partake of every form, shape, size, and design. The dead are buried beneath the earth or under the waves. They are cast into the jungle and the rivers. The departed are given to the wild beasts, or burned, left exposed to the elements, or deposited in the branches of trees. But it is of tombs that I have undertaken to write, and I leave the multiplicity of methods of disposal of the dead for consideration on some future occasion.

The memorials of the departed which call for especial comment may be divided into two classes—the magnificent and the grotesque. Both categories are more numerous than might be supposed, and both are in their way equally interesting.

The most magnificent tomb in the world is generally agreed to be Taj Mahal, at Agra, built by the Emperor Shah Jehan for himself and his favourite wife, who died in 1629. This building is generally held to be one of the most architecturally beautiful in the world, and is declared by Bayard Tay-

lor to be a finer and more complete specimen of Saracenic art than either the Alcazar or the Alhambra. The building of this magnificent temple occupied twenty thousand workmen for twenty-two years. The mausoleum is in the centre of the pile on a raised platform, surmounted by a dome, and surrounded by minarets over one hundred feet high. The whole is constructed of pure white marble, and the effect on the visitor is indescribable. Of modern tombs the most striking are those of Napoleon I. in the Invalides, the magnificent building at Charlottenberg, near Berlin, where the Emperors of Germany are interred, the tomb of the lamented Prince Consort at Frogmore, and the recently-completed tomb of General Grant in New York, which has cost the State more than half a million dollars, and which is, without doubt, the most magnificent, if not the most beautiful, modern structure of its kind. The appearance of the exterior is more suggestive of a cathedral than a tomb, and the whole a willing tribute of a great nation to one of its greatest men. The tomb was formally inaugurated on the 27th April, last year, and the information has reached me as I am at work on this article, that the work of the despoiler—the social pest who gloats over the desecration of the beautiful—has already begun, and that the stonework has been chipped in various places, the fragments being taken away by ignorant vandals as souvenirs of this national memorial. Even the granite sarcophagus in the mortuary chamber has been defiled, a large piece having been broken off one corner. I am glad to gather from a New York paper that the

monument has now been placed under an armed guard.

Among the many other tombs which are of interest to the traveller I may mention as having special merit that of Napoleon III., at Farnborough; the simple but solid tomb of Sir Anthony de Rothschild, in the Jews' Cemetery at Willesden; and the resting place of the centenarian, Sir Moses Montefiore, at Ramsgate.

But, in order to justify my title, it behoves me to quit the consideration of merely grand memorials to the dead, and to introduce to the reader's notice some of the more eccentric resting places of the departed; and, to plunge in *medias res*, I need only mention that which was for many years the cenotaph of Captain Backhouse in Mid-Bucks. This gentleman had held a commission in the East Indian Service, and, on his retirement, purchased a small estate on the road from Great Missenden to Wendover. Here he built himself a house which was named Havenfield, and he lived there for a number of years, dying on the 21st June, 1800, at the ripe age of 80. Captain Backhouse had several eccentricities, among them being an aversion to church matters, and he often declared that he would never be buried in consecrated ground. To ensure his wishes in this regard being respected, he caused to be built during his lifetime a tomb or sepulchre in a coppice on the estate. The place was constructed of brick, one end being left open, and when the captain died he was, by his own instructions given during his lifetime, carried there and laid in a niche in the wall, the open end being bricked up. The coffin was placed upright, and the sword of the deceased deposited alongside. This curious burial gave rise to a deal of gossip in the neighbourhood, and it soon became noised abroad that the ghost of the dead captain had been seen walking on the hill-side. This story became so frequently repeated that it came to be believed. The people of Mid-Bucks were noted for their ignorance and superstition, and the affair caused a great deal of alarm, which ended only when one of the sons of the deceased returned from India, some seven

years after his death, and obtained a faculty from the Archdeacon of Buckingham for the removal of his father's body, which was taken out from its place of immurement and placed in a substantial tomb in Great Missenden Churchyard, where it now lies. The circumstance of the re-burial is set out in the parish records, which I have had the privilege of examining by the courtesy of the Rev. S. E. Wilson, the respected and popular vicar. I regret that the limit of space prevents my detailing any of the amusing anecdotes which are still related in the district of various *contretemps* which occurred during the immurement of Captain Backhouse in the mausoleum of Havenfield Lodge.

Another remarkable tomb, resembling the above in some respects, is that which supplies the resting place of Richard Hull, on Leith Hill, in Surrey. This Hull was a bencher of the Temple, a lawyer of some reputation. He died in 1772, and was by his own instructions buried at the base of a tower which he had erected during his lifetime on some ground he owned on the summit of this one of the highest points of view in the county.

The tomb of John Oliver, the miller, on Highdown Hill, near Tarring, in Sussex, is well known, and has been more than once described. This eccentric person died April 22, 1793, aged 84, and he is buried in a tomb of ordinary appearance which he had constructed in his lifetime close by a summerhouse in which he used to sit admiring the view and contemplating his last resting place. On the west end of the tomb was formerly a very curious bas-relief representing Death running away from Time, beneath which was a very curious rhyming inscription.

The tomb of John Knill, who is buried at St. Ives in a pyramid, will, doubtless, be known to many of my readers, as will also that of Honest Jack Fuller, also a pyramidal mausoleum in Brightling churchyard, Sussex. When asked during his lifetime why he was erecting so curious a last resting place, he replied that he wished to prevent his relations eating him. "The worms would eat me," he said, "the ducks would eat

the worms, and my relations eat the ducks!"

I have already made mention of more than one person who has been by his own desire buried in his own grounds. This procedure has been by no means uncommon. Baskerville, the printer, lies buried under a windmill on his own estate in 1775. Thomas Hollis, a country gentleman, of Dorset, gave very careful instructions as to the disposal of his body, his particular desire being that all trace of his tomb should be lost. He was, in accordance with his wish, buried ten feet deep in one of the fields on his estate at Corscombe on the 1st January, 1774, and the field was ploughed over immediately the grave had been filled in.

The "Shepherd's Grave" is a noted spot in the barest part of the Chiltern Hills, overlooking the parish of Aston Clinton. Here a shepherd named Faithful had tended his sheep for many a year, and, having died, was, according to his last wish, buried on the hill-top, where a view can be had over six counties. His neighbours cut the following epitaph on the turf, which was long tended, but is now illegible.

*Faithful lived and Faithful died,
Faithful lies buried on the hill-side,
The hill so wide and the fields surround,
In the Day of Judgment he'll be found.*

A large landowner named Booth, of Brush House, Yorkshire, was buried by his request in his own shrubbery, "where he had spent some of the happiest years of his life," and Sir James Tillie was interred in 1712 under a summerhouse in his park at Pentilly Castle, Cornwall.

But of all eccentric burials, that achieved by Major Peter Labelliere is, perhaps, the most curious. He was a very eccentric personage and perpetrated many curious deeds during his lifetime. The instructions he left respecting his burial were carefully carried out, and he was interred on the 6th June, 1800, on the north-west edge of the summit of Box Hill, Surrey, overlooking Burford Bridge, *head downward*, in order, as he had said, that as "the world was topsy-turvy he might be buried so as to be right at last." This is, I believe, the only authenticated instance of a body

being interred upside down. There are, however, "several instances of persons being buried upright. The case of Ben Jonson, who lies, or, more correctly, stands, in the nave of Westminster Abbey, is well known, his case being due to the value of space in the Abbey. But the case of Thomas Cooke, a prominent member of the famous Levant Company and a trustee of Morden College, is probably forgotten. This eccentric, a wealthy and highly respected man, was buried upright on Blackheath by the side of the turnstile facing Morden College, in 1752. Another fully authenticated instance is that of the wife of Captain Taylor, of Brighthouse, who, on October 24th, 1684, was buried in her garden with her head upright, by her husband and daughter.

Equally curious are those cases where the bodies of the departed have been kept above ground, the most notable instance being Farmer Trigg, of Stevenage, and Jeremy Bentham, the philosopher.

The former had eccentric notions of his future, and vowed that, after resting for thirty years, he would come to life again. He left a will bequeathing his property, which was considerable, to his two sons in trust for thirty years, at the expiration of which period he expected to return and take charge of it himself. In accordance with his directions his body was placed in a lead coffin, and placed across the beams of his barn, in 1805, when he died. It remained there for the allotted time, and was accorded four days of grace; but, as Farmer Trigg did not keep his appointment, his remains were removed to the churchyard and given customary burial.

The case of Jeremy Bentham is in every way remarkable. This great man, who united in his person the qualities of a philosopher with those of a philanthropist, willed his body to his friend, Dr. Fordyce, "for the purpose of dissection and anatomical study." It must be borne in mind that at the time of Bentham's death, in 1832, the greatest difficulty was experienced by the medical schools in obtaining bodies for dissection. Bentham's wishes were duly

carried out, and his body was dissected at the Webb Street School of Anatomy. His skeleton was subsequently articulated, as desired by him, and a wax face, modelled by Dr. Talrych, and said to be an excellent representation of the departed, was subsequently fixed to the skull. The whole was then dressed in Bentham's clothes, and enclosed in a mahogany case with folding doors, which may now be seen in the Anatomical Museum at University College.

Among the tombs which deserve to be classified as curious are those which have been constructed by their owners during their lifetime. Among those now living who have thus prepared their last resting places are the venerable Lord Esher, now eighty-two years of age, who some years ago erected a handsome tomb for himself in Esher Parish Church. The tomb is decorated with artistically executed recumbent figures of Lord Esher and his wife, who is only slightly junior to her husband, and awaits the time when the ancient couple will occupy it. Mr. Joseph Richardson, the millionaire, who died in New York in June last year, also had his coffin and tomb prepared many years before his death, as did also the eccentric James Hirst, the Rawcliffe tanner, whose coffin was fitted with folding doors, and who made arrangements for being carried to the grave by eight old maids. Considerable difficulty was experienced, however, in finding the spinsters; and their places were taken by eight buxom widows. Another eccentric was John Guy, of High Wycombe, who died May 24th, 1837. His coffin was also constructed under his own supervision during his lifetime, its peculiarity being that it was made without nails, a fact enlarged upon in his epitaph, which reads—

*In coffin made without a nail
Without a shroud his limbs to hide,
For what can pomp or show avail
Or velvet pall to swell the pride?*

Quite as curious as these, though differing slightly in method, was the disposition of the body of John Underwood, a classical enthusiast of Whittlesea, in Cambridgeshire, who died in

1773. His coffin was painted green, and its occupant lay in it fully dressed. He was carried by eight friends who sang the last stanza of the second book of Horace, while in the coffin was a copy of Horace, Bentley, Milton, and a Greek Testament.

The limit of space prevents my referring to more than one or two of the many instances of burial eccentricities. Among these is that of Miss Beswick, a Manchester lady of means, who died in 1760, and who had a great horror of being buried alive. She demised an estate to her doctor on condition that he paid her a daily visit for twelve months after her decease. In order to do this, she was embalmed and deposited in a private house in King Street, Manchester, where she remained the allotted time, after which she was removed to the Natural History Museum. She is known as the Manchester mummy.

One of the most curious tombs was that of John Wilkinson, the millionaire ironfounder of Castlehead, who was buried in an iron coffin in a grave over which an iron monument was placed, weighing twenty tons, in 1820, or thereabouts. Owing to various causes he was re-buried three times. His remains, still in this iron coffin, now lie in Lindale Churchyard.

Two more instances and I have done. The eccentric Van Buchel, the friend of John Hunter, with whom he experimented as to methods for preserving the dead, pickled his wife, when she died, in a brine of his own invention. The loving husband kept the departed in his house, and used to sit with her body in a glass case by his side. And Samuel Baldwin, a gentleman of Lymington, who died in 1736, enjoyed a truly original funeral, which served a useful purpose in defeating the designs of his virago wife. She had boasted on more than one occasion that she would dance on his grave. And it was to defeat this object that he was immersed at sea outside the Needles on the 20th May of that year.

It would seem that any person desirous of inventing a new method of disposing of his body should be possessed of an unusual amount of originality indeed.

The Curse of Heredity



WRITTEN BY ROSLYN GREY. ILLUSTRATED BY "GUY"



WHAT a lovely voice that girl has, and what sad grey eyes!" said Wyndham Grey to himself as he stood one warm June night at Lady Blake's reception.

He was so wedged in on a corner of the stairs, that he could neither move up nor down. He had been idly listening to the scraps of conversation which floated round him, when he was struck by the tones of a girl's voice. It was soft and musical, as a woman's voice should be. Women are not aware how much they owe for their attractiveness to being gifted with a pleasing voice. It appeals to all who are influenced by rhythm and music. Some people are perfectly unconscious of the charm of sound; they have no musical sense. Others again, are affected by the modulation and recurrence of certain sounds. The warble of a thrush on a bright Spring morning; the pedal note of falling water; the lapping of the summer tide; the moan of the distant wood-dove; the swaying rustle of waving boughs; "the murmur of innumerable bees" among the limes; the soft, low modulation of a musical

voice. Wyndham Grey was one of these. He loved music; it appealed to his sensitive, poetical nature. He was by no means a sentimentalist, nor was he much affected by the charms of women. Men called him cynical; women, a bore, simply because he did not pay them sufficient attention, and for a man not to pay a woman attention is to condemn him in her eyes as a heathen and a publican. He had never fallen a victim to their charms, though many an attack had been made on him on account of his good prospects, better position, and, best of all, his undeniable good looks. No woman as yet had made his heart give one extra flutter of pleasurable excitement. He liked women well enough too, but looked on them much in the same way as an entomologist would a curious beetle; interesting as specimens, nothing more.

He was feeling unutterably bored that June evening. First of all the heat was oppressive, and the entertainment uninteresting. Then, he could not make his escape, for the tendency of people on such occasions to congregate on the stairs, made the crowd congest at that point of vantage; so he had to grin and bear it. He was beginning to feel very irritable, when the soft, low

tones of a girl's voice fell on his ear. She was merely talking ordinary commonplaces to her companion, but the modulations of the voice were soft and soothing. Wyndham Grey turned to look at the speaker, who at that moment looked up, and their eyes met.

"By Jove," he thought, "what beautiful grey eyes, but what sad ones. I wonder who she is."

At that moment, the swaying crowd opened, and he was able to make his escape. On reaching the street he lit a cigarette, and sauntered slowly down to his club where he sat down and became unusually meditative.

"Strange," he said, "how those grey eyes haunt me, and the murmur of that voice is still in my ears. But what a fool I am, as if such things mattered to me in the least. Still, I should like to know who she is."

He was still pondering, when his reverie was broken by a man saying, "Hullo! Wyndham, old chap. Where have you been?"

"To Lady Blake's—and you?"

"Why, I was there too, but I didn't see you there. Those crushes are awful; Gehenna isn't in it with them."

"By the way, Jim," said Wyndham, "do you happen to know who a girl was, with large grey eyes, rather sad ones, and a very soft, low voice?"

"No, I can't say I do; but considering there must have been dozens of girls with large grey eyes, some sad and some gay, it would be impossible to select your special one. And as to the voice, well, most of the girls' voices I heard were the reverse of musical, so I'm afraid I can't help you."

"Oh, it doesn't in the least matter," replied Wyndham; "I was only curious to know who she is."

"You had better describe your siren's charms to that old harridan, Lady Shekel. She knows everybody; or, if she doesn't, says she does, and their business included."

"Ah!" thought Wyndham, as his friend left, "a very likely person to tell me, and much as I hate her and her scandalous tongue, I will go and look her up and find out what I can. But what nonsense this is," he continued; "I am becoming maudlin, I do believe,

bewitched by a pair of grey eyes! I think, perhaps, I have been working too much lately, and am becoming sentimental. That's it; nerves out of order. I'll run down into the country for a day or two and see what fresh air will do for me."

With these reflections he went to his chambers, and then, late as it was, sat down to finish some work. He had the capacity, which all true workers have, of concentration. He became absorbed in his subject as a rule, and plodded on patiently till he had finished his task. But to-night he could not fix his thoughts on the page of the book he was reading. There came the vision of two sad grey



"HE SAUNTERED SLOWLY DOWN TO HIS CLUB

eyes looking wistfully at him from the printed page. Ever and anon there fell on his ears the low, sweet girl's voice he had heard that night, and which haunted him like the cadence of an oft-repeated refrain. He was angry with himself at last, and casting the book on one side and lighting a cigarette, stretched himself lazily in his chair and began talking to himself.

"What a drivelling fool I am to let my imagination run away with me like this. I, too, who don't care a jot for women. Why on earth, I should like to know, should a girl's eyes and voice haunt me like this? All the same, I am determined to find out who she is, so I'll call on old Lady Shekel tomorrow, for, as Jim said, that old gossip knows everybody.

Accordingly, the next day he made his proposed call.

Lady Shekel was one of those females whom Society tolerates because it is afraid of them. Unscrupulous and cynical, with a keen wit and dry humour, she could and did criticise her neighbours to a nicety, and woe betide the man or woman who offended her. For her tongue was like a sword, and the poison of asps was under her lips. She was a living encyclopædia on other people's affairs, which she discussed freely at all times and places in a high, rasping voice. She had known Wyndham Grey for years, and had often rallied him on remaining a bachelor. To-day she seemed in a most spiteful mood, chiefly owing to the fact that her vicar had ventured to call for a contribution to his Home for Inebriate Women.

"Such tomfoolery!" cried the old lady. "As if you could make women sober by shutting them up. Why, there's old Lady Holbrook; she drinks, so they say, like a fish. You'd never make her sober by shutting her up, I'll warrant, for she'd drink as much as ever when they let her out."

When, at length, Wyndham could approach his subject, he asked casually if she had been at Lady Blake's reception.

"Oh yes, I was there, but I didn't see you."

"That's very probable," he said,

"considering I was jammed in a corner of the stairs most of the time, and escaped as early as I could. By the way, do you happen to know who a girl was?" he asked, describing accurately the face, figure and dress of the one who had taken his fancy so much.

The old lady looked keenly at him and said, "What! Wyndham, hit at last?"

"Not in the least," he said hurriedly;

"I was interested, nothing more."

"Her description," Lady Shekel said, "answers to that of Lois Dering. A nice girl—lives with an aunt down in Surrey somewhere. Parents dead, or gone to the bad; I forget what. She won't do for you, my friend."

"Possibly," he said, somewhat nettled;

"I repeat I was only interested."

"Ah," replied the old lady, "it always begins like that, and ends with a wedding ring, and ultimately the Divorce Court."

"You don't believe, then," asked Wyndham, "that marriages are made in heaven?"

"Well, hardly," she said dryly, "considering the majority of them are simply nothing more than auctions, the finest animal going to the highest bidder. I should say the gentleman with the horns and tail had as much to do with the arrangement as any one."

"What a repulsive old female this is," thought Wyndham. Then, as other guests arrived, he seized the opportunity to depart.

"Well," he said, "I've gained my end, but to what purpose I know not. Besides, she may be wrong."

On the following Saturday he determined to go out of town for a couple of days, and went down to stay with an old friend he had not seen for some time, who had a charming place in the Weald of Surrey.

He woke next morning with the sunshine flooding his room, and the sweet chorus of bird-music ringing out from the garden below. It was an ideal June morning, warm and bright, with that charm of lazy splendour over everything. The landscape bathed in waves of delicious colouring; the sweet scent of flowers making the air rich with perfume.

After breakfast he strolled about the garden, feeling a divine content with himself and all the world. Later on he went with his friend, Mrs. Barrington, across the meadows to the little village church, nestling amid the elm trees. The service was of the ordinary type to be found in village churches, which have not felt the wave of the movement which introduced advanced ritual and æsthetic worship. The congregation consisted of the simple village folk, who came in their Sunday frocks, the women carrying in their hands their prayer books, and a clean pocket-handkerchief, with a sprig of sweetbriar or jessamine. Then there were the neighbouring gentry; the school children, with their neat frocks and rosy, happy faces, formed the choir. The clergyman was of the old-fashioned school, scholarly, refined, and benevolent, who read the prayers, not in a whining monotone as if they were of little importance, but as if he loved them, and meant them. The only interruptions were the occasional buzzings of a wandering bee, which had sailed in at the window; and the snoring, low but regular, of the organ-blower, who, overcome with the heat, combined with a drop before service, was enjoying a little nap. It was a mystery how he always woke up just in time, and in the right place to begin pumping.



"I THINK WE HAVE MET BEFORE, MISS DERING"

Wyndham was affected by the general drowsiness, and settling himself resignedly in his seat, was prepared to wait patiently the conclusion of a rather lengthy discourse, when he happened to look across the church. To his astonishment and delight he saw, a few pews from him, the girl of his dreams.

Yes, it was his heroine of the staircase, no doubt about it; the same sad grey eyes, and auburn hair. He stared at her so fixedly that she looked up, and their eyes met. There was a gleam of recognition, a faint blush, then she looked away.

After service Mrs. Barrington stopped to chat with her friends as they all met in the churchyard. Wyndham being a stranger stood apart. To his delight he saw his friend speak to the girl about whom he had been thinking so much.

"Wyndham, come here," said Mrs. Barrington; "I want to introduce you to a young friend of mine, Lois Dering."

Wyndham bowed, and smiling, said, "I think we have met before, Miss Dering."

"Your face seems familiar, but I can't remember where I have met you."

"Don't you remember," Wyndham asked, "the night of Lady Blake's reception? I was standing a few yards from you on the stairs."

"Oh yes, of course," the girl said; "I remember noticing how bored you

looked, and as if you would give worlds to escape."

"You are right. I was longing to escape, and did, as soon as possible. But," he added, "I shall never regret going, and shall bless that evening."

"Why?" she asked.

"Because it gave me the pleasure of seeing you."

"You must be easily pleased, then," Lois replied, "for I'm a very ordinary person, one in a crowd, you know."

"One in a million," he was going to say, but refrained, thinking he was forging ahead a little too rapidly.

By this time they had arrived in the road, and the party broke up, each going their different ways.

"Good-bye, Lois," Mrs. Barrington said; "mind you come up to tea."

"Thanks," said Lois; "it wouldn't seem like Sunday if I didn't come to tea with you."

"And who is your charming little friend?" Wyndham asked. "I had no idea you had anything so dainty down here. She looks like an old picture."

"Yes," his friend replied, "she is a charming girl; I'm devoted to her. She lives with an old aunt here. Both her parents are dead, I believe."

As there were other guests at tea, Wyndham managed to get Lois to himself for a little while, and found in conversation she had a mind above that of the ordinary society girl. She had read much and thought more. He found they had tastes in common. Her views were original, and her remarks were couched in intelligent and artistic language, which, combined with her low, musical voice, added an additional charm. Wyndham was quite captivated, and was more so after seeing her home in the evening.

Could he ever forget that walk? The hush of the summer evening, the warm air, heavy with the scent of flowers, a soft hay-harvest breeze, the sad but pleasing melancholy which is always unaccountably present on a summer's evening; the mellow "len, lan, loun" of evening bells; the sweet eyes of the girl looking up at him now and then, as she answered some question, or sought reply. All these appealed to Wyndham, and left on his memory a

time and scene which he ever remembered among the brightest and happiest of his life. There was not an atom of coquetry about Lois, nor had she any small talk, but chatted on naturally and freely on whatever subject was started. Their conversation was chiefly about books and art. He also talked of his work and ambitions, in which she showed great interest, asking him many questions about them. He went home that night like a man drunk with new wine; he could not sleep, but walked about the garden half the night, dreaming and thinking and building castles in the air. The end of it was, he had to confess himself hopelessly in love. Yes, even he, the cynical old bachelor, who said he hated women, had fallen beneath the charms of a girl of twenty, whose grey eyes and sweet face had robbed him of his peace.

He was determined to see and know more of her, but how? He could not come again on a visit to his friend for some time. And if he came down to the village, she would think it strange. At length, when he got back to town, after much deliberation, he composed a letter to Mrs. Barrington, saying his doctor said he was overworked and needed rest and country air; he had been much struck with the beauty of the village; did she know of any cottage he could take, to which he could run down occasionally. Of course he could not think of trespassing on her hospitality so often, so would prefer being independent.

The dear old lady was either very unobservant, or did not suspect anything, for she wrote and said that if he really wouldn't put up with her, she knew of a cottage that would suit him.

II.

Thus it came to pass, in a few weeks' time, Wyndham settled down very comfortably during that bright summer weather in his cottage, with the ostensible reason of doing a little work, but only in a dilettante sort of way. He felt bound to obey doctor's orders, but as nearly the whole of his time was spent in wandering about the lanes and meadows, there were not many signs of it. As was quite natural, he often came across Lois, for the girl loved being in

the open air, and liked nothing better than to go long walks by herself. As they met often, it was not surprising that these two kindred souls should be drawn to one another, so it happened that their acquaintance ripened into a firm friendship. They talked about all kinds of things, sometimes of serious matters too.

One day they had been arguing on the duty of sacrifice. Wyndham had been saying that he considered any love that was worth the having, must be capable of the highest sacrifice. "For," he went on, "what are the highest examples of love the world knows? Namely, those which show us that love in its best and truest form, is that which unreservedly and unselfishly gives itself for another. We, in our ignorance," he said, "imagine that love is a getting; we long to possess something, someone, and we set about accomplishing it, with our whole soul's striving. But love is a giving, not a getting. It is the outpouring of a full and free surrender of self, for the benefit of another. This is what makes motherhood such a sacred thing, and the highest type of love, save one, that the world knows. There is complete surrender of one being for the sake of another. But I am boring you with all this solemn talk," he said.

"Not at all," she replied hurriedly. "I am interested in what you have been saying. You only express what I have long thought. It is my own ideal of love—no sacrifice should be too great for it; no burden too heavy to bear for it, if another be served," she said earnestly. Then, breaking off suddenly, she asked him if he believed in the curse of heredity.

"That is," she explained, "do you think it just or right, that the children should suffer for the sins of their fathers?"

"My dear little friend," Wyndham replied, wondering at her earnestness, and the strangeness of the question, "it seems cruel and unjust to us, but it is an inexorable law of nature that the sins of the fathers should be visited on the helpless children they have borne."

"Oh yes, I know that," the girl cried, "but that is not quite what I mean. I want you to tell me what you

think the right course to take would be. If, to put a case as illustration, a man loved a woman deeply and truly, and she returned that love, but he knew there was an hereditary taint in his family, and that there might be the possibility of himself being affected by it, what would be that man's duty?"

"You mean," Wyndham replied, "that the woman he loved being in ignorance of it, what ought he to do?"

"Yes."

"Well, in my opinion," he said slowly and thoughtfully, "his duty would lie plainly before him."

"Yes," she murmured breathlessly, for her heart was beating fast; "and that would be—"

"Not only to tell her, but to resign her at once, on the ground that he loved her too well to subject her to such a fate as might fall on him. There," he continued, "is a good example of the theory I have been talking to you about, namely, that all true love is born of sacrifice. If the man you speak of truly loved that woman, he ought to yield everything, his hopes, devotion, happiness—all, for her sake. But then," he added, "knowing his dreadful secret, he should never have allowed her to love him."

"I see," said Lois, slowly and thoughtfully, "I think you are right." Then she relapsed into silence.

"But," said Wyndham laughing, "why on earth should you trouble your little head about such unpleasant things? Let us change the subject, and talk of something brighter. By the way, there is one thing I want to tell you. My pleasant time here is coming to an end; I must shortly return to town. I wonder if you will miss me?"

"Yes, I shall miss you," Lois replied in a constrained and somewhat indifferent manner. "You have been a cheerful companion, and have enlivened the monotony of life here by these pleasant walks."

"Nothing more?" asked Wyndham, surprised and hurt at the coldness of her tone.

"No; why should there be?" she said. "I always miss friends who have been kind to me."

"Well, at least," Wyndham answered,

"we will have one more pleasant walk together before I leave."

With that remark he said good-bye to her and went to his cottage.

When there, he sat for a long time pondering over their conversation. He puzzled his brains to find out what was the cause of the unaccountable change in her.

"She had been so bright and natural with me, and then suddenly froze. She couldn't have been offended at my remarks on heredity. Well, all I know is, I won't go away without knowing my fate. I'll delay no longer. A dozen times I've been on the point of telling her my love for her. Perhaps after all she doesn't care for me in the least. Why should she? There's not much in a cynical, egotistical bachelor like myself, for any girl to care about. Anyhow, I'll know my fate, and that, too, before I am many hours older."

On the following afternoon, as he was wandering about the meadows, he met Lois on her way home.

"Here's my chance," he thought; "now or never. How do you do, Miss Dering? I am glad to see you, for I fear this will be the last opportunity of doing so for some time."

The girl turned pale, but recovering herself, said, carelessly, "Why? Are you going to leave so soon?"

"Yes. I find I must go sooner than I expected, and am off to-morrow, and do not know when I shall visit this delightful village again. There is nothing," he added, "to keep me here. Besides, my work calls me back."

"Of course," she answered, in a dreamy, abstracted way.

They strolled on for some time, till they came to a stile, where they halted.

"I am awfully sorry to go; I have had a most pleasant time here. I don't believe you'll miss me a bit," he said.

"After all, what am I to you but a bit of driftweed that has floated your way for a time, then passed away and been forgotten."

"Don't, don't talk like that," the girl cried. "You know it's not true."

As she spoke she looked up shyly, and their eyes met. They each read there the other's secret. Before he

knew what he did, Wyndham caught her in his arms, and kissed her passionately, murmuring, "Lois, darling; is it indeed true that you love me? Tell me, sweet."

For a moment she yielded to his embrace, then tore herself away, and stood apart, visibly agitated.

"What is it, Lois? Have I made a mistake; don't you care for me enough to be my wife?"

"Yes," she said, "I love you with all my heart and soul, but I can never be your wife."

He had sprung forward at her words, and was about to take her in his arms, when she waved him back, and said—"No, never; it cannot be."

"But why, dear?" he asked. "You confess you love me; why not come to me now—for ever, mine always?"

"No, no," she cried; "don't ask me; it must not, cannot be."

Then, a light breaking in upon his heart, he said, in a hoarse, broken voice, "Lois, tell me; are you pledged to another?"

"No, no," she said. "I never loved any other man but you, and I never shall. You for ever, you always, only you."

Perplexed and mystified, he could get nothing further from her. They walked sadly homeward, neither spoke. When they had proceeded a short distance, they entered a little wood, through which the path wound. Here Lois suddenly stopped, and said, quietly, "We will part here. No, no, don't ask me to explain, for I cannot."

Then she lifted her face to his, and with eyes brimming with tears, said, "Darling, kiss me once more, then leave me."

He folded her in his arms without a word; then she looked long and lovingly at him and said, "Farewell, my only love, farewell," and went quickly away.

He was going to follow her, but she waved him back, and walked on rapidly. Dazed and confused at her conduct and words, he remained where he was for some time and in a sort of stupor. Then, pulling himself together, he went slowly and sadly home.

"I can't make it out," he said; "she is pure and true, and loves me well."

What is the mystery? But I'll win her yet. I'm not to see her again, not even to write, never, perhaps, to hear of her. Nay, nay, that shall not be. I'll conquer yet."

III.

ON the following day, gloomy and depressed, Wyndham went back to town, and plunged into his work with might and main, in the hopes it would divert his thoughts. But it was all to no purpose; he could not settle to anything. Lois's sad, grey eyes, her pleading voice, were ever with him. He would pace the room for hours, thinking of her, pondering over her refusal. The more he thought, the more mystified and irritable he became.

At length, one morning, he found on his breakfast table a letter, which, on opening, to his great delight, he found was from Lois. But as he read, his delight turned to dismay, then finally to utter despair. When he had finished reading it, he looked grey and haggard. The mystery was solved indeed, for this is what he read:—

DEAREST,—It is only after many tears and much tribulation I am able to write this to you. You must have been angry and amazed at my strange conduct, which I could not explain. You must not misunderstand me. I am yours always through eternity. I have never loved any man but you, and I love you with my whole soul. It is difficult for me to say what I must tell you, and what I know will shock you to hear. You remember the day we were talking about the curse of heredity, and I put a supposed case before you as an illustration? *That case was my own.* The terrible taint of madness is in my family. My father died insane; my only brother is at present in a lunatic asylum; the same terrible fate may await me. I have always kept this horrible secret. It was only when you told me of your love that I realised

the awfulness of it. Then came a struggle with myself, which at times nearly conquered me. Oh, the misery of those terrible days and nights when I wrestled with my temptation. It was so hard to give you up, so easy to come to you and say nothing—you might never know. I fought with the temptation over and over again; at times it nearly mastered me. At length, thank God, my great love for you conquered, and I felt calm and strong, and saw my duty plainly. Never would I bring upon one I love such a terrible heritage; I would rather die first. Darling, you don't know how hard it is to say good-bye. Remember in after years you once knew a woman whose love, nay, whose very life, was yours.

Yours always to the end,

Your own,

LOIS.

"Great God!" Wyndham said, starting up; "I see it all now—our talk on heredity and self-sacrifice, her dreadful secret preying upon her, her sudden coldness, her strange parting. She was resolving then to save me at the sacrifice of herself, and gives me up and refuses to marry me, not because she does not



"AS HE READ, HIS DELIGHT TURNED TO DISMAY"

love me, but loves me too well to risk bringing this curse upon me. Poor child! poor child!" he wailed, and sank down on his chair, with great, dry sobs shaking his whole frame. "But curse or no curse, I'll win her yet."

With this resolve he hurried to the station, where he was just in time to catch the train. He was soon speeding along to Surrey. In less than an hour he was striding up the drive which led to Lois's house, all the time looking eagerly out for some sign of her.

"Is Miss Dering at home?" he enquired of the servant.

"No, sir; Miss Dering left some ten days ago."

"Left!" said Wyndham. "Where has she gone?"

"I think she has gone abroad, but I will enquire of her aunt, if you will come in."

He waited with feverish impatience till Miss Claremont arrived, when he heard from her that her niece had left her to become a nurse.

"Nothing I could say, Mr. Grey, could dissuade her from the step. There was no necessity for her going. She had a good home and fair prospects, but I noticed for some little time past that the girl had grown restless, and looked worried and anxious. One day she said to me she wanted to get some occupation, as the quiet life was killing her, and that she would like to be a nurse. I did all I could to prevent it, but to no purpose, as she was quite resolved to go."

"Where is she now?" asked Wyndham.

"She was very reticent about her movements," replied the old lady, "but she promised to let me know where she went. It was only two mornings ago that I had a few lines from her, saying she had become a probationer at St. Mary's Hospital, and liked her work."

As soon as he conveniently could get away, Wyndham started back to town, and was soon at the entrance to St. Mary's Hospital. On enquiry there he found the nurses would not be off duty for some hours, so all he could do was to wait, for he had determined to meet her on her coming from the hospital.

He was there at the appointed time,

and watched anxiously the various girls come out. At length he saw her. Waiting to speak till she was alone, he followed her cautiously, till they reached the Marble Arch, where she turned into the Park, and walked rapidly westwards. She had not proceeded far when she heard a voice by her side, saying "Lois, darling! Why did you run away from me? You see I've found you."

"Oh, why did you come?" she cried, turning a sad, troubled face towards him. "Why didn't you leave me alone?"

"Why?" Wyndham said, "because I love you, and cannot let you go."

"But you had my letter?" the girl asked; "that explained all."

"Yes; I had it, but what you say will make no difference to me. I see it all; in your unselfish love for me, you will sacrifice yourself to save me; but it shall not be. We will bear the burden together."

"No, Wyndham dear; it cannot be. I will never marry you. Don't tempt me, you don't know how much harder you make it for me."

Wyndham was in despair; he was determined not to give up the struggle. He stormed and protested, argued and coaxed, all to no purpose. He saw at length it was useless, as her mind was made up.

At last he said, "Lois, you will let me see you sometimes? Your presence will cheer me and help me."

"No," she said, gently but firmly; "it would only give pain to us both." Then, looking up at him with a great light shining in her eyes, and a look of noble resolve on her sad face, she said, "Dear, we each have to take our separate paths in life. I shall take mine with the knowledge I once possessed the love of a brave good man. Now leave me. Farewell."

He took her hand, but could not speak, as a great lump rose in his throat, and his eyes were brimming with tears.

"Farewell, Lois," he murmured; "my first and only love, farewell!"

Then they parted. He watched her as she passed under the trees, in the gloaming of the summer evening, till she was out of sight. Then he turned slowly and sadly away.

English Teams in Australia

SOME RECORDS AND REMINISCENCES

A GALLERY OF GREAT CRICKETERS

WRITTEN BY E. ANTHONY. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



ON the top of the series of test matches decided the last few months in Australia, some facts and figures relative to the performances of Englishmen during the last five-and-twenty years in the land of the "Cornstalks" may be found of some interest. In 1862, 1864, and 1873, H. H. Stephenson, George Parr, and W. G. Grace respectively captained the first three teams of English Cricketers who ever set foot on Australian soil, but as all the matches were waged against odds they may be summarily dismissed.

Next we come to the fourth team, under the leadership of James Lillywhite (1876-77), when for the first time in the history of the game an Australian Eleven triumphed over an Eleven from the Old Country, a victory which no doubt led to the succession of Colonial visits to England which have since played so important a rôle in the annals of cricket.

To return more directly to our subject, Lord Harris, captained the fifth team of our countrymen (1878-79), when it was made more apparent than ever that the Australians were no longer to be regarded as foemen unworthy of our steel. Such giants as W. L. Murdoch, T. Garrett, T. Horan, and the Bannermans, J. Blackham, F. R. Spofforth, H. Boyle, and H. H. Massie were already regarded as prominent figures in Australian cricket circles, and considering that the Englishmen were only allowed a couple of professionals—Tom Emmett and Ulyett—it is not surprising that the Colonials won the solitary test match by the nice little margin of ten wickets. Elevens representing New South Wales and Victoria also defeated the Englishmen, though both Colonies were drubbed in the return fixtures.

No need to dwell long on the sixth tour of the Englishmen in Australia (1881-82). Shaw was at the helm, and

he was backed up by a very strong eleven of professionals. Yet the Australians more than held their own, Australia drawing the first test match, in which neither side could claim an appreciable advantage, and winning the second by five wickets. Shaw's Eleven also met the "Australian Eleven for England," the issue again favouring the Colonials, who won the first match and drew the second; a draw, however, which left the Englishmen 243 runs ahead with eight wickets to fall. But it was not until the sensational victory of Australia at the Oval in 1882 that the victors were seriously regarded in England as threatening the supremacy of the Old Country, although the representative matches played in Australia date back from the year 1877, when honours ruled easy, Australia winning by 45 runs and losing the return by four wickets.

The Hon. Ivo Bligh captained the seventh English team to Australia in 1882-83, and a very powerful side had been whipped together, consisting as it did of such men as E. F. S. Tylecote, one of the finest amateur wicket keepers of any time; the brothers C. T. and G. B. Studd, the former of whom had just distinguished himself by coming out top of the English batting averages at the close of the previous season; G. F. Vernon, a very rapid scorer and grand out-field; W. W. Read, the Surrey crack; A. G. Steel, one of the greatest of all-round cricketers; C. F. H. Leslie, Barnes, Morley, Bates, and Barlow making up the twelve. Unfortunately for the Englishmen, whilst on board the "Peshawur," which carried them over to the Antipodes, the Hon. Ivo Bligh severely injured his right hand, a mishap which prevented his taking part in either of the first six matches of the tour; and a collision with the barque "Glenroy" resulted in a severe injury to one of Morley's ribs, thereby com-

elling the Notts. "pro." to stand out of half the fixtures. Thus it was that the Englishmen came to play a substitute in several of the matches, and learnt the folly of only allowing themselves one reserve man; a lesson which they took to heart, for in all succeeding tours the English team consisted of

and losing the other two by an innings and 27 runs, and by 69 runs respectively. Then came the great match of the tour, when our men were opposed to an Eleven representing the full strength of the Colonies. Victory smiled on Australia by four wickets, despite some grand all-round cricket by A. G. Steel,

who carried out his bat for 135 in the first innings; and, not content with this, secured six wickets at a cost of only 83 runs. Blackham, Bonnor, and A. C. Bannerman were the heroes of the winning side; while, strangely enough, the wickets of the Englishmen in their second venture were evenly distributed between Palmer, Spofforth, Midwinter, Boyle and Horan. No Australian batsman succeeded in gaining the coveted century, although more than one went very close. On the other side, there was Steel's innings already referred to, in which he offered four chances whilst scoring his first 45; and Leslie's 144, made against New South Wales, a contribution which contained one 5 and twenty-one 4's. Steel's fine batting and bowling undoubtedly afforded the feature of the tour, the old Light Blue heading both the batting and the bowling averages



W. G. GRACE

Photo by E. HAWKINS & Co., Brighton

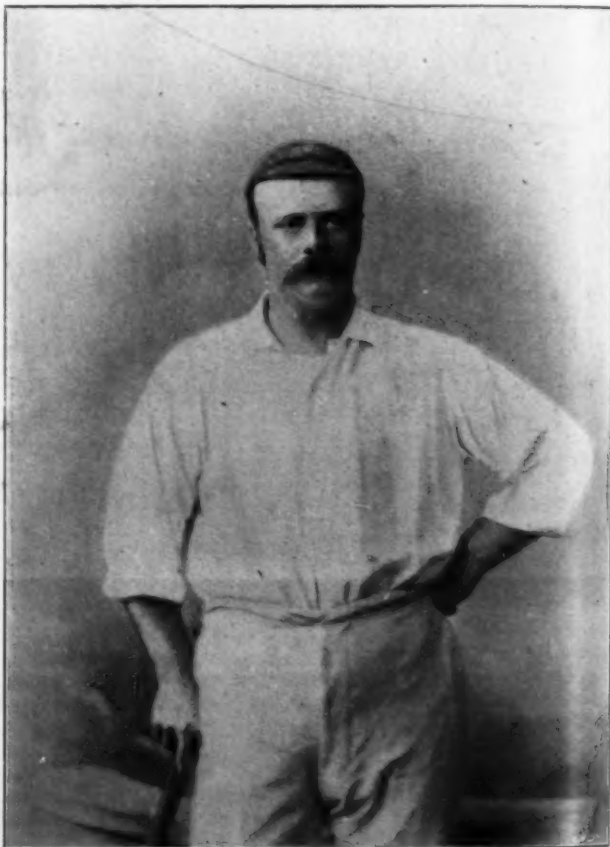
thirteen members. Coming to the play, seventeen matches were arranged, seven of these eleven-a-side contests, of which the voyageurs gained four victories as against three defeats. In three of these fixtures the Hon. Ivo Bligh's team was opposed to an eleven captained by Mr. Murdoch, the Australians capturing the first match of the series by nine wickets,

in the eleven-a-side matches—a handsome tribute to his wonderful powers. In some of the up-country matches the wicket was covered with cocoanut matting painted green.

Shaw's second visit to Australia in the capacity of skipper, was paid in 1884, and his team, as on the occasion of his previous visit, was composed entirely of

professionals—Barnes, Scotton, Attewell, Flowers, and Shrewsbury hailing from Notts; Peel, Hunter, Ulyett, and Bates from "the county of the broad acres"; James Lillywhite (Sussex), M. Read (Surrey), and Briggs (Lancashire) making up the number. Unfortunately, this tour was not free from unpleasantness. The Englishmen met with a most cordial reception on their arrival, but from the moment Murdoch's Team landed on their return from England it became evident they were animated by a feeling of hostility towards Shaw and his party. The Victoria contingent of the team declined to assist their Colony against the visitors, and Murdoch and A. Bannerman also refused to play in the match New South Wales v. Shaw's Eleven. In fact, the Englishmen played two matches against New South Wales and one each against Victoria and a Combined Eleven of Australia without a single member of Murdoch's Team being opposed to them, unpatriotic conduct, which was severely condemned by the public and Press of Australia. In a lengthy article on the subject, the *South Australian Register* described their conduct as most illiberal, and added, "Instead of going out of their way to advance the interests of the company of English players now on a visit to Australia, they have assumed an attitude of antagonism towards them which can only be attributed to mercenary motives, altogether unworthy of them and of Australian cricketers in general. Remembering that they claim to rank as

gentlemen players, and not as professionals, and that they met with the most liberal treatment in Great Britain, they owed it to themselves as well as to the visiting players to do all in their power to make the tour of the latter successful." At length peace was partially restored, and in the last three matches against Australia A. C. Bannerman was opposed to the English Team on all three occasions. Bonnor and Giffen played in two matches, and Scott, Palmer, M'Donnell, and Blackham appeared in one. Spofforth, it should in common fairness be stated, was not in accord with the other members of the Anglo-Australian Team, and was always



W. MURDOCH

Photo by E. HAWKINS & Co., Brighton

favourably disposed towards Shaw and his brother professionals, playing against them whenever circumstances permitted. Eight eleven-a-side matches were played, the Englishmen winning six and losing two, a result only to be expected in face of the disaffection referred to. Nor is it to be wondered at that the victory of Shaw's Team over Murdoch's Anglo-Australian Team was rather popular than otherwise throughout the Colonies. Four representative matches were played, Australia winning the second and third, and the Englishmen the other two. The victories of Shaw's Team were, however, the more easily gained, as margins of ten wickets, and an innings and 98 runs, as against a reverse by 8 runs and another by eight wickets go far to show. That the Australians thoroughly deserved their narrow victory by 8 runs will not be disputed, Garrett and Evans making such a splendid stand for the last wicket of Australia's first venture, carrying as they did the score from 101 to 181. In the eleven-a-side matches Shaw's Team scored 2,702 runs for the loss of 118 wickets, whilst their opponents lost 151 wickets for 2,450 runs, a balance greatly in favour of the Englishmen. Barnes repeated Steel's record of the previous tour by means of a batting average of 43·33 and a bowling average of 13·23. Shrewsbury, with an average of exactly 40, followed his fellow-countryman in the batting. Bates's all-round form is also worthy of remark, he being the only other batsman to average over 30. Then came a heavy drop to Briggs, whose figures fell a fraction short of 20. Peel and Attewell bore the brunt of the bowling; but the former, although taking most wickets, was the most expensive bowler on the side. Peel's figures against odds were remarkable, his 321 wickets costing only 4·20 runs per wicket, whilst his bowling against Twenty-Two of Moss Vale will long remain green in the memory of the Moss Valers, his performance of obtaining eighteen wickets for 7 runs eclipsing all feats of English bowlers in Australia. The following three-figure innings were scored in the eleven-a-side matches:—For England, Barnes 134, Briggs 131, and Shrewsbury 105; for

Australia, Bonnor 128 and M'Donnell 124, whilst it may be remarked that M'Donnell scored 83 in his second innings before he was run out by George Giffen.

The team taken out to Australia by Shaw and Shrewsbury in the autumn of 1886 was rightly considered one of the strongest that ever left England for the Colonies. Shrewsbury, Shaw, Barnes, Gunn, Scotton, Flowers, and Sherwin (Notts), Barlow and Briggs (Lancashire), Lohmann and M. Read (Surrey), Bates (Yorkshire), and James Lillywhite (Sussex) composed this, the ninth team, and altogether twenty-nine matches were played, of which ten ranked as of first-class importance. The Englishmen may be congratulated on the result of the tour, as six of these ten matches were won, two lost, and two drawn. Curiously enough, both the defeats were inflicted by New South Wales, who thereby won the rubber. England's successes, however, in the representative matches more than wiped out these reverses. Three matches were also decided between the touring team and the Melbourne Club's Australian Team, the Englishmen carrying off two games and drawing the third. It was in this tour, against New South Wales, that our countrymen first made the acquaintance of those two new bowlers who were destined to make such a name for themselves during the following season over in England; I refer to Ferris the "fiend" and Turner the "terror," who gave so striking an example of their capabilities. Turner in one match secured thirteen wickets for 54 runs, and in another fourteen wickets for 59 runs, taking in all fifty-five wickets for 424 runs, or the wonderful average of 7·71 runs per wicket. No wonder that the Englishmen thought that not even the "demon" Spofforth, in his best day, was more difficult on a slow wicket, "the ball breaking back at such a pace as to beat even Shrewsbury's defence," as "Wisden" euphoniously put it. The first of the test matches was perhaps the most remarkable game of the tour, England winning by 13 runs after being dismissed in their first innings for 45. The fact that George Giffen was too ill to assist his

countrymen may well have cost them the match. In the second and final match between the countries, unfortunately, the Australian Eleven was very far indeed from being a representative one. It is not surprising, therefore, that they met with defeat by 71 runs, notwithstanding the admirable bowling of Turner and Ferris. The century-makers for England were Shrewsbury, 144, and Barnes, 109, whilst of the Australians, Horan, 117, alone gained the coveted figures in eleven-a-side contests, though Boyle, playing for Eighteen of Sandhurst, strung up 115. As was only proper, Shrewsbury, the captain of the visitors, headed the poll in the batting with an average of 30.64; yet for the first time in his life he was twice out in one match without getting a run, Turner clean bowling him in each innings. Barnes, who met with an accident towards the end of January, was placed second, three other men on the side topping the twenties. Barnes (13.48) held pride of place in the bowling averages, his fine bowling undoubtedly winning the first test match; but Lohmann (15.51), who claimed fifty-nine victims, took more than double the number of wickets. Neither Lillywhite nor Shaw played in any of the leading fixtures, R. Wood filling the vacancies which occurred on these occasions. Before bidding adieu to this tour, mention should certainly be made of the tremendous scoring of the Non-Smokers against the Smokers, when both coun-



A. F. STODDART

Photo by E. Hawkins & Co., Brighton

tries were represented. Shrewsbury (236), Gunn (150), and Bruce (131) were the principal scorers towards the huge total of 803, the highest total ever obtained in a first-class match up to that date, a record all the more remarkable considering that Barnes did not bat.

The season of 1887-88 saw the Englishmen triumphant almost all along the line. It was in this season that two English teams visited Australia, a supreme piece of folly hardly likely to be repeated. Apart from financial considerations, both teams were wonderfully successful from an Englishman's point of view. Mr. Vernon's Team, captained by the Hon. M. B. Hawke, only lost

one match; while Shaw and Shrewsbury's side, captained by Mr. C. A. Smith, suffered but two defeats. Dealing with the doings of Mr. Vernon's team first, which combination consisted of seven amateurs and six professionals, their record must be considered all the more remarkable when it is recalled that poor Bates's services were lost through that terrible accident to his eye (a ball on the Melbourne ground from a neighbouring net striking him with fearful force) and that the death of Lord Hawke's father compelled the Yorkshire captain to return suddenly to England. Australia was met once, and then defeated by an innings and 78 runs. But the absence of George Giffen, M'Donnell, Jones, Moses, and Turner detracted in a great measure from the importance of the victory. At one time during the match, ridiculous as it sounds, the Englishmen seemed in great danger of losing, six of their wickets being down for less than 30 runs. Happily, "the tail wagged," and the total reached 292. At New South Wales the reverse of the tour was met. South Australia and Victoria had previously received their quietus; but at Sydney Mr. Vernon's Team struck their colours, though not without a struggle. Admitted that a defeat by nine wickets was no light one, on the other hand the visitors' first innings realised the capital total of 340, so they were not disgraced. In the second match against New South Wales the tables were turned, and England won by eight wickets. W. W. Read's 119 and 53 not out went a long way towards winning the match. Perhaps it was as well that he was missed in the first innings by Turner before he had opened his account. The only unpleasantness of the tour occurred in the draw with South Australia. The Englishmen looked like winning comfortably in an innings, having totalled 382, as against 143, when, sad to relate, the wicket was watered in the night—no, not by Nature's instrumentality—and it rolled out so true that the South Australians played a second innings of 493. George Giffen (203) and W. Godfrey (119) showed wonderfully fine form, and their batting saved their side from defeat. But there still remained that

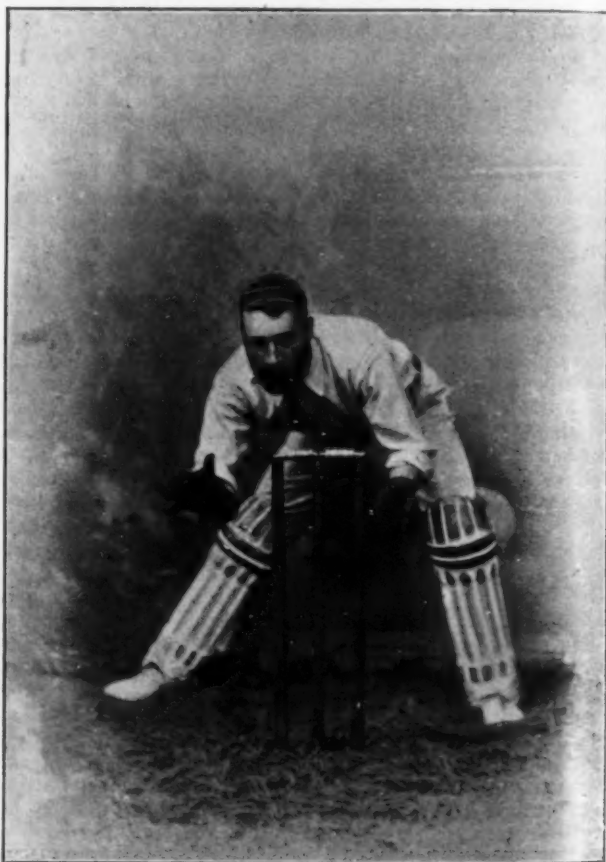
little matter of the watered wicket, and, naturally, this extraordinary incident was widely discussed. The perpetrators of the fell deed, be it added, were never discovered, despite a nice little sum being offered as a reward. However, in the third fixture against the South Australians Mr. Vernon's Team was amply avenged. South Australia were dismissed in their second venture for 32, Attewell in this match taking five wickets for 33 and seven for 15. The side owed their successful record of six wins, one defeat, and one draw in eleven-a-side matches mainly to the instrumentality of two men. W. W. Read claimed an average of 65·78, and Attewell bagged 53 wickets at the small cost of 11·06 runs apiece. Read, indeed, was the only English century maker, contributing 183, 142, and 119. The Australians to gain the honour were three, viz., G. Giffen with 203, Godfrey with 119, and M'Donnell with 112. Peel's all-round play furnished another notable feature of the tour, and seldom has a cricketer obtained so good a batting average as 39·73 with a highest score of 55. A. E. Stoddart, who was afterwards to take out a couple of teams on his own account, also averaged over 30 an innings, Abel coming next.

Reverting to the side got together by Shaw, Shrewsbury, and Lillywhite, which was commonly called Shrewsbury's Team, it is noticeable that both their defeats were inflicted by New South Wales. A victory on each side by ten wickets led up to New South Wales winning the rubber by 153 runs, that brilliant left-handed batsman Moses contributing 58 and 109, and Turner dismissing sixteen men for 79 runs. And since those days Englishmen have had good reason to respect some of the left-handed batsmen turned out by our Colonies in Australia. It was in this tour that Victoria were defeated by an innings and 456 runs, Arthur Shrewsbury giving an exceptional display of scientific batting for 232, and G. Brann hitting hard for 118. Australia were defeated by five wickets, A. C. Bannerman in the second innings of the losers carrying his bat through the venture for 45. A couple of matches were also played against the sixth Anglo-Australian

team, Shrewsbury's side gaining easy victories. The finest cricket of the tour marked the return of these fixtures, Shrewsbury (206) exceeding the 200 for the second time, whilst for the losers S. P. Jones carried his bat through the second innings for 134. Reviewing the results of the trip, five of the eleven-a-side matches were won by Shrewsbury's team, as against two losses. Only two centuries already referred to were obtained. Shrewsbury's average of 58.98 was well earned, and no praise can exceed the deserts of Lohmann, who took sixty-three wickets for 755 runs. On one occasion the English teams joined forces and decisively defeated Australia, who, however, would doubtless have been strengthened by the inclusion of G. Giffen, Bruce, and Horan. The English Eleven consisted of Shrewsbury, M. Read, Lohmann, Ulyett, Briggs, W. Newham, and Pilling (Shrewsbury's Team), and W. W. Read, A. E. Stoddart, Peel, and Attewell (Mr. Vernon's Team). The victors' spoils were pretty evenly distributed among the members of both teams. This was as it should be.

The tour undertaken by Lord Sheffield's Team in the Australian season of 1891-92 was a notable one in more than one respect. Everything was carried out on a most lavish scale; and, as a rule, a body of first-class cricketers on tour live like fighting cocks, whether the land of their adventures be England, Australia, or Timbuctoo. Then W. G. Grace renewed his acquaintance with the Colonies

after an interval of eighteen years, and he had under his command such men as A. E. Stoddart, G. MacGregor, O. G. Radcliffe, H. Philipson, Lohmann, Abel, M. Read, Sharpe, Attewell, Peel, Briggs, and Bean. Shrewsbury and Gunn, who refused the terms offered them, were, in fact, the only absentees of importance. Six of the eleven-a-side matches were won and two lost, on the face of it no bad record; but as our defeats were incurred in the test matches, the rubber went against us, and, presto! the gilt was off the ginger-bread. A brace of victories were gained over New South Wales and Victoria, one over South Australia, whilst



MR. BLACKHAM

Photo by E. HAWKINS & Co., Brighton

the third test match was also won. The first match against Combined Australia excited an extraordinary amount of interest, and was won by the "Cornstalks" by 54 runs. A good illustration was furnished of how a match can be won or lost in five minutes—no very uncommon occurrence—I refer to R. M'Leod's dismissal of Grace, Stoddart, and Abel in two overs. This bowling feat was performed in the Englishmen's first innings, but it must have had a great bearing on the result. The Australians brought the second of the three big matches to a successful finish at Sydney by 72 runs. The game was a memorable one, and the fine uphill fight of the winners deservedly crowned with success. The close of an innings on each side left them 162 runs to the bad, and then it was that Lyons (134), and A. C. Bannerman (91), backed up by useful contributions from Bruce and G. Giffen, set the Englishmen 230 to win, a task they failed to achieve. Lyons, I shall always think, was the fastest scorer who ever wielded a bat, though Thornton and Bonnor could perhaps hit harder. A greater contrast to Lyons' style of play than that adopted by Bannerman no one could wish to see. Bannerman was at the wickets for seven hours and a-half, and in the previous trial of strength his two innings of 45 and 41 lasted respectively three hours and a quarter and four hours. Nor in recounting the great feats of this match must Abel's 132 not out be passed lightly over. Only once before had anyone taken his bat right through an innings in a test match, the previous instance being furnished by Dr. Barrett's 67 at Lord's in 1890. It was a pity that later in the same match Abel should have so blotted his copy-book as to miss Lyons in the slips, report speaking indeed of a second mistake by the same fieldsman. Stoddart was the hero of the third and final match, his 134 and Briggs's twelve wickets for 136 accrediting the Englishmen with a gallant victory by an innings and 230 runs. Very gratifying must it have been to "W. G." to head the batting averages in both the eleven-a-side matches and in all engagements. His 159 not out in the first match against Victoria was his most notable effort, but

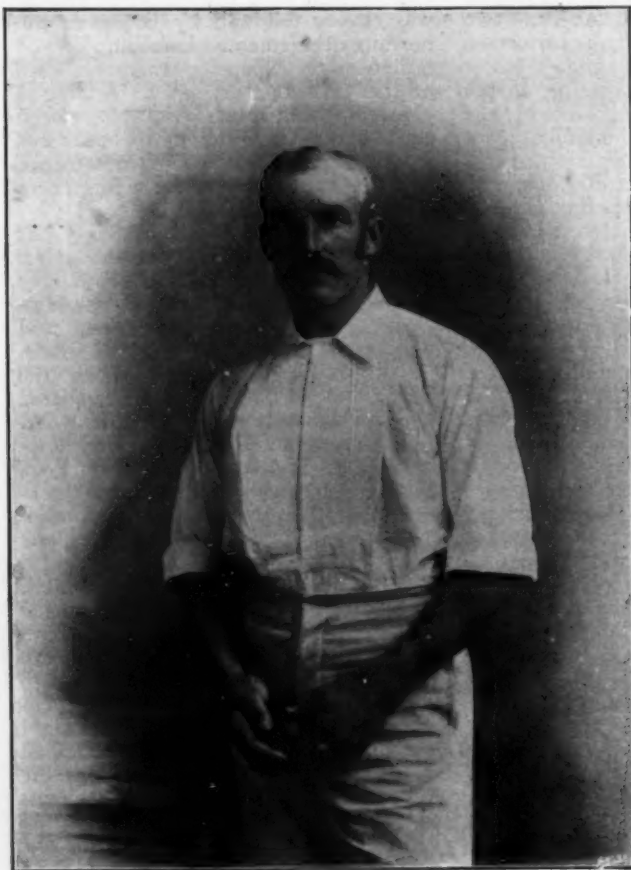
it was rather to his consistent play he owed his position and his grand average of 44·80. It only remains for me to refer to the centuries of Lohmann (102) and M. Read (106), obtained in the return with New South Wales, to have drawn attention to the century-makers of the tour. Attewell, who secured forty-four wickets at a cost of 13·02 apiece, was closely followed by Briggs in the bowling department. Lohmann proved rather more expensive than his two brother professionals, but his fielding at cover-slip was much admired. Bean and Sharpe were the disappointments of the tour, the one good performance on the part of each alone saving them from utter ignominy.

The Australian season of 1894-5 was marked by another visit from an English team of cricketers, the thirteenth tour of the series. A. E. Stoddart, the Middlesex skipper, held the reins, and despite the absence of W. G. Grace, F. S. Jackson, Gunn and Abel, the honour of Old England was considered safe in the hands of A. E. Stoddart, A. C. Maclaren, F. G. J. Ford, H. Philipson, L. H. Gay, A. Ward, Brown, Peel, Briggs, Brockwell, Richardson, Lockwood, and Humphreys. Very satisfactory results attended the tour, England winning the rubber by three games to two, besides defeating New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, and a mixed eleven of Queensland and New South Wales. The first match with South Australia was lost, as was the return with Victoria, so of the twelve eleven-a-side games the Englishmen took eight and lost four. The first test match of the tour may well be regarded as the most sensational ever played in Australia. To total 586 runs in their first venture, secure a lead of 261 on the completion of an innings a side, and then lose by 10 runs was the provoking fate of the Australians. Consistent batting throughout the English eleven and the altered condition of the wicket on the Australians batting a second time, may be said to have carried the day, a day that will for ever remain glorious in the annals of English cricket. The second representative match was also won by England. The margin in our favour was one of 93, a grand 173 by Stoddart

bringing about the desired result. Australia was set with 428 runs to win, and sent up 190 for one wicket, whilst the last wicket added 65, but all to no purpose. Fine all-round cricket by A. E. Trott, younger brother to "G. H. S." and an innings of 140 by Iredale, let in

was powerless to give England the lead, and the Colonials led on the first innings by 29 runs. The leaders' second venture fell short of their first by 147 runs, still the Englishmen were set 297 to win. Their captain and Brockwell were dismissed with the score only 28, and the

position looked black for England. At this point it was that A. Ward and Brown made their celebrated stand of 210 runs, which placed the issue beyond doubt, and gladdened the hearts of all Englishmen in the Mother Country. Brown hit brilliantly for 140, and Ward played patiently for 93, the match ending soon after their dismissal in a victory for the Englishmen by six wickets. Some mention must also be made of the final match of the tour against South Australia, the Englishmen running up 609 runs and winning by ten wickets. Ward, Brown, and F. G. J. Ford topped the century, the first named's 219 being the second highest score obtained for the visitors throughout the tour, MacLaren's 228 against Victoria alone holding preference. George Giffen had 309 runs hit off him in England's first



GEORGE GIFFEN

Photo by E. HAWKINS & Co. Brighton

the Australians on the third meeting. Then the Colonials, owing to some wonderful batting by Graham (105), and A. E. Trott (86 not out), followed by the Englishmen batting on a terribly bad wicket, won the fourth match and made honours easy. The final struggle furnished a fitting sequel. MacLaren's 120

innings, a record unprecedented in first-class cricket. But the Australian Grace often laid himself open to the charge of holding on to the bowling too long, a weakness indulged in by some captains. In this same match young "Clem" Hill, who struck eighteen years of age on the first day of the match, commemorated

the event with an innings of 150, not out, and a second innings of 56. Coming to the individual performances of the tour, Stoddart, Maclaren, Brown, and Ward, batted time after time superbly. The captain's average exceeded 50, and the other trio usurped the 40's in the order named.

Brown's success was particularly notable, as he was Stoddart's final choice, only gaining a place through Abel's refusal to visit the Colonies. The brunt of the bowling was borne by Richardson (23·76), Briggs (24·05), and Peel (25·28), the Surrey fast bowler carrying off premier honours, although he took some time to settle down to the fast wickets of Australia. His first three wickets in fact cost about a hundred runs apiece. L. H. Gay, Humphreys, and Lockwood, must be written down failures, nor did Brockwell fulfil expectations. Amongst the Australians G. Giffen, Iredale, A. E. Trott, and young Hill, met with the lion's share of success with the bat. Hundreds for Mr. Stoddart's Team were made by Brown, 140, 118, 115, and 101; Maclaren, 228, 120, and 106; A. Ward, 219, 117, and 107; A. E. Stoddart, 173 and 149; and F. G. J. Ford, 106. For Australia, Iredale got 140 and 133; Gregory, 201; G. Giffen, 161; Hill, 150, not out; Darling, 117; and Graham, 105. Stoddart's great popularity throughout the Colonies was proverbial.

It remains now for the last chapter to be written. But what cricketer has not

followed with intense interest the struggle for supremacy which has been waged these last few months in Australia? And the stupendous success of the "Cornstalks" in appropriating four of the five test matches is too fresh in the minds of all for me to cover the ground anew.



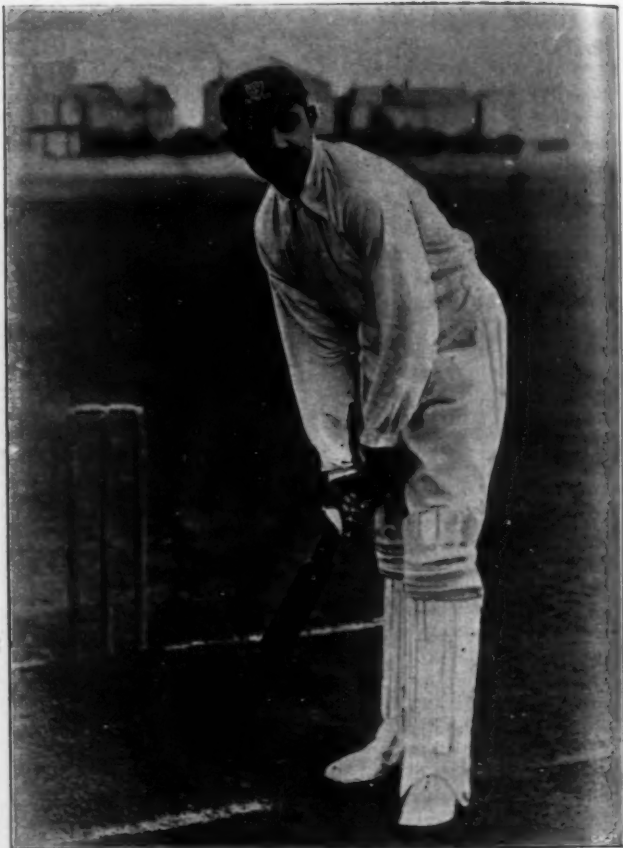
A. G. STEEL

Photo by E. HAWKINS & Co Brighton

On the English side, A. C. Maclaren and Ranjitsinhji stand out from their confrères. Of the remaining batsmen, Hayward and Hirst alone did themselves justice. But it was with the ball rather than with the bat where England failed. M. A. Noble, C. McLeod, and E. Jones were less expen-

sive than any of the English trundlers, and if accounts are to be believed they showed greater control over the ball and bowled rather with their head than with their hand. The colt Noble, who up to this season was simply regarded as a batsman—and some may remember his not out innings of 152 for Sydney Juniors against Stoddart's Team in December, 1894—came out in striking new colours, and has already established himself a great reputation as an all-round man. He bowls right-arm, medium pace with a break from the off, and that his deliveries sorely puzzled the Englishmen was made pretty evident. C. McLeod's batting and bowling also stood out, and should the next Australian Team to our shores include the pair they would furnish one of the attractions of the tour. Darling and Hill, of the old

stagers, divided the highest batting honours, and to aggregate no fewer than 537 runs in the test matches is a performance Darling may justifiably be proud of. No wonder he is the "darling" of the Australian crowd. Worral, too, since he visited England in 1888, has come on a lot, and is now ranked as one of the best batsmen in Australia; a reliable bat on a bad wicket is the character awarded him. Events of interest outside the more immediate category of the test matches were the no-balling of Jones, George Giffen's attitude, the postponement of the first test match, the record aggregate established at Sydney, and



PRINCE RANJITSINHJI

Photo by E. HAWKINS & Co., Brighton

Maclaren's feat of scoring two centuries in the first fixture with New South Wales, all of which have created considerable comment. Regarding the no-balling of Jones, the Australians rather had us on the hip, by pointing out that as doubtful bowling was not questioned in England, no objection should have been raised to Jones's deliveries. But that Jones did bend his arm to an unconscionable extent, until he was pulled up, must be taken for granted, and the prompt action of Phillips in the matter is to be commended. Maclaren's 142 and 100 were obtained against New South Wales in the third fixture of the tour, and his

performance established a record in Australia. The return match between the teams was the one which created a fresh aggregate record, the previous best, the 1,514 compiled at Sydney in 1894, going under by no fewer than 225 runs. Finally, from a financial standpoint the tour must be regarded as an unparalleled success, however disappointing have been the results of the test matches to Englishmen. Common fairness compels one to admit that the better side won, even had the margin left room for doubt in the matter, which it does not. It should also be remembered that the visitors were unanimously described in England, when the final selection was made known, as the strongest cricketing combination that had ever been selected to visit Australia. The results of the tour cannot be reconciled in regard to such a general expression of opinion as this, without admitting Australia's supremacy for the time being. The fact of the matter is that experience has to be bought on the cricket field, and that the inclusion of such well-tried cricketers as either W. G. Grace, F. S. Jackson, Gunn, Abel, or Brown, had they been available, would have strengthened

the English Team very considerably. More of soundness, coolness, and judgment would have been drafted into the team at the sacrifice of perhaps a little brilliancy. However, the crowning folly of all is to be traced to the attempt to run so important a tour on a matter of thirteen men, a number which actually included a reserve wicket keeper. The Australians, out of self respect to themselves, pay us the compliment of manning their team with fourteen hands when they make the visit to England. Yet the members of our teams are harder hit by the change of climate, the excessive heat of the Antipodes often bowling over one or other of them for the time being at least. Cricketers are not mere machines, and one season's play on the top of another is bound to lead to staleness unless adequate changes be run in the personnel of the team from time to time. A short tour throughout the home counties by a team numbering thirteen may be all very well, but England will never be fairly represented in the Colonies under the present regime.

It only remains for me to append the record of the representative matches:—

DATE.	PLAYED AT	RESULTS.
1877.	Melbourne ...	Lillywhite's Team lost by 45 runs.
1877.	Melbourne ...	Lillywhite's Team won by four wickets.
1879.	Melbourne ...	Lord Harris's Team lost by ten wickets.
1882.	Melbourne ...	Shaw's Team v. Australia, drawn.
1882.	Sydney ...	Shaw's Team lost by 5 wickets.
1883.	Sydney ...	Hon. Ivo Bligh's Team lost by four wickets.
1885.	Melbourne ...	Shaw's Team won by ten wickets.
1885.	Sydney ...	Shaw's Team lost by 6 runs.
1885.	Sydney ...	Shaw's Team lost by eight wickets.
1885.	Melbourne ...	Shaw's Team won by an innings and 93 runs.
1887.	Sydney ...	Shrewsbury's Team won by 13 runs.
1887.	Sydney ...	Shrewsbury's Team won by 71 runs.
1888.	Melbourne ...	Mr. Vernon's Team won by an innings and 78 runs.
1888.	Sydney ...	Shrewsbury's Team won by five wickets.
1888.	Sydney ...	Combined English Team won by 126 runs.
1892.	Melbourne ...	Lord Sheffield's Team lost by 54 runs.
1892.	Sydney ...	Lord Sheffield's Team lost by 72 runs.
1892.	Adelaide ...	Lord Sheffield's Team won by an innings and 230 runs.
1894.	Sydney ...	Mr. Stoddart's Team won by 10 runs.
1895.	Melbourne ...	Mr. Stoddart's Team won by 94 runs.
1895.	Adelaide ...	Mr. Stoddart's Team lost by 382 runs.
1895.	Sydney ...	Mr. Stoddart's Team lost by an innings and 147 runs.
1895.	Melbourne ...	Mr. Stoddart's Team won by six wickets.
1897.	Sydney ...	Mr. Stoddart's Team won by nine wickets.
1898.	Melbourne ...	Mr. Stoddart's Team lost by an innings and 55 runs.
1898.	Adelaide ...	Mr. Stoddart's Team lost by an innings and 13 runs.
1898.	Melbourne ...	Mr. Stoddart's Team lost by eight wickets.
1898.	Sydney ...	Mr. Stoddart's Team lost by six wickets.

RESULTS:—England won 13, lost 14, drawn 1.

Awaiting the Return of the Inca

BY MAY CROMMELIN.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



MOUNTAIN RAILWAY TO OROVA

OF all original religions of a half-civilised people, there was, perhaps, never one more interesting in its working, more pathetic in its persecution, than the Sun-worship of Peru.

Who were they, that white pair, the strangers who taught it? Whence came they, Manco Capac, the man, and Mama Oello, the woman, who founded the royal line of Incas—those splendid paternal despots, eldest sons and vice-regents of the Light of Day! After all, it was

not so very long ago. Only thirteen Incas reigned before the Spanish conquest, by their own computing. Yet we know no more of their origin than *they* did of the huge ruins, prehistoric temples, still to be seen, scattered over the country in Peru.

I do not write to advance any theory about the Incas, or their religion. Merely I would tell—what many in England may not know—that sun-worship still survives in Peru. Nay, more; that many poor Indians hope and

pray, night and morning, that the great Sun will yet hear them and send another Inca to be their monarch.

Let me, therefore, explain the present state of these poor *peones*, the natives of the Land of the Sun.

Nowadays the population of Peru consists, roughly speaking, of two castes—class and mass. The upper caste, descended from the bluest-blooded of the Spanish adventurers who sought fortune in the Indies, flocked to Lima, newly founded by Pizarro. This "City of Kings," as he called it, became the capital and residence of the Spanish viceroys. The lower caste remains the vast population of Indians; hewers of wood and drawers of water for their masters (on the great sugar estates there are also numbers of Chinese and negroes, who, intermarrying with each other and the Indians, produce hideous hybrid breeds).

The Peruvian Indians may be roughly grouped in three classes as follows:—

The Cholos, or seaboard race; hardy and healthy.

The Sierranos, or mountaineers from the giant sierras of the Andes; and these are timid and gentle.

Thirdly, the Indians of the Amazonas, or vast inland regions traversed by the mighty Amazon and its tributaries. A few of these tribes are known to be cannibals. Others lead a half-starved jungle existence.

The Cholos are the fisher folk of the coast. At Tumbes it is a grand sight to see the men putting out in the long Pacific swell on what they call their "caballitos" ("little horses"). These are mere bundles of reeds lashed together. The man sits on his water-steed with both legs straight out, paddling away with a split bamboo. If washed off by a bigger wave than most, he quickly climbs on again. The little naked children mimic their fathers, and play with their tiny caballitos, too; swimming like dogs round one proud rider, who paddles with his chubby arms; pulling each other off in turn, diving and laughing. The families live in loosely-woven cane

huts, just sufficiently thatched to keep off the sun's rays, but allowing air and eyesight to pass through the cage-walls freely. There are few domestic secrets in those villages!

Around Lima the Cholas are the milk-women, who ride in early to town with milk-cans slung thick on their donkeys' shoulders and flanks. And a pleasing sight such a Chola is, often handsome, with olive complexion and swarthy hair, strong and good-humoured. Such an one may have been the famous Perichola, an Indian girl whom the Spanish viceroy, Amat, loved to distraction, and whose story is greatly altered in the libretto of the opera which bears her nickname.

On landing in Peru I supposed that the sun-worship, described so vividly in Prescott's History, was as dead as that of the Druids. With what surprise I first heard it yet flamed, if feebly! And yet three hundred years have passed by since the Spaniards believed they had stamped out "the Devil's worship."



A MILK WOMAN



BURIAL PLACE

Near Eten, on the coast, there is a village called Monsefoo, where it is easy to see that the people are of the old Inca blood, being much superior to the ordinary Indian stock, or the Cholos; who have some Spanish mixture of origin. This they are well aware of, and proud to boast their royal family. It is a well-known fact that all the inhabitants of Monsefoo only wear black, in sign of perpetual mourning. When asked why, they reply "*It is because we await the return of our Inca!*" They carry out this so strictly that the women will buy white calico from the English traders, and dye it themselves, so that even their chemises are black!

A word more on the subject of the Indian burial-places before exchanging the lowlands for the hills. Those travellers on the easy iron roads of Europe who know the various cemeteries of great cities, such as notably the Campo Santo of Genoa, may be surprised to see the accompanying illustration, taken from the photograph of an

Indian burial-place. In this, as in other pantheons, the corpse is inserted into one of the long holes with which the wall of rock is honeycombed, and the end of the aperture then closed. In Inca days, however, the favourite burial-place of the Peruvians was certain sands on the shores which had a preserving quality. Here whole families seem to have been interred, many in a kind of underground hut, forming the vault of respectability. Their drinking-cups and water-vessels kept them company, besides work-baskets that are found full of wooden needles and knitting-pins with balls of vicuna worsted. The corpses were neatly tied up in sacking, and I have seen long black hair still uninjured protruding from these mummies.

The lowland Peruvians are mostly devout Catholics. Fire and sword baptized them! But it is the Sierranos, or hill Indians, who worship great Phœbus Apollo to this day. This I learnt from Mr. Clinton Dawkins, who at that time held the important post of Agent of the

Peruvian Railways and Development Corporation, and who kindly allowed me to quote him as my authority. Being far up on the Oroya railway, bound for Pénen—the new coffee grounds then being formed in the jungle, on civilisation's furthest fringe—he himself saw his Indian labourers twice a day offering up prayers to the sun. In the evening they implored the great luminary to rise again. At dawn they praised their god with thanks-giving for his reappearance.

These Sieranos are very timid—cowardice and its close companion, lying, being their chief faults. When ill one will come to his English employer, saying gently, "Patrón, I must die to-night!" Whereupon, if wise, that patrón kicks the peon for a poor fool—roundly scolding him for being merely lazy. In this case the peon (or workman) resolves to live; if not, he does die! Or so, at least, I was assured.

It may be here worth explaining why the Peruvian Corporation, which is under English control, should be pushing into the grand but well-nigh inextricable jungle on the far inland slope of the mighty Andes. Roughly speaking, the matter had birth when Peru borrowed money from Europe in 1869, 1870, and 1872, wherewith to build railways, and open up the extraordinary natural riches of the land. She began the railways, but neglected the mines and industries. Thence followed debt.

Then came the war with Chilé; conquest by the invaders; ruin! For the victorious Chilians annexed the rich nitrate fields and the guano rocks of Peru. When the European bondholders brought forward their claim for their loans and interest accrued—almost thirty-three millions—there was naught left in the treasury to repay them.

In this state of embarrassment the "Grace contract" was drawn up between both parties.

By this Peru handed to its bondholders, for sixty-six years, all the State railways, and the few guano islands left, likewise grants of free lands to be colonised by European immigrants.

Therefore the Peruvian Corporation needs to keep its able agent in Lima entrusted with the herculean task of protecting its interests.

In the far trans-Andean jungle, Pénen is one of the virgin lands lately being opened up by adventurous British lads,

pioneers of the Corporation; and Mr. Dawkins, as its chief, was the leading explorer in the new venture. Up the Andes railway lies the way to the summit, some 15,000 feet high; on down to Oroya only a mere 12,000 feet on the further slope. Thence the path descends under sharp hills, clothed in magnificent tropical foliage, by winding paths under overhanging cliffs, past cascades falling like sheets of silver among the wooded heights, and rivers foaming in the deep valleys. Further on it was British arms



THE FOREST

that hewed toilfully a road through dense woods of great trees, silent of bird calls or insect sounds; and thickly festooned with huge creepers like an intricate network of ropes. Beyond these forests there lie vast, almost unknown regions, watered by the great Amazon tributaries. In these, if paths exist, the llamas are the only available beasts of burden. "Little camels of South America," as they have been called, they are a pretty sight, stepping along in single file, with their loads strapped on their backs, and their deer-like heads held high. They follow a leader, who wears a diminutive red or blue cap, with a rakish air. Gentle though he looks, only try to add a featherweight to the pack of a llama, and the effect is magical! Down he lies prone, and neither blandishments nor brutality will induce him to rise until his load has been reduced to what he considers exact justice. Then he gets up and moves on again like a satisfied good citizen.

When the Pérené pioneers first camped in these forests the Indians were reported to be suspicious, if not hostile. And Mr. Dawkins, as head of the prospecting party, naturally felt distrustful of them,

so he told me one evening at dinner in his charming Lima house, pointing the tale later on by displaying to the guests certain blowpipes and deadly poisoned arrows. In the gloomy undergrowth of the tangled woods a dusky, naked form may hide; not a rustle will betray its presence to the lusty white man, whistling at work on his coffee clearing hard by. Only a light feathered thing darts through the air, and the labourer drops dead.

It was with great relief, therefore, that one day the camp espied a French priest emerging from the supposed trackless woods. This was one of those few utterly devoted hermits who pass solitary lives in the Southern wilderness teaching and civilising the savages. These missionaries are often men of remarkable intellectual powers, which they do not think wasted in such a forlorn cause. They alone dare penetrate into the innermost jungles, although often they travel for greater safety in couples.

Approaching the camp, the good padre announced that he had come to offer his services. He proposed to escort Mr. Dawkins to visit the Indian chief of the



THE LLAMAS

district, whose hut was hidden at some distance in the woods.

"These poor savages have not always been too well treated by the Peruvians, so they distrust strangers," said the priest; "but I promise that under my charge you will be free of the forest."

He then told how many unwary travellers, hazarding themselves alone in those regions, had never been heard of more. An arrow had sped through the tropical tangle, or the blowpipe had hissed, though the use of this last weapon is retreating into the still more unexplored interior. As they went through a narrow track, shown by the priest, the latter described the chief towards whom they were bound.

"He is a singularly intelligent Indian, and I find no fault with him, beyond his having killed three wives in succession. Influenza has attacked him three times in as many years, so being frightened by this new and strange disease he has each time sacrificed a wife, hoping to appease his offended deity."

When they presently reached the chief's dwelling, as the priest had promised, the Indian and his fourth wife received them hospitably. A meal of good fellowship was offered the stranger, of which he partook without wincing, and thenceforth was looked upon as a friend. Monkey-flesh was the chief dish, but this is not bad fare—at least the flesh of the black long-armed monkey is said to be excellent.*

Another course was less appetising—a leaf of caterpillars dried in the sun.

Yucca spirit, called chicha, was then served as drink, the root of which yucca plant, like a giant parsnip, is a favourite vegetable in Peru. The manner of the chicha fermentation is difficult to explain with delicacy. However, it gives occupation of a social and light nature to a number of old ladies still blessed with teeth. These sit in a circle on the ground, near some jars that presently

receive balls of yucca dough, and are then filled up with water. This yucca drink, and the still deadlier cane-spirit, are the curses of the poor Indians; while maize chicha is harmless enough.

Even those of another creed, like myself, must cordially admire the good work done by the missionary friars in Peru. It recalls, in a perforce lesser way, the Jesuits' noble record in Paraguay. There they taught the Indians orange-growing, and the manufacture of the native tea, the maté-yerba. They built schools, colleges, churches—all filled in that Arcadian time with intelligent disciples. Then, when a jealous government expelled them, all this good work fell into decay. Sometimes a broken bridge, or part of a road, overgrown by the jungle, is discovered by a surprised traveller, who learns, "That was made long ago, by the Jesuits."

One wonders if these men have so far succeeded where other missionaries fail, by virtue of their celibacy, which frees them from all wish to cling to the borders of civilization for the sake of wife and children. Or is it that they are chosen for a superiority of gifts and spirituality, which used in Europe, must have won them praise in the world and high places in the Church?

These Indians of Pérené have a funeral custom which is both curious and pathetic. When one of them dies, the family abandon the dwelling-hut, closing it with care, and leaving the dead in peaceful possession of the perhaps beloved home. True, the huts are very miserable; also fear, rather than respect, may be the dominant feeling in the minds of these wild folk of the woods. Still they may not dread their family ghosts like their kinsmen the Christianised Cholos; the latter Indians being said to have but a shadowy idea of some future existence for men—alas, none at all for their poor women.

The gala costume of Pérené is slight, light, and ornate. It consists mainly of a necklace of monkeys' teeth and different berries, with pendants of dried humming-birds. Among the different Pérené Indian tribes there are known to be at least two that are cannibals when the chance of human flesh comes

* Later, I was interested when reading "Stevenson's Travels in South America," to find mention of this diet. For a long time, he says, he objected to taste it, but on hearing it praised by all, at last laid aside his prejudice and found the flesh superior to any kind of meat he had ever eaten.

their way, but for reasons easily understood, it is difficult for chance travellers to give details concerning these feasts. However, when the reputed cannibals have come down to the edge of civilization they have been photographed, and certainly their inhuman tastes seem to have degraded them to an even more repulsive appearance than that of the Fuegians.

There is a story which passes current among the travellers in the high Cordillera, illustrating aptly the naïve nature of the hill-folk, which tale, although frequently told, is nevertheless believed to be true. It runs as follows:

An Englishman was travelling with a party who were crossing a very high mountain range before descending into the more inhabited valleys below, leading to the Pérené country, in the interior. Just as they reached the very summit of the pass, they were surprised to notice some piles of loose stones not far off, rudely shaped as crosses.

"Hallo! What do those mean there?" asked the Briton of his arriero. Now, in spite of the reserve of these half-bred guides, our countryman had established friendly relations with this one by slapping him on the back, calling him *paisano* (countryman), implying equality, and unloosing his tongue with a half-bottle of pisco, a strong grape spirit, much esteemed in Peru. Nevertheless, Demetrio, though himself connected with the hill-Indians, rather sullenly declared he knew nothing about the apparent symbols.

There happened to be a German in the troop, who was proud of his skill as a marksman, and who now began firing

idly at the cairns, in hitting which he dislodged some of the stones. This incident greatly disturbed the equanimity of the guide, who hastily drawing the Englishman aside, begged a word with him in private.

"Patron," said he, "I do not like to interfere with the amusement of the señor, who is a foreigner. But you are like one of us, so I will tell you that he is making a bad business for some poor wife down in those Indian huts, which you can just see, yonder, in the valley."

Demetrio then confided that the crosses had a serious signification. He said that when the Indians of those parts were obliged to make a long



A CANNIBAL WOMAN

journey, it was customary for them to pause upon the last hilltop from which they could descry the neighbourhood of their homes, and then each man who was married, built himself a cross of loose stones. On the homeward route they took pains to return by the same hill, when they halted to examine carefully the condition of their various marks.

If a cross remained intact, well and good! That was an infallible sign that the wife of the Indian who reared it had been irreproachable in conduct during her lord's absence. If, on the other hand, some cunningly-laid wife-trap seemed disarranged, then a distinctly guilty spouse would receive a severe beating on the arrival of her husband at his hut in the valley.

Some little while ago, mention was made in an American magazine of a secret custom lingering among the Indians in remote places of Peru. It is that of helping any one hopelessly ill to hasten their painful exit from this world! But the statement was afterwards quoted with derision by an English paper published in Peru, which flatly denied that any such practice had ever existed. Nevertheless, my informant as to the battle of the papers assured me that, in his opinion, as one long acquainted with Peru, this custom was a fact, and survived until quite lately, if, indeed, it be extinct even now.

It is a kind of euthanasia, he said, which is meant as a last kindness to the sufferer. The deed is supposed to be performed by a recognised Indian official, appointed for the purpose, who, when the ceremony is fixed, comes and presses his knee on the chest of the dying person. It is easy to ridicule the likelihood of what the poor peones would carefully conceal from foreigners, as also from their superiors, he added. And certainly in Ireland, for example, I have known persons utterly ignorant of the folk-lore and secret superstitions prevailing among the peasantry around them.

A horrible instance of gross cruelty among Christianised Indians was told me by an Englishman, who said that it had happened, to his own knowledge, not far from where he was employed for many years inland.

An Indian girl had displeased the *cura* of the district by not taking her appointed part in some religious ceremony; so, apparently to please the priest, she was punished by her parents. They did this by tying their unfortunate daughter one night naked to a tree, fastening her hands and exposing her to the attacks of mosquitoes. When morning came she was found mad from their stings, and by sundown the tortured victim died. Incredible though this may appear, I was assured by various persons who knew the interior that it was likely enough, and that, in all probability, the girl's parents thought her sentence deserved, for the poor Peruvians are quite degraded in their religious superstitions. This punishment of exposure in the woods has long been practised in South America; witness the tales of unhappy girls in the Argentine thus bound to trees, and left as prey to the wild beasts. In these cases the puma, the "friend of man," as old Spanish chroniclers call the South American lion, has been often said to guard the human victim, driving all other savage animals away.

One characteristic which especially struck me among the poor half-Indian Peruvians—and that is also an admirable trait in the ladies of the upper class—is their extreme piety. It is a pity that, given so fruitful a field, the priests of Peru should not be more careful to sow good seed. But these seem for many years back to have become self-indulgent and degraded to a depth shocking to European minds, and, far from raising, they have lowered the ideals of their simple native flock.

In justice to Rome, it must be added that a Papal Nuncio was sent to Lima some few years ago, expressly to sweep away the abuses which made a scandal there. Perhaps by now, therefore, some of the mummeries I saw, or heard of, during my visit in 1894 may already be suppressed—at least in the capital.

Still I will mention some of these slightly, to show what vulgar tales and falsehoods the poor Peruvians are, or were, invited to admire and believe by their Christian pastors in the latter half of this nineteenth century.

Compare the following customs of the Catholic Church in Peru with the simple

sun-worship of the poor Indians—their morning thanksgiving, their nightly prayer for the renewed blessings of warmth and light.

On the feast days of certain saints it is usual in Lima, as often elsewhere, for the images of other saints to be borne in procession to visit them, as, for instance, the images of, say, San Juan or Santo Domingo, will be carried in state to the respective churches of San Francisco and Santo Tomas, where the *fiestas* are expected to stay the night. When the ceremony is ended, the church is cleared and its doors closed. Then the gaping Cholos, dispersing, gossip to each other what fine diversion the holy images will hold together till daylight; for it is their common belief that the saints will then smoke choice cigars and play rocambo. (The latter is the favourite Spanish game of cards. It is said to resemble the old one of quadrille, and many Englishmen prefer it to whist.)

There seems proof in plenty that the priests do not discourage this popular idea as to saintly recreations. One European, who held a high position in Peru, said to me emphatically:

"I can assure you that, some six years ago, I myself saw a strange Easter sight in the churches here. The priests had made all the saints' images appear as if smoking. They had fastened cigars to the lips of all the popular favourites; but they only gave cigarettes to the lesser ones!"

In fairness to Peru, it should be said that some irreverent outbreaks are not peculiar to this country, but are common to the West Coast—such as maltreatment of the saints' images when the prayers of their devotees remain too long unanswered. For instance, when San Isidor—most worshipped and reviled of saints on this dry coast—has failed to send rain after days of drought and prayer, he has been loaded with chains and dragged round the town in derision, or taken out to sea and soundly ducked! But it is only in Lima that I have heard of the following Easter practice, which an English friend of mine witnessed some eight years ago—a lady singularly free from exaggeration:

A party of friends arranged to go on

the Holy Thursday *fiesta* to the church of Santo Domingo. This has for some while back been used for great ceremonies as the principal sacred edifice in Lima. For the cathedral founded by Pizarro is of late dangerous from the crumbling state of its roof, which the government have declared themselves too impoverished to repair. To their great surprise, these Europeans saw a strange travesty of the Holy Supper arranged in the chancel.

A long table was surrounded by twelve wooden apostles propped up in chairs; a thirteenth seat being vacant. On the cloth were laid out as many plates, glasses, knives, forks and spoons, as the mind of even the most critical head-waiter could suggest. The dishes were groaning with hams, tongues, and tinned meat. There was also bread of various kinds; besides pickles, and—what my friend never forgot—black bottles of beer!

It was a matter of notorious report what was to follow late that night, when the throng of worshippers had departed, and the church doors would be closed. Ejecting the holy images, the priests would set themselves down round the table, to hold a profane orgie till the small hours, some of them ending in a shamefully tipsy state.

On this being recounted to me, another friend, a British gentleman of irreproachable veracity, confirmed it. He added, "I know that accusation of their drunkenness to be strictly true. A young English mechanic happened to be working in my house, some few years ago, and I used to enter occasionally into talk with him, as he was a clever, respectable youth, and a fellow countryman in a strange land. One day he told me a strange tale. It appeared that the week before he had been invited to one of these Santo Domingo saturnalias. His host was a priest, who was very friendly to the young foreigner, probably because the latter was a good Catholic, and also superior in his trade.

"I went, sir . . ." said the Englishman, "Yes, I went. What is more, I will confess to you, that I was *just as bad as any of them!* But I am so ashamed of myself, that I have been miserable ever since."

After this, it seems a small thing to make mention of a curious sight which can be yearly seen, passing that big decaying cathedral, which has seen so many murders of presidents and rulers, and the towers of which are riddled by so many bullet-holes.

This is the spectacle of Zacchæus on Palm Sunday. Why the priests found anything funny in the story of Zacchæus, as told in the gospel of St. Luke, it were difficult to say. But wishing to provide amusement for their sightseers

with laughter at seeing him attired in a foxhunter's pink coat, topboots and spurs. Another, even the foreign gringos were diverted by the sight of Zacchæus as a British tourist, in a startling plaid tweed suit and knickerbockers, sun helmet, and race glasses.

So far as I know, the blasphemous exhibition of the "holy dice" no longer disgraces Lima. But, at the beginning of this century, Stevenson, the English traveller, saw, and was obliged to kiss these, in deference to popular prejudice.



LIMA CATHEDRAL

on this great *fiesta*, they tickle them to mirth with the caricature of the chief publican, who wishing to see Jesus pass by, and being little of stature climbed into a sycamore tree.

As the various sacred images are borne by, that of Zacchæus is always greeted with roars of mirth. The little figure is represented in a little tree, and is dressed each year in some costume more ridiculous than the last, as clerical waggishness may dictate. This is often British. One year the spectators shouted

Incredible though it may seem, the following tale used to be told about the pretended relics, by the priests in Peru to their Catholic believers.

Santa Rosa, of Lima, the beautiful girl-saint, who is the ardently worshipped patroness of her native town, used to exhaust her strength by her long devotions and religious exercises. Several times on these occasions, the figure of Christ used to appear to her and say, "Come, my child, you are worn out with too much prayer and

fasting. Now, to enliven you, *we will play a game of dice together!*" In proof of which monstrous tale, two dice were displayed to the gaping populace on great *fiestas* as objects of special adoration.

In comparison with this and similar fables, one is inclined to prefer the poetical Peruvian legend concerning the origin of their tribes. According to a Spanish writer, Estrada ("De Valparaiso a la Oroya") an Indian legend tells that a thunder-bolt falling from the sky into a spring of water in a cave near the hill of Raco, was the germ of life on earth. Then came a ray of light, which showed man the way to the upper earth and the day. The same writer adds another legend, that Peru was first peopled by bearded strangers. Lastly, he declares, on the hearsay evidence of

others, that the original inhabitants of Peru may have made their way thither from China, for the following reason:—It is affirmed by these Peruvian historians that the townsfolk of Eten on the coast, who have preserved their original language, can arrive so quickly at a mutual understanding with newly-landed Chinese immigrants that no interpreters are needed between them.

Be this as it may, we may well give some pitying sympathy to the outcast and forgotten children of the sun-god. Poor faithful Indian hearts, still yearning for a long-vanished dynasty, the wise stranger princes who made of their tribes a civilised nation with laws, religion, and a benevolent government! How many more years will they still pray to the sun daily and nightly, and await the return of their Inca?



A Night on a Chinese Junk

WRITTEN BY PERCY CROSS STANDING

THERE are few more unpleasant situations than for an unarmed, unprotected European to find himself on board of a Chinese junk on a tropic ocean, especially when said junk is manned by a horde of Celestials of the lowest type of Buddhistic brutality. This was my own experience on a day and a night in the August of 1893, when a state of more or less active warfare prevailed between France and Siam, and when I was working as a journalist in that "Venice of the Far East," Bangkok.

In the Gulf of Siam, about forty miles south of the entrance to the Meinam River, lies the aforementioned island of Koh-si-Chang. It is a veritable "island of dreams," and, in addition to its natural beauties, boasts a climate that is absolutely salubrious when compared with the pestiferous conditions which one encounters immediately after entering Siam proper. Communication between Koh-si-Chang and the capital is maintained, and maintained very irregularly by one small river steamer; and, as may readily be imagined, this meagre and inadequate means of communication became doubly so under stress of war pressure. So I found, to my cost, when compelled to commit myself to the tender mercies of a junk and a junk's crew of villainous-looking coolies, who, I was informed in advance, *might* manage the voyage of forty miles in twenty-four hours, and might not!

It was fast coming on to night—how rapidly the night closes in in those latitudes!—when, in great tribulation of mind, I went aboard the junk and endeavoured to say "good evening" to her ruffianly-looking skipper. This

task, I may say at once, I did not accomplish, my stock-Chinese being confined to a few choice swear-words, which I had arduously committed to memory with the laudable object of carrying on conversation with recalcitrant and refractory "boys" (it is highly amusing, that Oriental term "boy," though not, perhaps, much more so than the *garçon* of comparative civilisation). If we were moving through the water at all, it was decidedly not observable; occasionally, as we proceeded, the heavy mat-sails would flap gently against the junk's rude masts, but so gently as scarcely to suggest that a breath of breeze was stirring.

By the light of the tropical moon I proceeded to "take stock" of my companions. There were perhaps forty of them, all of the ruder sex—for your Chinaman, when abroad, takes particular care not to burden himself with his woman-kind. The coolie is notoriously the most criminal type of Chinese, and the personal appearance of my fellow *voyageurs* was not, generally speaking, calculated to inspire one with confidence. They killed time in various ways. There was a little opium-smoking—that of course—some disputing, some "singing" (?), and a good deal of gambling with the rude currency known as cowrie-shells. Occasionally, one of the younger members would twang upon a musical instrument of the kind that can be heard but cannot be described. They all adopted the favourite squatting attitude of their nation, with queues twisted tightly round their heads, and almond eyes shining bright but fearful in that weird moonlight. Sometimes the gamblers would wrangle, to be rebuked, with a fluency of jargon

that was fairly bewildering, by the one in authority. Many a glance, furtive and otherwise, was flung in my direction, the inquisitive ones evidently wishing to know my "reason to be" in their midst, the contemptuous ones viewing me with that indescribable air of superiority which, in the Celestial, is as irritating as it is difficult to analyse.

Anon came the lighting of the "joss-sticks." This ceremony consists in the lighting of small sticks placed at regular intervals around the bulwarks, and intended to symbolise—and to plead for—"a fair wind and a safe voyage." Once alight, these shone like little glow-worms, smouldering slowly, and, from their preparation, emitting a pleasantly aromatic odour that mingled gently with the scent of spices that came off the receding land. Previously, the only artificial light afforded us had been that of one rude swing-lamp, such as was probably current in the China of five hundred years ago. And now came the serious business of eating! Most of the fellows retired to their evil-smelling deckhouse, their polished bodies shining a queer reddish-brown (for, of course, their only garment was the popular coolie waist-cloth), and there mixed the quaintly barbarous compound of rice and fish, which is the be-all and end-all of the beautiful and enlightened Celestial's gastronomic requirements. Then they emerged again, and fell to assailing the mess of rice, rudely made curry, and fish with a relish which would baffle the finest pens and paper to reproduce in facsimile.

They are a queer crowd, these coolies, whether on land or sea. Cunning as foxes and cowardly as wolves, they resemble the pariah dogs of their own cities in point of inability to hunt any prey save in packs. I heard of an instance where a gang of them, employed as navvies in the cutting of a railway, bashed their overseer with shovels and fled into the bush. Nobody was ever hanged for the crime, because some forty of them were in it—and that would have been rather a large consignment to condemn, even in the Far East, where human life is so cheap.

But to resume and conclude the tale of my adventurous voyage. Supper

disposed of, my captors—for such, I told myself, they surely were for the time being—proceeded to say their prayers, confirming me in a preconceived notion that the Chinese is far more assiduous at his devotions than at his ablutions. Indeed, so reverent did even these ruffians appear that I found myself calling in question that British criticism of the Chinese prayer method—

*Worship the gods as if they came,
And if they don't it's all the same.*

These men certainly appeared sincerely penitent in their prayers—for the moment—a few instants later seeing them laughing, jabbering, gesticulating, wrangling, the same as ever. But are we Westerns so very much superior in respect to *our* devotional deportment? Sleep should have been the next gratified indulgence; but sleep visited not my eyelids, as food had visited not my lips. I was bidden to make myself free of the aforementioned horrible and malodorous deckhouse; but my mind revolted at the idea, and I spent the night in company with a vast army of persistent mosquitoes, on the open deck. Even there, how intense was the heat! The Chinamen snored and snorted in keys of different strength and pitch; even the solitary look-out man nodded. The big cocoa-nut matting sails no longer flapped lazily, for the wind had dropped, until there was not a breath to relieve the hapless voyager. The only sound, save the snoring and grunting going on around poor unhappy me, was the soft lapping of the phosphorescent waves against the junk's unwieldy bulk. Would the morning *never* come?

Come it did at last, the dawn breaking in a glory such as is only possible on the Eastern seas. The joss-sticks had long ago burnt out, and the vessel moved as sluggishly as ever. Indeed, Koh-si-Chang, though astern of us, was well in sight, silent witness to the poor progress made by a junk in a light wind. Some of the crew yet snored, and I seized the opportunity to lean well over the taffrail and drink in the delicious morning air of one of the most glorious days it has ever been my lot to see born. The sunrise was all colours, at once the most supremely lovely and the most varied,

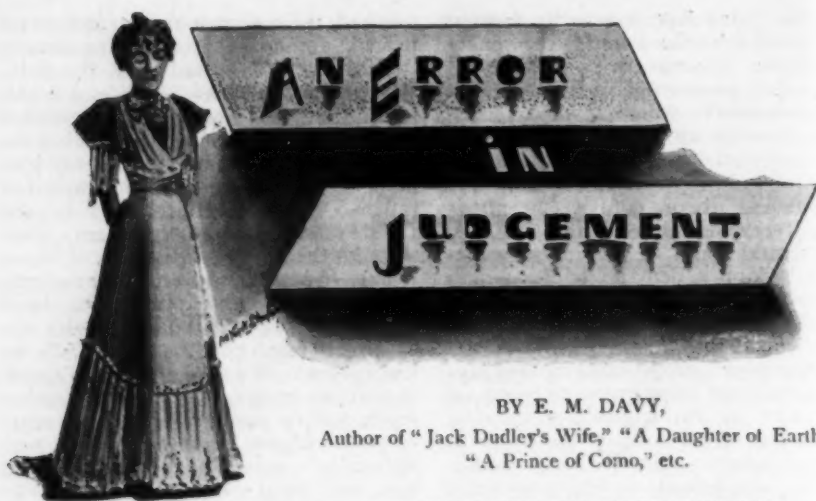
and the flying fish constantly sported and leaped from the water as the vengeful dolphin relentlessly pursued them, while the green and yellow of the slimy sea-snakes which abound in the Gulf showed up prominently as we laboriously cleft the ocean with our blunt prow.

My silent dreams of the morning's glory were rudely interrupted, alas! by the guttural tones of the indigo waist-clothed skipper demanding, in pidgin English, whether I wouldn't like some breakfast. But though I might manage to reconcile the Celestial view of the morning meal with the same ideal of supper, I could not bring myself to reconcile either with my own stomach or my own inclination. So I politely—and also in pidgin-English—expressed my thanks for the compliment, which, however, I begged to decline. He grinned vilely and volubly—how do you grin volubly?—but comforted me much by making me comprehend that in two or three hours we ought, with ordinary luck, to be abreast of the bar of the Meinam river, which at high tide carries thirteen feet of water. Since I was to be emancipated so soon, what cared I that those fiendish Chinamen came tumbling up from their deckhouse and went through their over-night performance of food-making before my very eyes? What cared I that they did not appear to relish my presence in their midst any more than they had during the night season?

At Páknam, by the river's mouth, the Customs officers came aboard according to rule; but of course they found no contraband, for when the Chinaman smuggles opium—as he *always* does—he takes care that it is well concealed. No contraband, that is to say, except myself; and on my making urgent representations to them, these Customs officials—good-humoured Siamese, beetle-browed and beetle-nutted—very kindly took me ashore in their boat. I have rarely enjoyed a more pleasurable emotion than that of bidding adieu to the captain of the junk, whose jabbering followers, on their part, expressed no sentiment of regret at parting from their passenger. On the contrary, they

touched their sheath-knives and murmured unintelligible nothings among themselves as I passed over the side. Páknam boasts a kind of alleged hotel, kept by natives; and here I was enabled to sit down to my first square meal for a period of something like twenty-four hours. From Páknam to the capital, a railroad (the first constructed in the Land of the White Elephant) runs through the jungle, a distance of about twenty-five miles. I went on the engine—which, judging by appearances, dated from the days of Stephenson—for the excellent reason that the driver was an Englishman. We made wretched speed, as may be imagined; and I remember my horror on discovering that this antediluvian engine was being fed with masses of valuable teak-wood. But that is typical of the Siamese “way not to do it”; rather than supply themselves with a few loads of coal from Singapore, they would apply to this use the most valuable export possessed by their country. It seemed a strange anachronism indeed, for the railroad of modernity—of *ancient* modernity, so to speak—to be rushing one through the green forest, whence bright plumaged parrakeets flew screaming on our approach, where the monkey chattered in the branches, and the wild hog revelled in his savagery. But anon Bangkok was reached, and my night on a junk was only a memory.

An unpleasing memory, though, all the same. There are a quarter of a million Chinese in Bangkok alone, and they do not appeal to one's cordial emotions—very much the contrary. And should this catch the eye of any intending visitor to the Far East, I would urge upon him the unwisdom of venturing to spend a night on a Chinese junk without so much as a revolver to defend himself with. Occasionally, a European is discovered by the marine police floating on the water with his throat cut. In such a case it is highly probable that he has been foolhardy, as I was. But different people are born to different ends, and the Chinese contempt of the European is frequently justified by facts.



BY E. M. DAVY,
Author of "Jack Dudley's Wife," "A Daughter of Earth,"
"A Prince of Como," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY YORK SHUTER

CHAPTER III.

HALCYON DAYS.

"IF you should ever see me sombre, brooding as it were over my own thoughts, seeking solitude rather than your sweet companionship," said Nella's lover to her next day, "remember, darling, what I have already told you, and believe me I shall get over it."

Drawing her face close to his, and looking with his dark, earnest eyes steadily into hers, he added: "It is solitude that is worst for me. Nella, sweetheart, my fate lies in your hands. If you find me as I have described, for pity's sake *laugh* me out of the mood. Show me the unreasoning childishness of such conduct."

"I will obey you to the letter, Phil," was her reply. "Should I suspect even the shadow of that shadow, I will so behave to you that the demon shall be exorcised for ever. Only afford me the slightest occasion, sir, and you will see!"

How gloriously beautiful were those days of early autumn at Gulcotes! On every one of them Philip Lorraine visited his bride-elect, and seemed almost as light-hearted and as gay as she. He

rarely mentioned business matters; for indeed they had agreed that he should not do so. Thus, in the happiest of love-dreams the fortnight of their engagement was gliding rapidly away.

Occasionally, Philip went down by an early train in the morning and was able to spend the entire day; but, more frequently, he arrived in the evening, returning to Oldcastle by the last train at night.

What a different Philip he was, compared with the reserved, quiet man Nella had first known! Not only the expression of his face seemed changed, but the very sound of his voice had a heartier ring in it; every movement of his body betokened a nature more on the alert.

The last day but one before that fixed for the marriage arrived.

On Saturday the 25th of September, Philip came quite early. They walked on the sands, lunched, and then Nella, with some pride showed him her huge "overland mail" ready packed for the voyage. The white letters N. L. on it caught his eye, and he remarked:

"My own belongings are all marked P. L. I never see the necessity for travellers going about the world labelled with their own names and addresses

simply to satisfy the idle curiosity of their fellow-voyagers. Initials are quite sufficient for identifying purposes."

"I agree with you, Phil," was Nella's answer, "especially in the case of a wedding. Do let us try to look as though we had been married for years. Why, surely, surely you are not going?" she asked in dismay. "It is not yet two o'clock, and I promised we should both be at the vicarage this evening."

"I am afraid, dearest, that will be impossible," he said regretfully. "I am obliged to be in Oldcastle at three; I could tell you why and explain all about it, only——"

"It would be such a waste of time, Phil, dear. Besides, I have decreed—and is not my law like those of the Medes and Persians, which alter not—that every business thought is to be laid aside when you are with me? At what hour may I expect you to-morrow?"

"I shall come in the morning, certainly, and stay all day, unless——"

"Oh, you can't transact business on Sunday, Phil?"

"No. Surely the Fates will be kind to me to-morrow."

She left the room singing, dressed quickly, and went with him to the station.

"Till to-morrow, Phil," she said as the train moved off.

"Till to-morrow," he echoed, "and after that—for ever!"

He leaned from the window, a radiant smile illumining his face.

She watched the train until it was out of sight, then walked leisurely homewards. Arrived there she thought it an excellent opportunity to have a talk with Griffiths, and occupied a good part of the afternoon in doing so.

Griffiths had required little persuasion to induce her to go to India. It was not likely that she would allow "her bairn," as she persistently called Nella, to go to that dreadful country without her; and Nella was pleased to see she had apparently taken to Philip as well as she could reasonably expect her to take to anyone in a like position.

They were to be married on Monday morning and proceed at once to London, Griffiths following next day with

the bulk of the luggage; two whole days would thus be spent in London; on the third—Thursday the 30th—they must proceed to Southampton, to be on board the—— that night.

After talking over everything with her dear old Griff, Nella went to spend the evening at the vicarage. Much disappointment was expressed on seeing her arrive alone. It was Dora's doing, altogether, that on this occasion no one else had been invited. Dora was given to having "ideas," and carrying them out to the letter. She intended that they should form a little party of four, and the result would have been—after tea—a little talk, some music, and a rubber at whist. The vicar was a true lover of the game on its own merits, and never played for money. No matter how tired he might be on sitting down to play, he asserted that it always did him good, and cleared his brain.

"To-night we were to have had our final rubber, Miss Nella," he said, "and I own your Philip has disappointed me greatly."

Anxious to defend the absent, Nella answered quickly: "I am sure Philip will be very sorry, and flattered. He is not a good player, Canon—you yourself have said so."

"My dear Miss Elliot, next to a good player, I confess I like a bad one, especially if the latter is a person in whom I am interested. Now, allow me to tell you that Philip Lorraine's play amuses me infinitely. At first, I failed to understand it—it was so odd. But now it is so clear that I read his character thereby. As a partner he is inexpressibly disappointing. He invariably begins well. I have even seen him—though very rarely—play an excellent game to the finish; but, if he once makes the slightest mistake—which even a good player may be allowed to do on occasion—it is all up with him; he can never recover himself, but plays as wildly as any child. It is exasperating and ludicrous at the same time. He is quite aware of the failing. I've watched that ultra-sensitive face of his turn pale with vexation and mortification at the slightest error; and the result is invariably what I have stated. Don't you know? Have you not observed it yourself?"

"Not in the way you describe. It takes me all my time to play my own cards."

"You play fairly well for a woman—so does my wife."

"And Philip plays well enough for me. Life is not like a game of whist."

speaking—flings away his cards at the first mischance."

The Vicar's argument was becoming too serious to please Nella. What could it matter if Philip played bad whist?

"My dear Canon," she exclaimed, "when am I to congratulate you on becoming 'my Lord'?"



"THEY WALKED ON THE SANDS"

"There I disagree with you, Miss Elliot. To my thinking, life bears a very strong resemblance to it. If a man desires to get on in the world, he will find that by exercising a certain mathematical precision in his affairs he must be a winner in the end; but, certainly not if he—metaphorically

"Miss Nella," he answered, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, "your own words render a reply almost superfluous: a ladder can only be mounted by the steps. One month ago, I was not—a canon; nor two years ago—a vicar. Need I go on?"

"No, my Lord Bishop elect!" she

laughed. "Waste no more pearly metaphors on me. But tell me this: how is it that a man whose mind does not work with the mathematical precision requisite to succeed at what should manage to get a lucrative post in India?"

"There is such a thing as luck," he answered drily.

Here, Dora laughingly struck in, "And somebody wouldn't have been going to share that luck if I hadn't put my pretty fingers in the pie? But now you and my husband have had talking enough. I want music. Do, to-night, sing something touching—something that will linger in our ears, dear, when you are gone. Let us all be sentimental, and poetic, and dreamy, like your Philip. I feel as though I should dearly love to have a good cry."

So Nella sang doleful songs to please Dora, then gayer ones for the Canon's delectation, and was beginning to think of going home when a servant announced that Griffiths had come, at the same time handing Nella a telegram which Griffiths had brought.

Guessing instantly who had sent it, she tore it open with anxious haste and read:

"Detained by very important business all to-morrow. Cannot be at Gulcotes before Monday morning. Will be in church at eight o'clock."

She read also in the telegram that it had been sent out from the head office at Oldcastle at 9.45 p.m.

"I am so glad!" cried Dora, embracing her friend rapturously. "We shall have you the whole of to-morrow to ourselves!"

"Ask the Canon if I may swear!" said Nella in a whisper.

This telegram was the first little cloud which rose on the hitherto unflecked azure of Nella's horizon.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WEDDING DAY.

ON Monday King Sol rose from a veil of mist, and shot great shafts of flame across the sea.

Nella awoke at dawn, saw the fishing boats return, watched with keenest interest the glittering silvery herrings

taken from the nets and packed in carts, and casks, and women's creels.

There is usually a touch of sadness in the thought that one is doing anything "for the last time." But this was not Nella Elliot's experience. She entertained no fears for the future. It did not appear possible that her life could be other than a happy one. She was going to an unknown and distant country? True. But her companion was the only man she had ever loved—the one man in the world to her. In addition to her love for him she gloried in the belief that she held this man's happiness in her hand. She likened herself to the queen in the fairy-tale, whose smiles could ensure perpetual sunshine for her kingdom. It is a great thing to have faith in oneself; but a greater still to be able to retain that faith. How it fared with her in this matter, time and events will show.

At eight o'clock Nella Elliot, dressed in travelling costume, entered the church on Canon Scroley's arm, carrying a magnificent "shower" bouquet sent by George Waldy from Covent Garden. A neighbouring clergyman was to officiate, so that the vicar, by Dora's desire, should give the bride away.

The morning had become overcast and gloomy. The church looked full of people, and also full of fog.

One hurried glance as Nella was being led towards the altar rails satisfied her that Philip was already there. She took her place beside him, and the service immediately began.

During the first portion of it she kept her eyes bent on the ground; it was not until the ring was actually being placed on her finger that she looked into Philip's face, and then stared, bewildered, and quite unable to restrain a smile of amusement at the change she saw in him.

Her first thought was—Am I being married to the wrong man? Her next—Who would have supposed that the mere absence of a moustache could so completely alter the expression of the human countenance? For one brief moment it is quite certain she entirely forgot the solemnity of the occasion in her surprise.

Afterwards, in the vestry, Dora, with her usual vivaciousness called attention to Philip's altered appearance: "I

wonder, Mr. Lorraine, you *dare* take such liberties with yourself," she laughed. "Were I Nella, I'd disown you on the spot. What right had you to tamper with your lovely moustache? Why did you do away with it?"

"Am I bound to answer, sir?" Philip asked very quietly, turning to the Canon.

"By no means," replied the latter, looking at Nella with his pleasant bland smile. "Had Mrs. Philip Lorraine made a similar request——"

Nella, knowing that Philip's sensitive nature would be hurt by the observations made—although he had sufficient control over himself to conceal the fact—obeyed her first natural instinct by taking his part.

"You shall not find fault with—my husband," she said to Dora, "for whatever he does is to please—*me*." And the silent language of Philip's eyes thanked her with an earnestness and fervour that her own lightly-spoken words scarcely seemed to merit.

It is needless to linger over the partings that ensued at the station. Dora, amid wild embracings, extorted a promise that Nella would write to her both from London and Southampton; and the Vicar, in fatherly fashion, kissed the bride, wishing her "God speed," and the train moved off, leaving the little group upon the platform waving last farewells.

The compartment in which the Lorraines found themselves was an empty one, and Philip, drawing Nella towards him, asked, with a manner half shy, half sad, "Do you mind?" evidently in reference to that hirsute appendage which already had been more discussed than there seemed occasion for.

"Mind? You dear absurd boy!" she answered, looking at him critically. "Don't you know 'Love is not love which alters when it alteration finds?' See," she continued, disengaging her hands and pushing back the brown tangle from her forehead, "would you love me less if you saw me so?"

He did not immediately reply, and with his eyes fixed on her seemed lost in thought.

"Answer truly, Phil. Are men's hearts won and lost by a few stray curls?" she laughed.

"God knows!" he answered, speaking very seriously. "But your little act, dear, has shown me that you have a broader brow——"

"Than you gave me credit for, perhaps?"

"Yes; and it has set me thinking."

"Thinking? Well?"

"That perhaps some day, when I need counsel, I will come to you."

"If you do so to save a lawyer's fee, you will do wrong. I know nothing of legal matters; but I have a mind that, I believe, can take a practical, common sense view of any subject, and therefore, possibly, it may be of service to you. Yours, dear, has a more romantic, poetical tendency. I soon discovered you were a dreamer! And is not this quite right, and best for both of us?" she went on, pressing his hand caressingly against her cheek. "How terrible to be bound for life to a mere counterpart of one's own self! How very soon one would grow tired of that other self! I have thought it all out seriously, and, believe me, there is a much better chance of happiness by marrying your opposite. Prove my words, Phil, by answering me one question: Do you love me any less for holding these very matter-of-fact views?"

"Less? Ten thousand times more, if that were possible."

"Phil," she said playfully, "it strikes me that some of the light-heartedness I flattered myself I was transmitting to you has suddenly evaporated. Let me sing to you. There will just be time to croon the little song that made me laugh as a baby, and has power to charm dull care away even now that I am a woman." And laying her head on his shoulder, she sang:

"Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile—a;
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile—a."

At the conclusion she looked up laughingly in his face.

Good heavens! Instead of bringing smiles to his lips, had she caused tears to spring to her loved one's eyes? Or, was she dreaming?

Surely it was but fancy that had played her false; for the next moment

he sang the last two lines apparently as blithely as she had sung them.

As he finished, the train arrived at Oldcastle Station, and they took their tickets for the ten o'clock London express, which was ready to start.

The first-class compartment they entered had one occupant. Two long legs clad in broad striped grey material, terminating in a pair of patent leather shoes, were extended across to the opposite seat; the rest of the individual hidden behind a newspaper.

"By your leave, sir," said the porter who had opened the door, when immediately the barrier was withdrawn to be replaced the moment they had passed to their seats.

Conversation of a private nature not seeming desirable, Nella amused herself by speculating what manner of man might be hidden behind that printed broadsheet. When they reached Durham her curiosity was gratified by the object of it starting forward, flinging down the window, and calling out authoritatively:

"How long here?"

"Two minutes," was the reply.

He immediately began to talk to Philip, who, always reticent with strangers, responded only in monosyllables. He then resumed his old attitude, this time apparently settling himself to sleep, and Nella saw then that he was a man of between fifty and sixty years of age; that he had a pleasant, weather-beaten face, short pointed grey beard, and closely-cropped grey hair.

At York they alighted, but Nella declined going to the refreshment room and remained standing by the bookstall, while Philip went, as he said, to forage for both. Turning somewhat suddenly from her apparent contemplation of the books, she almost came into collision with her fellow-traveller.

"I beg your pardon, madam," he said, politely raising his hat. "I was speculating what you would buy—wondering if you prefer trash to truth."

He spoke with a pleasant smile, and sufficient accent to prove him—what she had already suspected him to be—an American. Satisfied on this point she did not resent his speaking to her as she might had he been English.

"Is this trash?" she asked, indicating some volumes in front of her, but looking with more interest into the scarred and deeply-lined face which evidently had a story of its own.

"If it isn't truth, it's trash, you bet! Why read blood-curdling fiction when you can have fact for the same money, or less? Look there," he said, pointing to a conspicuous white placard, whereon large black letters announced the latest news. "Can any novel hold out such promises as these: 'Horrible discovery. A young lady supposed to have been murdered in a railway carriage. The murderer at large.' Read the account of that now. It's brought right down to date. Next instalment to-morrow, and so on, till the murderer's tracked, tried, and roped. Guess they'll have him in a twinkling, so as that sensation won't last us long. Ever read De Quincey's 'Murder Considered as one of the Fine Arts?'"

"I have not," she answered, looking at the speaker with growing interest.

"It's a slap up smart thing—might have been written by a Yankee, and made an indelible impression on my mind when I was a youngster. I concluded to study murder then, and when I want a little recreation I study it now. Nothing's better calculated to take one out of oneself than to enter heart and soul into a downright atrocious murder case. That's so. Ha, the London papers! Now for further particulars."

So speaking, he turned to select some from a pile that had newly been placed upon the stall.

At that moment Philip appeared with a basket of fruit and flowers; they returned to the train, and, as it happened, Nella took a different seat this time—that opposite Philip. Thus placed she could not but be struck by her husband's appearance.

It was not altogether the absence of the moustache that had so materially altered him; she saw now only too plainly that he was looking harassed, worried, ill. The anxieties and responsibilities of the last few weeks without doubt had been too much for him. Thank heaven, all that was ended now, and in a couple of days they would be upon the sea.

Their fellow-traveller came back laden with newspapers. As soon as the train was again in motion, he handed one to Mrs. Lorraine, saying:

"It's all there, in that edition. I'm providing Madam with some interesting literature," he remarked, smiling across at Philip.

"Thank you. I hope you will find this murder case as thrilling as you anticipate," Nella said, thinking if she could only get him to hold forth again on what was evidently a favourite topic it would amuse and interest Philip as well as herself.

"Thrilling! I'm real certain it's just going to prove the biggest mental diver-

sion I've had the luck to come across for years. I'll learn, too, how these things are managed over here."

"Don't read in the train, please, dear," said Philip.

"Oh, it does not hurt me. I always read when travelling alone."

"Nella, I ask you not." And taking the paper gently, but firmly from her hand, he returned it with a few words of thanks to the American.

How absurd of Philip! What could have come over him? wondered Nella. She felt the eyes of that American looking them through and through with all the 'cuteness accredited to his countrymen. If he imagined they were on the



"IT'S A SLAP-UP SMART THING."

verge of their first matrimonial quarrel, however, he did his best to avert it by saying promptly:

"As your husband objects to your reading on the cars, guess I'll tell you the whole narration, and that won't damage your eyesight, anyhow. Saturday night, when the late train from the North reached London, a young woman was found dead in a first-class car—dead, under most suspicious circumstances. The murderer——"

"Pardon me," interrupted Philip, "I have seen some account of this most sad affair. Why assume that it was a murder? You cannot know it."

"I do not know it, but I can form an opinion, like everybody else. Allow me to continue for Madam's benefit. The supposed murderer——" he said, with a smiling bow to Philip.

"I scarcely think this subject can be of any great interest to a lady," observed Philip.

"I own to a little curiosity——"

"With the gentleman's leave, then," resumed the American, apparently with difficulty restraining his laughter.

"But you have not my leave. On the contrary, I request you will not again refer to this most unpleasant subject before—my wife."

"All right, stranger."

What a contrast between these two men! thought Nella. Philip was showing himself more reserved and unapproachable than she had ever known him; and it did seem to her that he was carrying fastidious sensitiveness a little too far.

As to their companion, she began wondering if he were an American at all. He spoke more like the typical Yankee than any of the best Americans she had met, which suggested the idea that possibly he was acting a part.

Thenceforward the journey was a silent one.

At Grantham there seemed likely to be an addition to their party. The door of the compartment was opened and several persons looked in, but eventually passed on, presumably to another carriage.

Punctual as to time the train thundered into King's Cross Station. The afternoon had been unusually dark and

gloomy; London fog seemed setting in; some lamps were already lighted.

The American collected his papers and placed them in his travelling bag. While so doing Nella saw a name and address thereon in conspicuously large lettering:

MAJOR HAMILTON HIGGINS,

U.S.A.

Charing Cross Hotel.

"Luggage, sir?" asked a porter, as Philip assisted Nella to alight.

"Yes. Wait here, dear, while I see to it," and Philip went off in the direction of the luggage van.

Moments lengthened into minutes, and every minute the crowd grew less; cabs and "growlers" close by where Mrs. Lorraine was standing, all heavily-laden, drove away in turn, and she was beginning to find herself almost isolated when at length she saw three persons moving quickly towards her. The middle one was Philip. When they drew near enough for her to discern their faces she could see that her husband's wore a peculiarly anxious expression, and even noticed a nervous twitching of the lips, though in spite of this he tried to smile.

"I cannot go with you," he said in a low voice, but quite loud enough to reach his companions, who, though they had fallen back remained quite close behind him. "Unfortunately, business will detain me for perhaps an hour. This—this—person," indicating one of the men, "will accompany you to Charing Cross Hotel, where I wired for rooms this morning."

How sad, how utterly dejected he looks, my poor Philip! thought Nella. Never, never can he require cheering more than now!

"Tiresome business!" she said. "Well I suppose it can't be helped. Only an hour, did you say?"

And those two men heard every word! They had none of the natural instincts of gentlemen or surely they would have moved further off. They merely averted their eyes, while the peculiar stolidity on the countenance of the one seemed to reflect itself on that of the other.

"An hour at the most," answered Philip confidently.

He gave her hand almost a convulsive pressure ere letting it go when she had entered the four-wheeler on which the luggage had been already placed. She smiled and waved to him as he turned away with his companion; the other man mounted the box beside the driver, and thus was Nella taken to her destination.

CHAPTER V.

A DESERTED BRIDE.

ON reaching Charing Cross Hotel, the man whom Philip had sent with Nella on the cab only waited to see the luggage in and to know the number of the rooms—she saw him enter this in his pocket-book—then, without speaking a word to her, he departed.

Of course it was most annoying that Philip should be called away at this precise moment, but the affair had also its comic side. Here was a bride only married that morning doomed to arrive husbandless at an hotel! Some women, probably, would have wept; but the strangeness of the situation struck Nella as so irresistibly funny that she felt more inclined to laugh. Tripping gaily up the staircase, disdaining the use of the lift, she was shown into a charming sitting room, where the electric light was already shining on a small round, flower-decked table with covers laid for two.

"Dinner was ordered for half-past six, Madam," said the waiter.

Nella requested it might be kept back an hour later.

Next came a chambermaid to show her to the bedroom. The luggage was brought in, unstrapped, and Nella prepared to dress for dinner for the first time as a bride.

She pulled out the pretty things she had arranged to wear. After all, was it such a misfortune that he had been called away? It gave her more time—more time to efface the dust of the journey, to wash, let down her hair and dress it carefully; to don the dainty tea gown—one that Philip had never seen—of pale blue brocade and lace, with long, loose sleeves that left the arms bare—quite a picture gown, in fact. There are men who never seem to care what a

woman wears. Philip Lorraine was not one of these. He noticed everything, even to the texture of a bit of lace. Nella's thoughts were all of him while dressing and clasping round her throat the pearls he admired, and ruffling up the curly hair he loved. And then it wanted but a few minutes of the time her husband should arrive; giving one not altogether unsatisfactory last glance at herself, she went through into the flower-scented sitting-room.

There, throwing herself upon a couch, she fell into a kind of waking dream, so that it quite surprised her when the waiter presently reappeared with dinner, and she told him to take it away again until she rang.

By-and-bye she had a restless fit, and rose and wandered about the room. There were plants in the fireplace and on the tables, besides cut flowers, which gave out an almost overpowering perfume. And, knowing as well as if he had told her these were all placed there by Philip's orders, she fluttered, butterfly-like, from flower to flower, raising the blossoms, touching them tenderly, even whispering words to them, for they seemed to speak to her of Philip's love.

How fast that little clock kept ticking on the mantel-piece—yet how slowly the hands moved. It was *two* hours now, but the last hour, surely, had seemed very long?

She blushed at her impatience. He *must* be here directly. She went to the glass behind the timepiece to see if that blush had left her face. From this little act of feminine weakness she was startled by a knock at the door, and a man entered whom she easily recognised as the same who had come on the cab from the station; and for the second time that day she pitied Philip for having adopted a profession which brought him into contact with such exceedingly unpleasant people.

The intruder's countenance wore what was, seemingly, its habitually stolid expression.

"Have you any message for me?" she asked.

"A note."

He strode forward to where she was standing by the mantel-piece and handed

her a folded slip of paper on which these words were scrawled in pencil :—

"DEAREST,—This tiresome affair cannot be arranged as quickly as I expected. Please send my portmanteau by bearer, who has my full instructions. No fear but I will come as soon as possible. God bless you !

"P. L."

In spite of Philip's apparent confidence in this man Nella felt an unconquerable prejudice against him. He

"Yes. I am to take it to him."

"Where?"

"I can tell no more than is written in your note."

Opening the door into the bedroom, Nella said haughtily: "There is the portmanteau."

He drew it forward so that the light fell on it, and seemed searching for some label or direction.

"P. L." he said to himself dubiously.



"SHE FELL INTO A KIND OF WAKING DREAM"

might be made of wood, or stone, or adamant, for any human feeling he seemed possessed of. She shrank from asking him a single question that her heart dictated. She longed to enquire if it were probable her husband would be detained all night, but courage failed her; instead, she asked coldly,

"You know the purport of this note?"

"I do."

"My husband requires his portmanteau?"

Then looking from it to Nella, "What may that stand for?"

"My husband's name."

"And that is —?"

She did not answer. The presence of this man for some indefinable reason was becoming intolerable to her. He lifted the portmanteau with ease and alacrity, said "Good night, m'm," and vanished.

She breathed more freely when he was gone, but felt faint and dispirited;

this might probably be for want of food. She rang for dinner, made a tolerably good meal, after which her spirits rose and she began to wonder what had depressed them. She believed herself now ready to welcome Philip with smiles and gladness, no matter how late that horrid business might detain him.

Suddenly it occurred to her to endeavour to beguile the time by reading the account of the railway murder spoken of by their fellow traveller, and when the waiter came to clear away she asked him to bring a London paper.

"This is the latest evening edition," he said, placing it on a table by her side.

Here was an excellent opportunity, indeed, for testing an American cousin's advice. He had said: "There is nothing better calculated to take one out of oneself than to enter heart and soul into a downright atrocious murder case. That's so!"

Nella smiled as she imitated his intonation; she broke into a little laugh as she unfolded the paper; was this unnatural? Remember she was going to read the account of the tragedy merely for diversion—as one would read a novel or play for the same reason—scarcely thinking of it as real or that the persons concerned in it were flesh and blood.

That which she sought was easy enough to find. It occupied a conspicuous place; the heading in extra large type seeming to indicate it was the most important topic of the day.

In conformity with a certain up-to-date style of novel writing, the whole newspaper account should be here transcribed, as, however, this would occupy too much space the journalistic report may be condensed as follows:—

When the last train from the North reached London on Saturday night, a lady was found in a first-class carriage, dead. On examining the compartment there seemed abundant evidence of a struggle having taken place. A doctor—a surgeon from one of the London hospitals—who happened to be on the spot, gave it as his opinion that death was caused by strangulation. That robbery had been the incentive to the terrible crime seemed apparent from the fact that a sovereign and some silver were scattered on the floor; also there

was a broken watch-chain from which the watch appeared to have been violently wrenched. So far, no clue had been discovered to the unfortunate victim's identity. She was not more than sixteen years of age, good looking—her personal appearance and dress being minutely described. An inquest would be held on Tuesday morning. Later intelligence stated that the police believed themselves on the track of the dastardly perpetrator of the crime; and the latest news recorded that a man had been arrested on suspicion. The account continued:—"He is of gentlemanly appearance, but refuses to give his name or to answer any questions put to him, further than to say that he is innocent. He will pass the night in the police cells under the watchful eyes of two policemen, and will be brought up for examination at King's Street police-station to-morrow morning."

For some time after reading this Nella sat quite still trying to picture the poor murdered girl, the grief and horror of her friends, and to wonder what spirit of evil could have tempted this "man of gentlemanly appearance" to commit robbery and murder. Of course he was in some way guilty, or why conceal his name? But think of it how she would Nella's attention was not riveted. The affair, terrible as it undoubtedly was, somehow did not affect or interest her. The result predicted by the American did not take place.

There was a piano in the room. Flinging down the paper she went and opened it, and after lightly running her fingers over the keys she began to sing, in hopes thus to charm away the "eerie" feeling that was gradually taking hold of her. But no, it would not do. Her voice was tremulous, the notes played had no melody in them.

The little clock over the mantelpiece still ticked steadily on. She raised her eyes to look at the hands and saw that it was past midnight.

Then, recalling with a pang her own forlorn condition—that of a deserted bride—she could bear up no longer, but laying her arms across the keys she hid her face in them and burst into tears.

It had been a strange wedding day indeed, but it was ended.

(To be continued.)

The National Post Bag

WRITTEN BY HAROLD MACFARLANE. ILLUSTRATED BY DIAGRAMS



WITH no desire to enter upon a discussion as to whether inanimate objects have the power, in common with living creatures, though the latter possess it in a less degree, of secreting themselves at pleasure, we would merely point out that communications that are intended to pass through the post not infrequently conceal themselves while undergoing the operation in a manner calculated to baffle the most astute of detectives. Having achieved its object and remained in seclusion sufficiently long to cause annoyance, one fine day the long-lost communication comes out of its hiding place and allows the operation to be completed, whereupon the recipient writes a sarcastic letter to the papers animadverting upon the dilatoriness of the Post Office officials. Such a communication was the postal card despatched in Leicester in June, 1881, which was delivered in London in June, 1897, after taking fifteen years to travel ninety-nine miles; such was the post card posted on October 24th, 1889, and delivered on November 8th, 1897; and such the card posted at Hornsey on October 20th, 1897, and delivered in South Kensington about the second week in January, 1898. In each of these cases the address was perfectly legible and correct, and in each no explanation could be given for the delay which was, perhaps, due to the property which we have suggested all postal communica-

tions possess, but which is especially aggravated in the case of post cards by the spirit of contrariness making them naturally full of guile and deceit because artificially they are incapable of secrecy.

In place of writing facetious letters to public prints under circumstances such as the above, it would be far more to the point if each of us wrote, say every year, to express our admiration of the marvellous manner in which the Post Office carries out its gigantic task; it would provide editors with cheap copy and put dictionaries of (laudatory) synonyms at a premium. We hope in this article to give some idea of what the National Post Bag contains, and if we accomplish our object we have no doubt but that the reader will as thoroughly appreciate the labours of the particular body of the public servants to which we refer as the writer does.

According to the forty-third report of the Postmaster General, the number of letters, post cards, books and samples, and newspapers, with which the Department had to deal during the postal year was:—

Letters ...	1,893,000,000
Post Cards...	336,500,000
Books, etc....	697,900,000
Newspapers	150,600,000

In Figure 1 the respective lengths of the black columns show graphically how these numbers compare with one another. Practically twelve and a-half

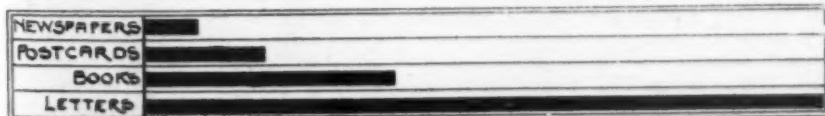


FIGURE 1

letters are carried for each newspaper, four and a-half parcels by book post, and rather more than two post cards; yet, counting night and day without cessation, it would take a man, recording one newspaper a second, more than four years and nine months to reckon up the newspaper post for one year alone, and probably by that time he would be too tired to take on the letters, post cards, and books and samples, otherwise he would have a task that would occupy him for ninety-two and a-half years longer.

To show how the National Post Bag has increased since Charles II.'s

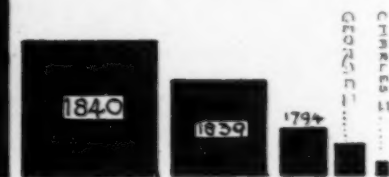


FIGURE 2.

days, we have designed Figure 2, in which the large black square to the extreme left is drawn in proportion to the number of letters carried in 1897; whilst the squares to the right are respectively drawn in proportion to those carried in 1840 (on the introduction of penny postage); in 1839; at the beginning of the wars with Bonaparte; in George II.'s reign—on one occasion it is recorded the Edinburgh mail consisted of a single letter conveyed to a banker named Ramsey; and in Charles II.'s time, when the Post Office as at present constituted was founded. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to remark that the amount per head expended by the

inhabitants of the United Kingdom in the days of the second Charles was not exactly exorbitant, indeed, it amounted to but one penny; in 1744 it increased to sevenpence; in 1855 to 22d.; whilst in 1897, as we see from the large square in Figure 3, which is devoted to the illustration of these facts, it amounted to 72d.

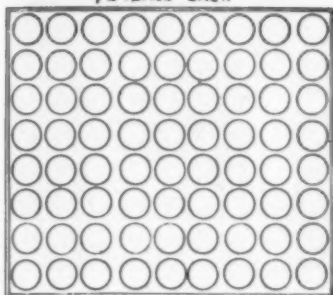
Enormous though the National Post Bag is, when it is divided amongst us our individual correspondence is not calculated to overwhelm us; as a matter of fact, forty-eight letters a year is the greatest number we ever received (from 1841-1850 the annual average was but ten), whilst our daily post is absolutely fragmentary, consisting as it does of '1312 of a letter, '023 of a post card '0484 of a parcel by book post, and a mere shred of newspaper. From Figure 4 we see that each inhabitant of Great Britain and Ireland receives on an average a letter once every eight days, one post card every forty-three days, a parcel by book post every three weeks, and a newspaper practically



every quarter-day. If we took the components of the United Kingdom separately, we should find that the inhabitants of England and Wales receive more communications by post than either their brethren in Scotland or of the sister isle; for instance, the Englishman and Welshman receive a weekly letter, the Scotsman a letter every nine days, whilst the man of Erin has reason to be surprised if the postman delivers a letter at shorter intervals than a fortnight.

When people address letters on the lines of the following examples, which are two authenticated cases, their communications naturally run some

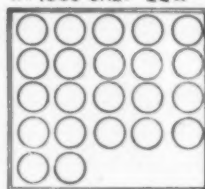
IN 1897 WE SPENT
72 PENCE EACH



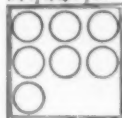
letters "which could neither be delivered to the addressees nor returned to the senders." This is the fate of one letter in about 3,780.

With regard to the size and weight of letters, the Post Office makes every allow-

IN 1835 ONLY 22d



IN 1746 4d. 7c.



IN 1663 ONE
PENNY



FIGURE 3

risk of not being delivered. A letter addressed

Wood
John
Hants.

was correctly delivered to John Underwood, Andover, Hants, whilst a letter addressed

too dad Thomas
hat the old oke
atchut
to Bary

was forthwith placed in the hands of the addressee, who lived at "The Old Oak Orchard, Tenbury."

In Figure 5 the wonderful perspicuity of the Post Office is strikingly exemplified: the area of the large shaded circle is drawn in proportion to the number of letters carried in one year, the area of the small white circle represents the number of letters received at the returned letter offices—the majority of which were either eventually delivered or returned to the senders—and the small black dot in the centre, drawn to the same scale, shows the proportion of

ance to meet the idiosyncrasies of correspondents. A man may send a *billet-doux* by inland post, of unlimited weight, as long as he pays for it, but the Post Office objects to it being more than two feet in length, one foot in width, and one foot in depth, "unless sent to or from a Government Office," in which case it is hardly likely to be a *billet-doux*. But the objection of the Post Office to a document exceeding these limits would be as nothing to that of the recipient who had to wade through it; if, however, we take the average size envelope to have the dimensions of the commercial envelope known as "large octavo in half" we find that, put end to end, the letters carried in a year by the Post Office would form a ribbon that would go six times completely round the earth at the Equator and leave 7,450 miles of letters over. In Figure 6 we see this wonderful fact graphically portrayed; the black column to the extreme right of the diagram is drawn to the same scale as the globes, and represents the remainder of 7,450 miles of letters left over. Were the same letters laid out in rows, all of which touched each other, a space almost equivalent to ten and a



FIGURE 4

half square miles would be required before the last letter was laid down. Londoners may be interested to hear that if every inch of the 360 acres comprising Hyde Park were covered with letters, there would be eighteen and a-half layers of the same to be laid down

a number that cannot be regarded lightly. Piled up one on top of another the aforementioned post cards would reach a point eighty-eight and a-half miles above the level of Trafalgar Square. It may assist the imagination to realise this altitude if we mention that sixteen

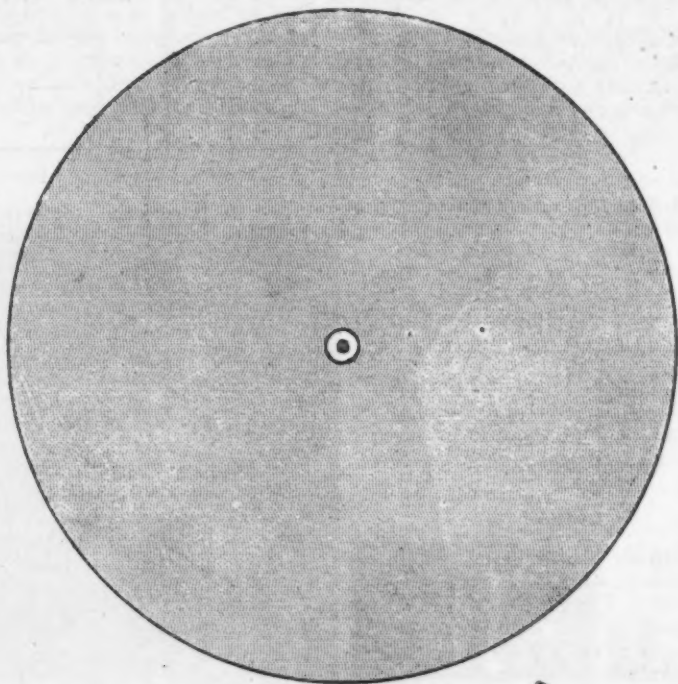


FIGURE 5

before the National Post Bag was exhausted.

In comparison with the number of letters carried, the aggregate number of post cards is almost paltry; but comparisons being proverbially odious, when we regard them by themselves, we must in all justice admit that 336½ millions is

Mount Everests, placed one on top of another, would not reach by half-a-mile a height equal to that of the post cards. If in place of piercing the heavens with the aforementioned column we broke it up into 77,894 piles, each six feet high, we could with these build a post card wall five and a-half miles long, or enclose

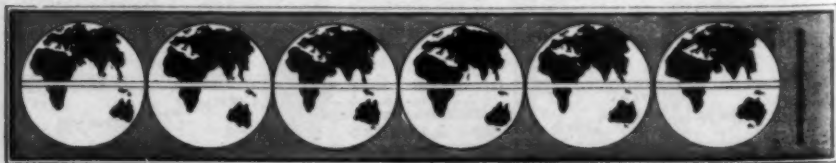


FIGURE 6

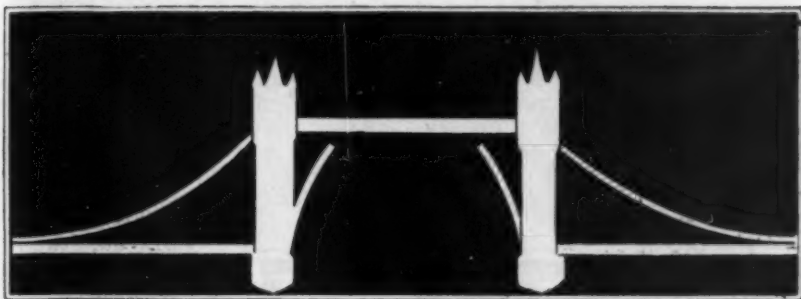


FIGURE 7

with four walls 1,224 acres of ground, which would equal the aggregate areas of Hyde Park, St. James's Park, the Green Park, Regent's Park and Kensington Gardens. In Figure 7 the post cards carried in one year are represented by the black parallelogram, which is 700 feet long and 250 feet high: the outline in white gives an idea of how the Tower Bridge would compare with the post card screen if they were placed facing one another and the latter was supported upon a raft. Finally, with these 336½

million post cards a road forty feet wide and following the usual cycling route from London to Holyhead—i.e., *via* Coventry, Tamworth and Lichfield—could be paved as far as Chester, the pavement, however, would be only one card thick and could not be recommended for durability.

Until a paternal Government presents us with the "free letter-bag" the purchase of stamps will (unless a penny-in-the-slot pillar-box does away with the stamp) continue. It is difficult to gauge

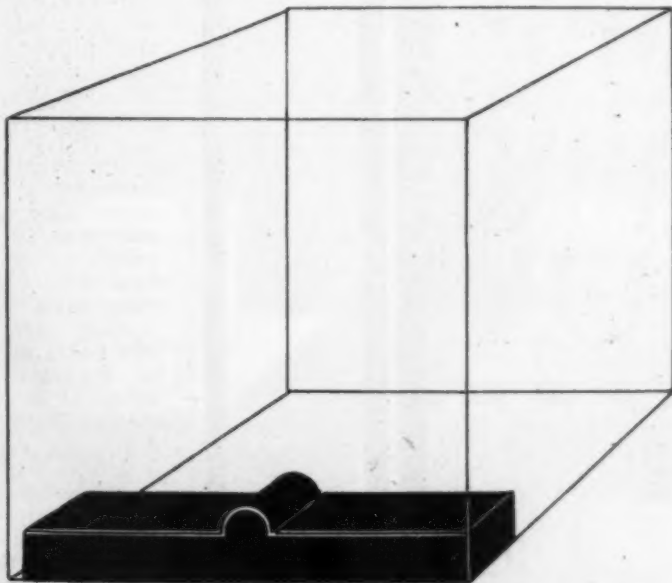


FIGURE 8

how many stamps are utilised purely for postal services, but if we allow that 98 per cent. of letters and book packages carry one stamp, and the remaining 2 per cent. two; that 40 per cent. of the post cards carried bear a halfpenny adhesive stamp, and that newspapers account for 150 million more, we arrive in round figures at the pleasant total of

2,928 millions of stamps, which would extend, if put end to end through some 43,014 miles, or they could (in theory) be made to join Liverpool and New York with fourteen and a quarter strips if they followed the ordinary steam-boat course, or perhaps in connection with "courses" it would be more appropriate to say "the ordinary course of the ocean greyhound."

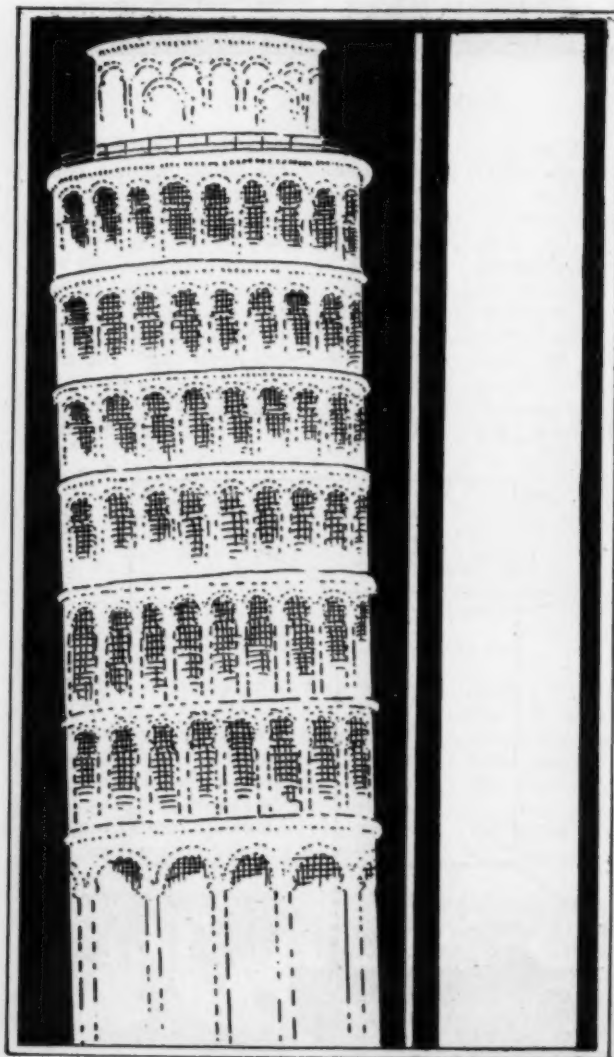


FIGURE 9

In Figure 8 we have taken all the stamps at our disposal, and, having divided them into six sheets, have, by the simple expedient of damping the edges, made a huge stamp-box 1,687 feet wide, deep and high, and, for the sake of comparison we have placed in the box one regulation-sized Crystal Palace, 1,608 feet long, and have presented it with an average depth of 390 feet, which is in reality its widest dimension, as a slight compensation for its most uncrystalline appearance in our diagram. The most cursory glance reveals the fact that the palace would be simply lost in such a box—indeed, we believe that a furniture packer of quite ordinary abilities could get five palaces on the ground floor alone, and with a little coaxing he would probably work in about nine layers of palaces, or forty-five in all, before he licked down the lid. It would be difficult to give a more striking exemplification of the wonders of the postage stamp in bulk, and the ability of furniture removers than this.

Our individual annual contributions of six

shillings apiece amount in the aggregate to £11,876,000, and it is with this aggregate that Figure 9 has to deal. To the left of the diagram we have that architectural freak known as the Leaning Tower of Pisa, rearing itself upwards 180 feet, and leaning 14 feet out of the perpendicular. To the right of it, and drawn to the same scale, we have the "Golden Post." This post, which has a diameter of one foot and seven and a-half inches, is built out of the 11,876,000 sovereigns that form the net postal receipts: to build it 343 sovereigns are taken and arranged so as to cover the area of a circle having a nineteen and a-half inch diameter, the remaining 11,875,657 sovereigns are then taken and 34,559 layers are placed upon the foundation, and the result is a post of exactly the same height as the tower, and a remainder of 21,735 sovereigns left over unused. If in place of being arranged in a circle the 343 columns 180 feet high were placed rim to rim in

a straight line, the resultant screen would be twenty-five feet across; this is shown to the right of the "Golden Post."

The specific gravity of gold being, with the exception of platinum, considerably more than that of most metals, it follows that the "Golden Post" is a very weighty object, indeed, it amounts to more than the total weight of sufficient suits of brass armour such as was worn by Goliath to cover an army of 1,300 Goliaths. If it were possible—we did it with ease in Figure 10—to put 1,358 men, each weighing eleven stones, together with one boy weighing half that amount, into a box, they would almost exactly balance a case containing the net receipts of the Post Office in sovereigns; but in view of the fact that each arm of the balance would have to support a weight of considerably more than ninety-three tons, we hesitate to recommend the experiment as one to be practically carried out.

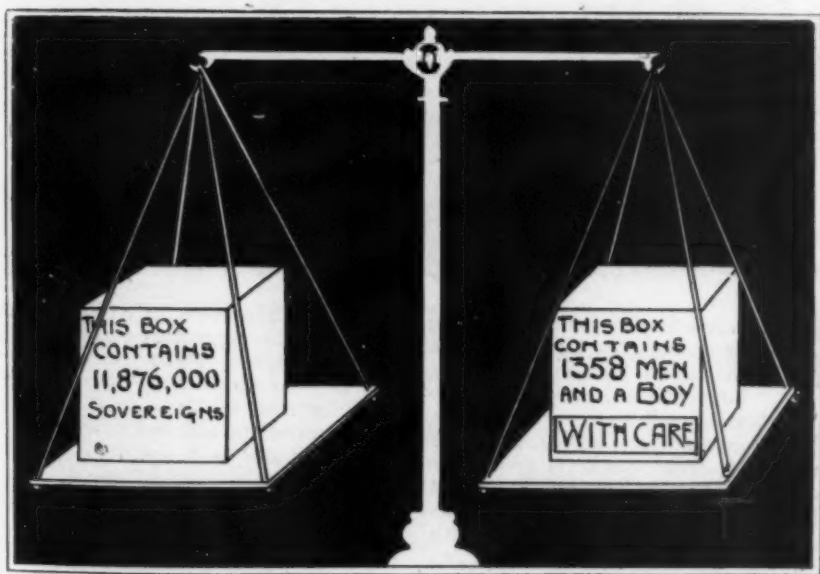


FIGURE 10



WRITTEN BY H. FALCONER ATLEE. ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

SHE stood waiting for him on the quay, her pale, careworn face lit up by a faint smile, her large, sunken, grey eyes sparkling with anticipation.

"He is coming back at last, darling," she said, drawing the little girl at her side closer—"at last;" and she sighed as she thought of the long, slow months that had elapsed since Harold Granton's departure—since they had taken him away.

*Time on whose arbitrary wing
The varying hours must flag or fly.*

Hers was a sad story—so simple, yet so pathetic. Married at nineteen, she

had known happiness for two years with a kind and loving husband and her darling little baby. Harold Granton was secretary to the old Squire at Bowley Hall, in their native home, esteemed and honoured by all, and treated by the old man more as a son than as a dependent.

"I wish you were my son," he would murmur occasionally, thinking of his own boy who had turned out so badly—a spendthrift, a gambler; and Harold was sorry for him, so lonely amongst all his riches, in the grand old mansion on the hill.

Harold's father, the vicar of the parish, had often sought to reconcile

father and son, but to no avail; the Squire was obstinate.

And as she stood on the quay, watching the ever curling and uncurling waves, watching the ever increasing speck on the horizon—the ship that was bringing Harold back to her—the dreadful events of three years ago came back to her: Harold accused of theft—of the theft of some important papers from the Squire; the discovery of these papers amongst Harold's things; then the trial; his sentence. She still heard his voice, so truthful, so sincere: "I am innocent." She recollected how, as she staggered away from the court, Gilbert Dently,

to help her. Gilbert Dently came down occasionally from London to see her, but his visits, his manner, his familiarity were unwelcome.

"My dear little wife!" And two strong arms encircled her trembling form.

"Darling Harold!" And she gazed at the thin face, where two honest eyes seemed as the reflection of the character.

They decided to leave England, to try, in a new land, to build up their position, to live happily again, forgotten by the cruel world. Yet once again did Harold want to see his birthplace, his



"OH, HAROLD! IT'S GILBERT DENTLY!"

the Squire's profligate son, had offered her his arm, how she had marvelled to see him, and how she had resented his advances. Something seemed to warn her against him. His exaggerated politeness seemed false; his patronising attentions were revolting to her.

Harold's father had died of a broken heart, and his family had moved to another part of the country, yet she and her little girl had lived where Harold had left them—lived there, counting the days, the hours, till he came back. "I know he is innocent," she had told the old Squire, who persistently continued

father's grave—once again to enter the house where he had loved and been happy.

It was night when they reached the station nearest to the village, three long miles away. Harold took up his little girl, while his wife clung to his arm, and they started off on their tramp. It was a blustering night. The wind swooped down from time to time like a bird of prey, carrying before it leaves and branches of the trees, and odds and ends. The road ran beside the river, whose waters were now lashed into fury by the hurricane; always swift and

treacherous, the stream was a foaming torrent to-night, dashing up against the rocks that peeped up here and there, discernible in the fitful rays of the moon.

It was a long walk, a silent one, for each had so many things to think of. They were close home now. On the right, at the top of a slope, the Hall stood out darkly against the wild sky.

"See! see!" she said, pointing to a boat, with only one occupant, that had put off from the opposite bank.

"Good gracious!" answered Harold. "Why, no boat can live in a stream like that!" And, as if to agree with his words, a sudden blast of wind swept down, seized the head of the boat, and whirled it round, bringing it with dreadful force in contact with a rock, and precipitating the occupant into the seething waters, amidst the *débris* of the boat. There was one loud cry above the tumult of the atmosphere; a cry, answered by another one from Harold, who, setting down his little daughter, with one word to his wife, tore off his coat, and, without hesitation, plunged into the river.

Spellbound, his wife watches him struggle, and slowly but steadily reach the form clinging to the rock. He has it! Oh! he disappears! No! there he is again! Onward, onward, and at last he and his burden are on the bank.

"Oh, Harold!" she screams, as soon as she sees the now senseless body on the bank near her husband; "it's Gilbert Dently!" And, noticing the ghastly wound on his forehead, from which blood is slowly trickling over his ashen

face: "You must help me to take him to the Hall."

And Harold, thinking only of his duty, and not of the probable consequences of his appearance before the Squire, loads Gilbert's body on his shoulders, and, followed by his wife and child, slowly takes the well-known path to the Hall.

"You! you!" mutters the Squire, on entering the room where Harold waits to tell him the truth; he had left the wounded man to the care of his wife and the servants.

"Yes," answered Harold simply, "I am a bearer of sad news. Your son is ill; come to him."

"Where is he?" and, without waiting an answer, the old man hurries out of the room into the hall, where the ser-



vants have brought a mattress and pillows and brandy for the master's son!"

"Gilbert, Gilbert!"

And the son knows the voice of his father, for he slowly opens his eyes and faintly murmurs, "Who saved me?" There was a silence.

The Squire's eyes fell on the wet garments of Harold. "You?"

Harold bowed quietly.

"Come," continued the Squire, and taking Harold's hand he made him kneel near Gilbert, "This is your rescuer!"

Scarcely had the wounded man's eyes caught sight of Harold than he sat up, a ghastly spectacle with the blood oozing from beneath the hasty bandages—"Oh! God is just," he moaned, and before all present he then related in a few words his own infamy in stealing the papers and allowing Harold to bear

the blame. "Jealousy," he continued, "was my motive, jealousy, because he stood so high in my father's opinion."

He sank back exhausted!

A death-like silence reigned, broken at last by the old Squire going up to Harold and clasping him in his arms, murmuring one word, "Forgive."

The doctor, urgently summoned, pronounced the case hopeless, and a few days afterwards a melancholy funeral took place, the old Squire leaning on Harold's arm during the ceremony; "God has taken one, but given me another!"

Harold was cleared, and when the Squire died many years later Bowley Hall and an ample fortune were left to him.

The neighbourhood know no more charming hostess than Mrs. Granton and her fascinating children.



The Law and the Cyclist

WRITTEN BY W. J. JOHNSTON. ILLUSTRATED BY DUAMOT

SO long ago as the year 1881 Sir Thomas Parkyns, anticipating the march of events, invented a tricycle which could be propelled either by the feet of the rider or by steam. There was nothing in the structure or working of the machine to indicate the use of steam power; the weight was only about two hundredweight, and the tyres were of india-rubber and an inch and a-half wide. Altogether it was a very proper and useful vehicle in every way; but when the inventor attempted to use it in the streets of London, he was harassed by the myrmidons of the law, and was fined by the magistrates because he had gone at a higher rate of speed than two miles an hour, and had not kept a man in front with a red flag and a man behind, in accordance with the Locomotive Acts. A special Act of Parliament was required to remedy such an anomalous and retrogressive state of affairs as the decision in Parkyns' case introduced, and yet lawyers believe that their beloved science is "the true embodiment of everything that's excellent"—that it contains within its principles full provision for all the requirements of civilisation. Truly, as some one says compendiously, the law is an ass. By the Act of 1896, passed fifteen years after Sir Thomas Parkyns was prosecuted for being in advance of his times, light locomotives which comply with certain statutory regulations were permitted to make the Queen's highway the exciting and interesting spot that it is to-day.

It is not so very long ago since bicycles were, in a law book, styled contemptuously "those bewitched and

be-saddled wheel-barrow concerns"; and an eminent judge defined them on one occasion as "a compound of man and wheels—a kind of centaur." But no amount of abuse or contempt can stem the tide of progress. Says Launce to Speed, "Then may I set the world on wheels," and his prediction or desire has been amply fulfilled. Nowadays everybody indulges in cycling, from the highest to the lowest in the land, and we even have an eminent judge confessing in public that accidents arising out of bicycle collisions had become so frequent that he had taken to cycling himself in order to have some practical knowledge of this all-embracing form of amusement and locomotion.

The civil rights and duties of cyclists are, of course, governed by the ordinary rules as to negligence applicable to all persons who use the highway; but those rules have received within recent years a number of novel illustrations in cycling cases that are worth consideration. One of them, in which a lady cyclist and an omnibus horse were the chief *dramatis personæ*, may be taken as a typical case. While the cyclist and a London omnibus were approaching each other diagonally, both declining to deviate from the line of approach, the lady came into violent collision with one of the horses. At the crucial moment she managed to clutch the animal's neck, and so escaped being trampled under foot; but her ankle was twisted out of joint, and her bicycle was smashed. When the case came into Court, it was considered that the omnibus driver could have avoided the cyclist if he had used ordinary care, and therefore was guilty of negligence. But that did not end the matter, for it was decided

that the lady, in not diverging from her course after she had seen the 'bus, had contributed to the accident, and accordingly her claim was dismissed. The same principle is illustrated in another case, in which a man, at 11.30 p.m., had negligently left his cart for a few minutes on the public road with the shafts resting on the ground. A bicyclist ran up against it and was badly injured. In an action for damages, the Judge, while admitting that the owner of the cart had been negligent in leaving it on the public road at such an hour, considered that the cyclist could have seen the cart in time if he had been reasonably careful, and dismissed the action. But this principle cuts both ways. There have been numerous cases in which cyclists, by

the most unmistakable negligence, have knocked down and seriously injured pedestrians, and yet have escaped liability on proof of contributory negligence on the part of the injured persons.

It is agreed on all sides that cyclists must conform to all the regulations to which the drivers of ordinary vehicles are subject; but many judges, commenting on the noiselessness and the other characteristics of bicycles, have declared that bicyclists must take some additional precautions to avoid injuring and being injured by others. It is almost impossible for the driver of a cab or 'bus to see a cyclist who is riding alongside his conveyance; and in a London case in which the parties happened to be in such a position, the



bicyclist, who had been injured by the sudden divergence of the 'bus into a side street, failed to recover damages from the owners of the 'bus. It should always be borne in mind in connection with street traffic, that the rule of the road is not by any means a law, but only a custom; and if a cyclist, while riding on his own side of the road, is injured by a vehicle which is on the wrong side, he will not necessarily succeed in an action for damages, though, of course, there is a strong presumption in his favour. The converse case holds good also—a cyclist who, while riding on the wrong side of the road, injures another, is not necessarily liable, though the presumption is strongly against him.

The regulations with reference to the use of cycles on roads and streets in England and Scotland, as contained in the Local Government Acts, are of enormous importance to cyclists. First of all, it is declared that bicycles and tricycles are "carriages," and subject to all the regulations as to carriages on the highway; but they are not carriages within the meaning of the Turnpike Acts, and are, therefore, not chargeable with tolls. In the case in which this point was considered, it was argued that it would be just as reasonable and consistent to hold that roller skates were carriages, and therefore liable for toll, as to make bicycles liable. As a necessary consequence of regarding cycles as carriages for the purpose of the Highway Act, it is illegal to indulge in bicycle-racing on the public highway, or to ride on the footpath. Cycling on the footpath has been a prolific source of litigation, and it is possible that there will be legislation on the subject before long. There seems to be no reason in principle why cyclists should not be allowed to use the footpath on quiet country roads; and even in suburban avenues and streets cycling on the footpath would cause no more inconvenience to the public than the practice of wheeling perambulators there does at present. As the law stands, however, a cyclist who rides on the footpath in England or Scotland, even when there is nobody in sight and nobody "obstructed," is guilty of an offence and liable to a penalty. The law on this subject is the

same in Ireland, where the judges have decided that the footpath is a place exclusively set apart for foot passengers, and that cyclists cannot in any sense be held to answer such a description. One of the judges remarked that cyclists would continue to ride on the footpath so long as no policeman was within sight; and he recommended, with unnecessary harshness, that in all future cases of the kind the highest penalty possible should be imposed.

The Local Government Acts provide further that during the period between one hour after sunset and one hour before sunrise a lighted lamp shall be carried on every machine, throwing its light in the direction in which the cyclist is proceeding. It is also provided that every cyclist, upon overtaking any vehicle or foot passenger, shall give some audible notice of his approach, as by sounding a bell or whistle; but the use of such means must be reasonable and prudent. If a bell is used unnecessarily or for the purpose of frightening persons or animals, the cyclist is, of course, responsible for any actual damage that may ensue, though he cannot be held accountable for a mere nervous shock. However, if a cyclist neglects to conform to this provision of the Act, a member of the public is not entitled to take the law into his own hands and punish the offender. For instance, a bicyclist, in the act of overtaking and passing a carriage on the highway, failed to give any notice of his approach, whereupon the driver of the carriage proceeded to "lasso" the bicycle with his whip, and brought the cyclist to the ground, where the wheel of the carriage passed over his leg and smashed his cycle. A judge and jury refused to countenance such a method of enforcing the law, and awarded £30 as damages to the injured man. Nor are cyclists themselves, on the other hand, permitted to usurp executive functions. A bicyclist, riding in a quiet country lane, saw a dog making for his leg, and thinking that his life was in danger, whipped out a revolver and shot the animal dead. He was fined by the magistrate, and, of course, it must be taken that this decision, which was confirmed on appeal, was right; but it is difficult to see what

other procedure a cyclist, who was fortunate enough to possess a revolver, ought to have adopted in such an emergency. Perhaps, indeed, he should have waited for some tangible evidence of the dog's real intention before pronouncing the stern decree of death.

The authority of a policeman to stop cyclists who are infringing the law is limited, and has been the subject of two recent decisions—one in England and the other in Ireland. The facts in the English case are common enough. A policeman, while on duty one night in the parish of Keynsham, in Somersetshire, saw a bicyclist approaching who had no lamp, and called on him to stop. The cyclist refused to do so, whereupon the policeman caught hold of the handlebar of the bicycle, and caused the rider to be thrown to the ground. On the hearing of a summons against the policeman for assault, the magistrate ruled that as he had no means of ascertaining the cyclist's name and address, he was bound to stop him in the way he had done. The Superior Courts, however, on appeal, held that a constable has no power to stop a cyclist who is seen committing a breach of any of the regulations in the Local Government Act, and accordingly sent back the case to the magistrates to be re-heard. But, of course, a cyclist may still be stopped and arrested who contravenes any of the provisions of the Highway Act, as by riding furiously or wilfully obstructing the thoroughfare. In an Irish case, a bicyclist, who had been seen riding on the footpath, refused to stop at the request of a policeman, and was riding past at full speed when the constable caught the bicycle, causing it and the rider to be hurled to the ground. The judge, before whom the case came for investigation, decided that, since it was competent for the policeman to arrest the cyclist for riding on the footpath, he had not over-stepped his duty in stopping him in the manner described. It was conceded, however, that in all cases where a fugitive cyclist could only be stopped at the risk of breaking his leg, or taking his life outright, "it would be better to let the man go by."

Cyclists, of necessity, come frequently in contact with innkeepers, railway com-

panies, and even cab-drivers, and there is much law regulating the mutual rights of such parties. It has been questioned whether bicycles are within the rule of liability of innkeepers, inasmuch as they do not, like horses, consume provender and so bring profit to the innkeeper; but this view is untenable. It has been settled that innkeepers are liable if a bicycle, belonging to a guest, is stolen from an inn while the guest is staying there, even though no charge is made for the care and storage of the machine (provided, of course, that the loss was not occasioned by the cyclist's own negligence). In one of the reported cases on this point, the cyclist, when he arrived at a certain inn, suggested to the ostler that his machine should be put into the coach-house, but he was directed to leave it in a corner of the open yard. When he was leaving the inn in the evening, he found that his bicycle, a new one, had been taken away and an old one left in its place. He sued the innkeeper, who, failing to establish a plea of contributory negligence, was mulcted in fifteen pounds.

Railway companies are, of course, liable if, through any defect in their ways or works, a cyclist or his machine is injured. For instance, the workmen of an Irish railway company, while felling some trees, dislodged a telegraph wire. A policeman, coming along on his bicycle, collided with the wire, and his machine was broken. There could be no doubt as to liability in such a case. And if a cyclist or his machine is injured through the unevenness with which a tramway track or a railway line at a level crossing is laid, the company again will be liable. The question whether a bicycle is "personal luggage," so as to enable a passenger on a railway to carry it with him free of charge, has never been positively settled, though a county court judge is reported in *The Times* to have decided that such an article could not be treated as personal luggage. It is more than likely, taking into consideration the dimensions, structure, and use of cycles, that this decision was right, and that the usual charge for the carriage of such articles is allowable. But a commercial traveller who carries on his rounds the component parts of

cycles and incomplete machines as samples, is entitled to the special terms given by railway companies in respect of commercial travellers' luggage, and should not be charged the higher rates for bicycles.

Cab-drivers are sometimes asked to carry bicycles on their vehicles, and it depends on the circumstances of the case whether they can refuse to do so. According to the regulations and bye-

laws in most large centres, cab-drivers are bound to carry a reasonable quantity of luggage for a passenger; but there is no hard and fast rule as to what is a reasonable quantity. It was decided in a particular case by a London magistrate, who, however, laid down no general principle, that the cab-driver in question was justified in refusing to carry a bicycle belonging to a passenger.



vers
ntity
re is
is a
d in
agis-
no
er in
g to
ssen-



A STUDY

Modern Stage Dancing

WRITTEN BY GUY T. LITTLE. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

SOME ten or fifteen years ago it seemed as if stage dancing in England was to have a chance of taking its proper place among the arts of the theatre. Unfortunately, this promise has not been fulfilled, and though undoubtedly it receives more recognition now than it did twenty or thirty years ago, the art has not advanced one jot since the little flash in the pan of the early eighties, which gave hope to the sanguine.

The reasons of this are not far to seek, and may be generally summed up under two heads—one, the almost entire ignorance of the public, and their consequent extreme lack of interest in the dance; the other, the want of conscientiousness in the dancers themselves, which is, after all, only the result of the first.

It is very curious, this want of knowledge in the mass of the British middle class, of the difference between good and bad dancing; they seem to have absolutely no discrimination in the matter. As a rule, their criticism of a dancer's merits appears to be guided mainly by the amount of exertion employed, rather than by the grace or neatness with which the performance is executed. In fact, a bad dancer, who supplements her attempts with a somersault or a catherine wheel, will reap more hearty applause from an audience, the members of which probably pride themselves on their gentility, than would Terpsichore herself if

she confined herself to dancing pure and simple. It is the great middle class, indeed, that is, in the main, responsible for the extraordinary exhibitions which we have been so frequently of late expected to consider as dancing. Their want of discrimination has been, and is, so patent that it has encouraged performers, with more impudence than art in their compositions, to foist themselves



MISS KATE VAUGHAN AND MR. E. W. ROYCE
From Photo by W. & D. DOWNE

upon the public by means of these ugly tricks.

The same accusation cannot be made against the lower orders. Though, no doubt, they do not care for the intricacies of what is known in stage slang as the "skirt dance," that they do take a keen interest in dancing is amply proved by the attention which they will bestow upon a well-executed step dance, which even a rowdy audience will watch in silence as it listens to the "beats" of the dancer's feet. It is true this is not dancing of a high order, but still it is dancing of a sort, and as such is fully appreciated by the class to which it appeals. It would, perhaps, be going too far to expect an educated audience to take a lively interest in a cellar flap, but it seems a pity that they cannot be brought to appreciate dancing of a higher calibre. It is certainly pleasanter to find an audience taking a real interest even in this kind of dancing than that they should take no interest at all; and we venture to think that, when a thing is labelled dancing, it is more satisfactory to see a step dance which is neatly executed than a blundering *pas de fascination*, terminating with a turning head over heels, or the abominable "splits." Fortunately, the popularity of these atrocious adjuncts to the dance appear to be on the wane, and we must trust in a merciful Providence that they may never be revived.

The generally apathetic state of the public mind in regard to stage dancing makes one fear that there is some danger of its going altogether out of fashion, unless some novelty in dances or dancers is found to give life to the always small and now rapidly diminishing interest that is taken in it. A few years ago it was not unreasonable to expect to see good dancing at certain playhouses devoted to the lighter forms of theatrical entertainment; but such is

no longer the case. It is true that at these theatres to-day, the leading lady, whoever she may be, and though she, more often than not, has no notion whatever of dancing, almost invariably flounders through a few steps at the termination of her songs. It would, however, be deviating from the paths of truth if we called this good dancing. Indeed, it is, as a rule, hardly dancing at all, though it is often enthusiastically greeted by the crowd of upper-class suburbia which throngs our burlesque theatres; in fact, almost as if the performer was Taglioni come to life again.

This apparent appreciation of—to put it mildly—the mediocre, must assuredly arise principally from the ignorance of the average audience of what dancing really means. The fashion of amateur skirt dancing, which flourished some few



MISS SYLVIA GREY

From Photo by W. & D. Downey

years ago, was, perhaps, in a measure also responsible, as a portion of the ladies in the audience like to feel that they could, without much study or exertion, go through exactly the same performance in their own back drawing-rooms. The result is, however, painful to the more discriminating, and may, in the end, have a serious effect on stage dancing. For why should performers go through the arduous training that it requires in order to become a really good dancer if they can gain the same applause at the small expense of a few porpoise-like gambols which can be acquired by a course of two or three weeks' lessons. One thing, however, that is very curious, for which audiences can hardly be held responsible, is, that nowadays, our few good dancers are required to sing, and consequently very rarely dance. There is no visible reason for this except that they have as a rule no voices, but the ways of theatrical managers are strange, and it is presumably this that prompts them to arrange things as they do. Following the same line of reasoning, and supposing that there were any young ladies in the opera bouffe or burlesque stage who could sing more than ordinarily well, we should no doubt invariably find them gaily pointing their toes to the chandelier. But the comic opera prima donna with a voice is such a *rara avis*, that one has almost ceased to believe in her existence, so this felicity is denied us and dancing has to take a back seat altogether.

Nothing has so far been said, nor is it intended to say anything of ballet dancing which is quite a distinct thing from the introduced dance of the musical play or burlesque. The same training as that required to become a ballet dancer is, however, of the greatest value, if it is not almost essential to the development of a really good dancer of the ordinary modern type. This fact is especially exemplified in the case of Miss Kate Vaughan, the leading dancer *par excellence* of the English stage in the last quarter of the century. She was, we believe, trained as a regular ballet dancer of the Italian school, and for a few years was the leader of a ballet troupe of four, who were known as the Sisters Vaughan. These small troupes

of dancers were more in vogue at that time than they are now, and it was thus that Kate Vaughan first became known. Though in the early stages of her career she attired herself, as all dancers had done for years before her, in the short fluffy skirt of the *première danseuse*, by a happy inspiration she appears to have come to the conclusion that this hideous and vulgar costume, far from being a necessity, was, in fact, a hindrance to the expression of graceful movement. So one fine night Miss Vaughan surprised her admirers by dancing in a long black skirt, and from that time forward we believe, though the length of the skirt may have gone up or down as the whim seized her, she always performed in skirts, and plenty of them. It was at the Gaiety in the later seventies and early eighties that she made her greatest successes as a dancer, and since that time there have been several others who have followed in her footsteps with more or less success. She has, in fact, formed a school of her own, and will always be remembered as the recognised leader of graceful dancers in England.

And what a dancer! To see Kate Vaughan move was a pleasure, to see her dance a delight. Every movement was perfect, and it was impossible to imagine her doing anything awkward. There was no apparent effort, the whole thing having a poetry in it that is only attained when the summit of art is reached. For dancing is an art when it is brought to such perfection as this, and if it only had proper exponents would be recognised as one. With this dancer, however intricate were the steps she employed, one never exactly knew what she did, and one was only conscious of a beautiful rhythmic movement which seemed entirely one with the music. A thing that spoke highly for her dancing was, that one never had enough of it. The audiences seemed to themselves to have hardly settled down to the enjoyment of watching her, when the beautiful figure, with its whirling skirts and fluttering lace handkerchief, had disappeared and left them wishing for more. As a matter of fact, she had probably been dancing just as long as an ordinary dancer would have done, but

the moments flew with her feet, and time was forgotten by the spectator.

But after devoting herself to dancing for some years, it dawned upon Miss Vaughan that she could act. So off she tripped from the Gaiety, and since then we have been looking for a dancer to replace her. We are still waiting, and, to judge from present appearances, may continue to do so for some time. She has had many successful imitators but no equals. In writing, as we were doing so from memory, we have dropped unconsciously into the past tense, but, happily, the artist under discussion is still with us, and though she does not often dance, when she does she shows herself to be still unapproachable.

Contemporary with Miss Vaughan at the Gaiety were Miss Gilchrist and Miss Phyllis Broughton, both of them excellent step dancers, and, on her secession from the company, the former was for a time called upon to take up the position she had vacated. It was not an easy task, and Miss Gilchrist was so pretty, we have forgiven her long ago.

What a host of dances and dancers we have had since those days, which were, after all, not so very long ago. There have been graceful dancers and

acrobatic dancers, serpentine dancers and coon dancers, step dancers and what not, but how far has dancing been advanced? Not a step; and it is only to be feared that we are on the verge of following the example of the cow's tail and growing downwards. As has been already said, it is rather difficult to determine who is responsible, the public or the performers. The public will not take sufficient interest, and the per-

formers will not take sufficient pains, in the right direction, to stimulate the small amount of interest their audiences still retain. They will go out of their way to secure surprises in the way of effects, but they won't take the trouble to dance.

They have whirled dozens of yards of silk on the end of canes amid a blaze of varicoloured limelights in the so-called serpentine dance; all very pretty no doubt, but not dancing. They have contorted their bodies

and risked their necks in what are known as acrobatic dances, a species of entertainment that is neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring—neither good dancing nor clever acrobatics. They have flapped about to negro melodies; they have skipped, pirouetted and grimaced singly or in pairs; they have worried



MISS LETTY LIND

From Photo by ALFRED ELLIS

their skirts in a ring of light on a darkened stage; they have curvetted, meandered, and pranced; they have seep which out of four, or even eight in a row, could kick the highest; but they have very seldom danced. What is the result? Instead of being considered as one of the main requisites of the lighter forms of entertainment, dancing is slowly but surely being allowed to sink into the background, and what should be an extra attraction is now, even when it is allowed prominence, treated with scant courtesy.

There is no class of the community which is more ready to be told what it ought to applaud than the audience which goes to the theatre with the sole purpose of being amused. Label an item very large as being the main attraction of a piece, and if there is an amount of ordinary merit in it, the public will soon give it the prominence the theatrical manager intends they shall. It is not meant to imply that any rubbish you like to put before an audience will go down with them if it is sufficiently puffed. In nine cases out of ten this would not happen, but if a good thing is put before the average playgoer, and he is discreetly informed of the fact, he does not, as a rule, refuse to recognise its merits. He may lavish his applause on what is indifferent with perfect contentment as long as he can't get anything better, but when something really excellent is found for his delectation, he as a rule prefers it. It seems a pity therefore that what should form one of the most powerful attractions of the more frivolous pieces, has been allowed to be made so little use of. It is a string that can, figuratively speaking, be twanged upon with infinite variety, only when a thing is described as a dance, do, for pity's sake, let us have dancing.

Though we complain that dancing has lately been allowed to take a back seat, it must not be imagined that it is intended to imply that since the days of Kate Vaughan at the Gaiety there have been no good dancers. There have, in fact, been several. Following mainly on the lines laid down by Miss Vaughan, Miss Sylvia Grey and Miss Letty Lind for some time divided the honours

equally. It would be extremely hard even if it were necessary, to say which was the better when both were so excellent; while the former excelled in in sinuous grace, the latter had an airy lightness that was delightful to watch. While they were at the Gaiety dancing could not be said to be inadequately represented; but, alas! Miss Grey has retired, and Miss Lind has taken to singing.

Another really admirable artist, though quite in a different manner, is Miss Katie Seymour, a step dancer, whose deftness of foot is at the present time unequalled. Appearing first on the regular stage in the burlesque of Joan of Arc, in which she executed a *pas seul*, that for lightness rivalled the pirouetting of a gnat on a shady pool, she at once danced her way into the good opinion of the public, and has ever remained a great favourite. Her *pas de deux* with Mr. Edmund Payne (also an excellent dancer), which followed the duet of "The Candle and the Moth" in Don Juan, was one of the prettiest things of its kind there has been in recent years. To revert to the followers of the Vaughan school, however, there have been, and still are many artists who have met with success, those most prominent being Miss Mabel Love, Miss St. Cyr, Miss Alice Lethbridge, and Miss Topsey Sinden, the latter a young lady with much natural grace, though perhaps a trifle too exuberant in her method.

The high kicking and leg twisting dance is, we trust, now almost a thing of the past. Though at one time in great favour, it from the first made the true lover of dancing grieve. Beginning with the *pas de quatre* in "Faust up to Date," it may, we hope, be said to have terminated with the descent on London of La Gouloue and her companions with their modified version of the hideousities of the Moulin Rouge. As for this *pas de quatre*, or black leg dance as it was called, from the colour of the dancers' stockings, though there was nearly as much talk about it as there was over the famous Taglioni, Grisi, Cherito, and Grahn *pas de quatre* of 1845, it was not much to make such a fuss about after all. The four young ladies who took part in it, with more energy perhaps

than grace, finished their evolutions by placing themselves one behind another, and alternately kicking their legs in opposite directions, a device which had been used so often before that the only wonder is that the public did not resent it as stale. On the contrary, however, they did not seem to notice any want of novelty in the performance, and flocked to see it by the hundred. The result was, that in every burlesque for the next two or three years, there was a *pas de quatre*, each vieing with the other in the attempted eccentricity of its ending. head down and feet up, Catherine wheels or the ordinary common place head over heels of the nursery, it mattered not how inelegant, all were tried in turn, until at length the public sickened of it altogether, and the whole thing was con-

signed to a limbo from which it is to be hoped it will never more emerge.

If we have no prospect of anything in the way of an improvement in the immediate future, we can at least console ourselves with the thought that this ugly and inartistic phase of stage dancing is over. Though there are not any present signs of a reaction in the form of a cultivation of the higher branches of the dancer's art, the art is in itself so attractive that such a reaction must come in course of time. Until it does we must continue to live on the memory of the good dancers it has been our luck to see in the past, and the hope—though it may be hope deferred—of some day seeing the art of dancing as an exhibition treated with the measure of appreciation which is its due.



MISS KATIE SEYMOUR

From Photo by ALFRED ELLIS

A Peep into Palm Land

WRITTEN BY E. G. BARNARD. ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS



I HAD had no summer holiday. The reason why does not matter; but the fact is the foundation-stone of the present article. It was, then, only when last year's October was almost over that the chance to flee from Town presented itself to me. Where to go? That was the question which had vexed me all through the August heat and that waning of summer which always gives me a severe fit of the miserables. A country house, with a cheerful house-party and a bit of shooting, would be ideal, of course. But alas! The only invitation I expected had not come. Paris? Brussels? Dull, almost, as London at this time of year. The Riviera? Too early—and too English for my liking. No; decidedly, Europe, for my immediate purpose is

no good. I want change and I want sunshine. Where can I get the certainty of both combined with the comfort of decent European hotels? The answer came to me out of my own experience. Why not return to an old happy hunting-ground of mine across the Mediterranean? Why not revisit Algiers, and, having a month at my disposal, push on further still, across the fertile Tell, through the barrier of the Atlas, down to the edge of the Sahara? The very thing! But, "twere well it were done quickly." In the gathering gloom of what Mr. Guppy called "a London particular" I consult my watch. Scarcely three o'clock on a Thursday afternoon. I have time to pack a portmanteau (not forgetting to put in my lightest of flannel suits and a straw hat) and catch the



SUNSHINE AND SHADE

From Photo by LEBOUX, Algiers

corridor-train to Dover. I will sleep at the Lord Warden, cross the Channel next morning; reach Paris in time for dinner; spend the night in the "Rapide" on the way to Marseilles; catch the boat on Saturday morning; and dine comfortably in Algiers on Sunday evening. There, under the warm wings of the "White Dove," I can take time to consider my next move. No sooner said than done. The sunset of a fine autumn

the excellent *déjeuner* which the Compagnie Transatlantique includes in the price of my passage. On deck again in time to witness the arrival of the new Governor-General of Algeria, M. Lépine, who is going over, with his wife and children, to take up his new post. The ex-Prefect of Police is a keen, kindly-looking little gentleman; but he hardly strikes me as having quite that prestige of personal presence which is



A VILLAGE HIGH STREET

From Photo by LEROUX, Algiers

evening flashes in my face as the boat-train steams into the Gare du Nord; by good luck I secure a berth in a *wagon-lit* at the Gare de Lyon; and when an amiable attendant brings me coffee next morning we are well down towards Marseilles. The city of the Phocéans is in a blaze of summer sunshine, and down in the harbour the glare on the promenade deck of the good ship "Général Chanzy" is so fierce that I am fain to seek the protection of the saloon and the solace of

desirable in the occupant of so difficult a position as that for which he has been chosen. I may add that M. Lépine's failure to cope with the recent anti-Semitic disturbances at Algiers has since justified my suspicions on that score. It is about one o'clock when we begin to leave the gaunt wind-swept coast of Provence behind us, and, as ill-luck will have it, our passage is a bad one. We get our full share of knocking about in the Golfe du Lyon, and the "Général Chanzy," which has

a bad name for rolling, lives up to her reputation and rolls horribly. On the next afternoon, however, the weather, which had been squally improves considerably, the peaks of the Djurdjura gradually rise above the horizon, and at last Algiers, "the diamond in an emerald setting," as the Arabs call it, opens out before us in all its dazzling whiteness. As we glide into the harbour the "Général Chanzy" indulges in a mild debauch of squibs and crackers to notify the arrival of the Governor-General, and we perceive that Algiers has turned out *en masse* to give him greeting. The Place du Gouvernement and the great Boulevard that faces the sea are thronged with a many-coloured crowd of Europeans, burnoused and turbaned Arabs, veiled Mauresque beauties, and soldierly Zouaves, Turcos, and Chasseurs d'Afrique and Spahis on their weedy little white barbs. The port is alive with boats of all sorts and sizes. Anon comes the Port Admiral's launch, and that gallant officer boards us, accompanied by the general commanding the Nineteenth Corps d'Armée, their aides, and various civilian *gros bonnets*. When the big wigs have departed we humble passengers fight our way ashore through the usual crowd of howling, gesticulating Arab porters and hotel touts, and a quarter of an hour later I am surveying the scene from the hospitable vantage ground of the Hôtel de la Régence on the Place du Gouvernement. It is Sunday, the first of November—All Saints' day—and Christians, Moslems, Jews, are all making holiday in a kaleidoscope of costume such as I defy you to find in any other city within three days' journey of London. Slowly the glowing sun sets behind the old Kasbah; the stars and the lamps shine out; and gradually the noise of the holiday crowd dies away into the scented stillness of the African night.

I give myself three days to renew my acquaintance with Algiers, to look up old friends, to stroll through the tortuous alleys of the Arab quarter which lead through strange, sudden alterations of dazzling sunshine and sombre shade to the hill-top on which stands the Kasbah, the old Palace of the Deys. On that hill-top there is a favourite "pitch" of

mine. It is a bit of waste ground beneath the Kasbah wall, almost in the shadow of the grim gateway where still hangs the chain which, in the old days, was garnished with the head of many a Christian slave. There I sit, and sitting survey a panorama as lovely, in its way, as any the world affords. Below me, tier after tier, like the steps of some gigantic marble staircase, the white, flat-roofed Moorish houses descend to the harbour, where the gay Neapolitan fishing boats nestle under the shadow of the old jetty, which Cervantes may have helped to build, and round which Exmouth's men-of-war sailed in to attack the Algerine corsairs in their hornet's nest. To the right rise the green slopes of the modern suburb of Mustapha, thickly dotted with white-walled hotels and villas, filled every winter with English and other *hiverneurs*. Beyond that the great crescent sweep of the bay stretches away to Cape Matifou, backed by the mighty range of the Djurdjura—time out of mind an impregnable city of refuge for the outlaws of northern Africa and southern Europe. And before me, a blaze of gold-flecked blue, the Mediterranean smiles "the many-twinkling smile of ocean" under the yet brighter blue of the African sky.

A fair scene, indeed; and yet one over which, for a Christian and an Englishman, history casts a dark shadow of sadness. How many hundreds—thousands, may be—of our poor countrymen have eaten out their hearts in slavery, sorrow, and suffering in that fair, sunlit city below me? If those white walls could only speak, what a tale they would have to tell! On this very spot, where I sit in peace and safety to-day under the cruel Kasbah's wall, many an English slave may have looked northward across yonder sea, in hopeless longing for freedom and for home, sick of the eternal sunshine, and pining, like Enoch Arden on his lonely isle, to scent "the dewy, meadowy morning breath of England." That Englishman must be strangely lacking in sympathetic imagination who can gaze unmoved upon the whited sepulchre which the "White Dove" was for many a weary century. And not for Englishmen only does the shadow of a blood-stained past



A VILLAGE MOSQUE

From Photo by LEROUX, Algiers

lie heavy on the beauty of this Aphrodite Anaduomené on the shore of the Mediterranean. Scarcely a country of Europe but has tales enough to tell of the fate of some of its sons and daughters at the hands of the dreaded Algerines. Again I say—If those walls could speak! Look at yonder little grated window. It was from just such a one—possibly from that very one—that the white hand, the “muy blanca mano” of the Moorish maiden waved the cross, which a Christian slave-girl had taught her to love, as a signal of hope to the Spanish slaves in the court below, as Cervantes has told us in that sweet old story of “The Captive.” But who shall ever learn the dead secrets of those impenetrable walls? The “Tales of the Alhambra” are scarcely more romantic than the scenes enacted within those strange, silent houses in old Algiers.

Algiers, however, is not my goal; so seven o'clock on a brilliant African

morning finds me at the station, about to start on the two days' journey south-eastwards to Biskra, under a sun already so hot that I am glad to take the shady side of the carriage. The East Algerian Railway at first skirts the bay, striking inland presently through an exceedingly picturesque country. I know nothing more beautiful than the rounded outline of the Kabyle highlands with the sheen of the sunshine upon them. There is a suavity alike of form and of colour about them, which has induced a French writer to compare them to “heaps of velvet”; and the phrase admirably expresses the contrast between these hills and the rugged wind-swept heights of Provence, which one leaves behind at Marseilles. In the distance, too, I catch sight of the grand mountain range of the Djurdjura, with the peaks of the Lalla Khadidja and its fellows, capped only by the highest of feathery clouds. We stop for lunch at

Bouira, a country station which, despite its rustic appearance, provides me with a chicken *à la Marengo* which would not have disgraced a first-rate restaurant. They cut the time much too fine, however, which is all the more unnecessary, because the East Algerian only runs two trains a day, so that time can be no object. "En voiture, s'il vous plait!" The crowd of Believers in burnous, soldiers, and colonists on their way to market pack themselves away, and the little train rattles and bumps along the single line until the November sun begins to set. We are rising steadily now from the sea level to what are known as the High Plateaux, and, as we rise, the character of the scenery changes. We have left the mountains with their thick garment of *maquis* behind us, we have crossed the plain of the Medjana, and have entered the heart of the great corn country, bare and tawny as the back of some gigantic wild beast at this time of year, and unbroken by a single tree, save where, at rare intervals, a modern French village has grown up on the bank of some tiny stream. I dine at Sétif—the Sitifis of the Romans—a flourishing French town with a big Sunday "souk," or market, where some ten thousand Arabs and Kabyles assemble every week to trade. Then two hours' more bumping through the darkness brings me to my night's resting-place, El Guerrah, the junction at which the line to Biskra strikes suddenly southward towards the Sahara. The "Hôtel El Guerrah," as it is somewhat imposingly named, is just a long shed with a row of bedrooms on each side of a long passage. My bedroom is unpretentious enough, but the bed is excellent; and after sixteen hours' bumping on the East Algerian, I am asleep in no time.

Where am I? Can this really be Guy Fawkes day? As I throw open the window and gaze at a bare brown hill-side, on which a solitary camel is finding what sustenance he may, which stands out, clear cut, against the intense blue of the sky, I have a vision of the "London particular" and the November mornings of my native land. The train does not start until mid-day, so that I have plenty of time to explore El Guer-

rah, and take lunch. The former operation does not take long, for the place consists of a single street of cottages inhabited by the railway folk. Life at El Guerrah must be a trifle monotonous, but the air is delicious. Remember that we have been rising steadily most of yesterday, and that, although we are nearly three hundred miles south-east of Algiers, we are about three thousand five hundred feet above sea level. Positively the air is a champagne air—as exhilarating as Brighton or Portrush, and yet so hot, withal, that I am thankful to be in flannels and *minus* the superfluity of a waistcoat. The afternoon finds me steaming southward, now over great tracks of marshy land, whence the salt water has evaporated and where the salt lies thick upon the dry bed of the lakes like a crust of hoar frost.

We pass Batna, a big garrison town, which commands the main route of the annual comings and goings of the Nomad tribes from the south. By this time my eyes are getting familiar with the sight of the long caravans of camels returning to the desert, and the rough stone or mud-built *gourbis* of the agricultural Arabs of the Tell have given place to the "houses of hair," the tents of the Nomads. As we near that portion of the Atlas range which is called the Aurès, the character of the scenery changes to the savage grandeur of rock and chasm. At last, just about sunset, we enter the mighty gorge of El Kaltara, which winds its way to a narrow opening in the sheer fall of rock that forms the Titanic rampart dividing the Tell from the desert; and suddenly, in a moment, we have passed the barrier and have emerged upon the boundless Sahara. Past the palms and mud-houses of the oasis the train bears us through the gathering gloom for yet another hour and a-half, and it is quite dark before we reach Biskra, where a 'bus deposits me prosaically at the Royal Hotel, the handsomest in Algeria, and, not improbably, one of the handsomest in the world. Then dinner, and a cigar under the orange trees and palms of the fair garden round which the hotel is built, and so to bed, while the last bugle-call from the French Fort St. Germain dies away, and nothing breaks the silence

save the distant barking of dogs from an Arab encampment, far out on the desert.

A most dolorous and unearthly grunting and groaning, mingling with and finally dispelling my dreams, wakes me soon after sunrise, a true sunrise of Africa, the next morning. Throwing open my shutters and stepping out on the broad balcony, 120 feet long, upon which my bedroom gives, I discover the cause of these mysterious sounds. A caravan of camels is loading up for the day's

indeed, in that pellucid morning air, mild yet invigorating, pure with all the purity of the southward stretch of the vast African solitudes on the threshold of which I stand. Looking towards the rising sun I see immediately before me the broad, stone bed, of the Ouad Biskra. That white building, with a little dome a-top, is a *koubba*, that is to say, the tomb of a local Marabout, one Sidi Zer Zour. That holy man had his hermitage on the spot where his *koubba*



THE TOMB OF SIDI ZER ZOUR From Photo by LELoux, Algiers

journey southwards, and the *djemels* are protesting against the operation in their usual style, wagging their long necks from side to side, and showing their great green and yellow teeth viciously. It is a glorious morning, and after taking my cold tub at the open window and making haste to dress, I mount the slender white minaret of the hotel, whence the whole panorama of the town, the palm groves, and the Desert lie open to my gaze. A lovely scene,

stands; and being threatened by a rush of water from the mountains, he prayed to Allah to divert the course of the flood, which was done. Some day, unless heaven intervenes again, a winter flood will sweep his holy bones away; but in the meantime he is held in the utmost reverence by the Moslems of Biskra, and his tomb, as you may see from the photograph, is a place of pilgrimage. Away beyond the Ouad Biskra lies the Djebel Ahmar Khaddou, the

Mountain of the Rosy Cheek," so-called because it is dyed a beautiful rose colour at evening, "blushing," as the Arabs say, "under the last kiss of the sun." Likewise I discern a distant dark line where the palms of another oasis—Sidi Okba—break the horizon. To the west the little French town nestles among its groves of palm and sweet-smelling *cassie*, backed by distant hills, while northward I descry the frowning range of the Aurès through which I passed last night. South and south-east, beyond the mud villages buried in groves of date palms which form the Vieux Biskra, as the French call it, the desert stretches away in an uninterrupted plain, taking, in the distance, a blue tint suggestive of the sea. If, indeed, I were suddenly transported to this minaret on the Flying Carpet of the Arabian Nights, I should certainly believe myself to be viewing the distant ocean from a lighthouse on some flat and sandy estuary. The illusion is completed by a slender column of smoke rising from an Arab *douar* in the distance, which seems to come from the smoke-stack of some steamer hull down on the horizon. It is, moreover, a historical fact that when the first French expedition, under the late Duke d'Aumale, first caught sight of the Desert from one of the neighbouring hills, the soldiers shouted, "La mer! la mer!" and the officers got out their maps to see if they had not happened unexpectedly upon some vast inland lake.

Coffee taken I make haste to pay a visit to the "Souk," the market place, while the morning's business is yet in full-swing. As I leave the hotel a French bugle rings out blithely the familiar call of the *casquette*—

As-tu vu la casquette, la casquette,

As-tu vu la casquette au père Bugeaud?—

and a company of Turcos, soldierly, serviceable fellows, goes by on the march. The "Souk" is the core and kernel of life at Biskra, being, in particular, a great centre of business in dates, the staple commodity of the Desert; and, the date harvest having been got in last month, trade is brisk. You will get an excellent notion of it from the photograph, which represents one side of a square of little cube-like white-washed

houses built over a low, dark arcade. Within that welcome shelter from the sun are the native shops, mere holes in the wall, where the Arab tradesmen display their wares. Some of these recesses are native cafés, and the customers are drinking from dainty little cups, squatting on mats of alfa, their slippers duly ranged, for the command to "put off thy shoes from off thy feet" is universally obeyed. Here you may see them playing draughts on boards like ours, but with conical wooden pieces, *kelab damma* ("draught dogs"), or cards, with queer little bits of paste-board, three of which would make one of the European sort. In the middle of the square a French architect, in an evil hour, has erected a brick-red tiled *halle*, which conflicts unpleasantly with the otherwise unbroken Orientalism of the scene. Between the arcade and the *halle* the open space is fitted with an ever-moving crowd of Arabs, camels, donkeys, sheep, goats, Spahis in their long red cloaks, French soldiers, and a sprinkling of French housewives out marketing. It is on the western side of the square that the date-market is held. "*Tmar, Tmar*" ("dates, dates"), resounds on every side. The caravans are coming in daily from the South, and the ground is covered with dates, dates in big baskets, dates in great double sacks of camel's hair, dry dates in pyramids, and sheepskins and goatskins filled with a dark, glutinous *purée* of dates, such as the Arabs love. Among all this merchandise moves a throng of buyers in burnous, and of street Arabs—*beni plaça*—the genuine article, on the look out for plunder, and hideous old crones, picking up what odds and ends they may—fishers in the troubled waters of the market-place. And over everything, dominating the mingled odours of the market and its wares, there is wafted to my nostrils that vague scent which the African sun distils from all the vegetation, and which I can only describe as the characteristic perfume of Africa. But that same sun is waxing overpoweringly hot; so I leave the Souk, and stroll away to the shady public garden which faces the long low arcade of the main street, and rest awhile—palm-land makes pleasant resting—

under the palms and sweet-smelling golden tufts of *cassie*, listening to the babbling of the stream flowing from the immemorial spring which gives life to Biskra. Anon midday strikes sleepily from the little Catholic church hard by, and thereupon I dawdle back to *déjeuner*.

Biskra en-nokhal, Biskra of the palms. The Romans (of whose presence one or two solitary traces remain in the shape of pillars standing in the palm-villages) called the place, in their eminently practical way, "Ad Piscinam," in honour of the life-giving spring before-mentioned. Were that spring to dry up, a single summer on the Sahara's edge would scorch Biskra and all that therein is into desolation as complete as that of the sites of the once-flourishing towns of the Roman province. But "God is great," as they say out here, and the stream runs on and runs ever, giving an endless supply of water—slightly saline and not very palatable to drink—for the hundred and sixty thou-

sand palms of the oasis and the ten palm villages which nestle embowered among them. Of these villages—there are bits of three of them shown in the photographs—one is very like another, but all of them have a singular beauty, as French and other artists are finding out more frequently every year. It is palms, palms, everywhere. The narrow lanes wind between dwellings built of *tôbe*—sun-dried mud-brick—with roof-trees of palm. Through them run innumerable *seguias*, bright, babbling streams, crossed at intervals by little rustic bridges made out of the inevitable palm. The palm-leaf thatches the house, the palm-leaf stem thrashes the donkey; the palm is omnipotent and omnipresent. Each village has its white-washed mosque, dedicated to some saintly "Sidi"; and as sanctity does not by any means imply celibacy under the law of the Prophet, you may, perhaps, see the grandchildren or great-grandchildren of the holy man chasing



THE MOSQUE OF SIDI OKBA

From Photo by LEROUX, Algiers

the
wh
oas
arc
cou
dw
pita
ties
pre
pre
a m
dist
inte
not
old
sur
in
Fre
the
to th
a co
excl
on th
The
esca
of su
draw
comm
appa
the
pusse
little
sunli
the m
birds
rainb
Th
Biskr
well
princ
Fren
not c
I was
conte
Arab
perfor
Europ
beatin
The p
the tr
wome
the F
caste
and le
the Ar
beauti
and th
VOL. V

the little black-winged dragon-flies which flit about the brooks of the oasis. You can enter the dark archway which leads to the inner court of any one of these primitive dwellings, and be sure of a hospitable welcome; but the importunities of the children, who would be pretty were it not for the general prevalence of sore eyes, constitute a nuisance, only to be abated by a distribution of *sourdis*, which is by interpretation, "coppers." You will not forget to visit the ruins of the old Turkish Kasbah, or fort, which surrendered to the Duke d'Aumale, in March, 1844, and where the French garrison were massacred by the Arabs two months later. Nearer to the town than the palm-villages is a collection of mud hovels inhabited exclusively by negroes, and known, on that account, as the *Village Nègre*. These negroes—Soudanese, mostly escaped slaves, or the descendants of such—are the hewers of wood and drawers of water of the Biskra community, miserably poor, but an apparently happy race. They exhibit the traditional love of "kuller pussons" for bright colours, and the little black children flash across the sunlit lanes of the village, in and out of the mud hovels like brilliant humming-birds, clad in all the hues of the rainbow.

There is not much to be done at Biskra of an evening, early to bed, as well as early to rise, being a fixed principle with the inhabitants both French and Arab. Entertainments had not commenced at the new Casino when I was there, and one was reduced to the contemplation of native dances in the Arab cafés—inlegant and uninteresting performances accompanied by what to European ears is a hideous, monotonous beating of tom-toms and squealing pipes. The performers are invariably ladies of the tribe of the Oulad Nail. These women, who may be met with all over the French Sahara, form a hereditary caste for the exercise of the most ancient and least honourable of professions. By the Arabs they are considered extremely beautiful, their costumes are brilliant, and they wear their wealth upon them in



A LOCAL BEAUTY

From Photo by LEROUX, Algiers

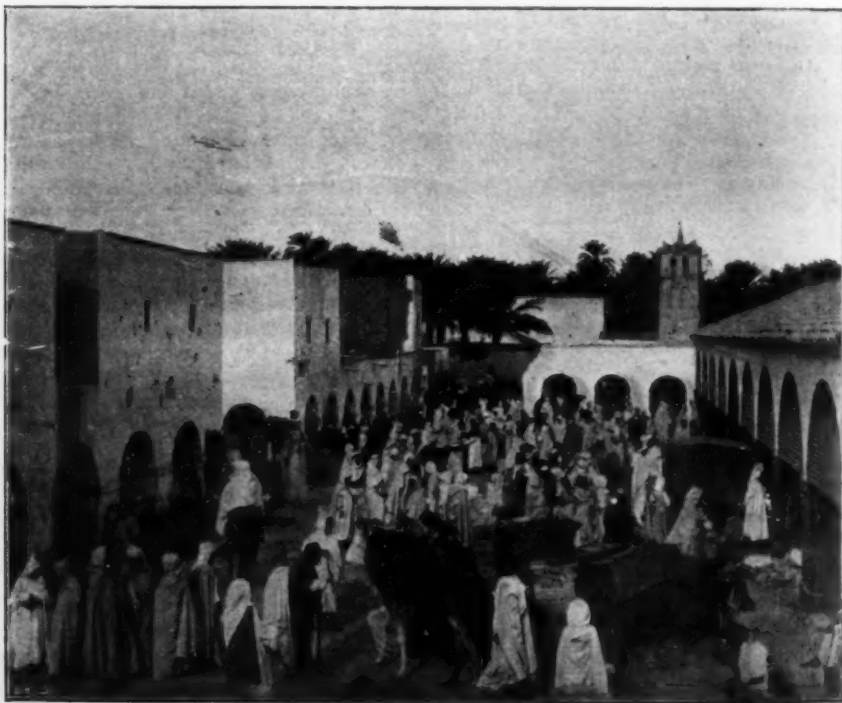
the shape of gold and silver ornaments, often of considerable value. The reader may judge from the photograph of one of them—their faces are all of the same type—how far European taste would endorse the admiration of their compatriots. The French authorities only permit the Nailiennes to reside in one or two particular streets, the houses of which are distinguished by wooden balconies of gaudily painted wood, on which these gaily dressed Houris may be seen displaying themselves, the effect of colour being very picturesque. I was informed by one of the inhabitants of Biskra that when a Nailienne desires to marry she is expected to undergo a preliminary widowhood of forty days, to make a pilgrimage to the *koubba* of Sidi Zer Zour (of which mention has already been made), there to take an oath of fidelity to her future husband. She may then be married by the Kadi in accordance with the law of the Prophet. It is commonly stated that the Nailiennes always return to their tribe when they have "made their pile," and become

exemplary domestic characters—a point, however, as to which I may be permitted to “ha’ ma doots.”

There are plenty of excursions to be made from Biskra, the most interesting of them being to the oasis of Sidi Okbar, some fourteen miles to the south-east across the Desert. One rides or drives over, taking lunch with one, as there are no means of obtaining anything there but coffee and dates. I lunched *al fresco* in an old garden full of lemon trees, at the back of an Arab café hard by the ancient mosque, of which the minaret is shown in the photograph. Sidi Okba is so-called after Mohammed’s famous lieutenant, Okba ben Nafi—he that spurred his horse into the Atlantic at Tangier, and declared that no less an obstacle than the ocean would have prevented him from converting the whole world to his master’s faith. The mosque, with his tomb within it, dates from the seventh century; it is the oldest religious building in Africa, and there for 1,200 years the old warrior has lain at rest. “This,” says the inscription, grand in

its severe simplicity, “is the tomb of Okba, son of Nafi; may God have mercy upon him.” It seems to transport one into another world to mount the minaret of that mosque to look across the strange mud-built, mud-walled town, its flat roofs strewn with palm leaves, and occupied, here and there, by a believer kneeling at his prayers; to listen to the monotonous droning of the scholars reciting the Koran in the sacred building below, and to gaze over the boundless expanse of the Desert with the mirage glittering in the distance. A quaint place, purely African, is Sidi Okba, absolutely untouched by the hand of French civilisation, and one that, having seen, it is impossible ever to forget.

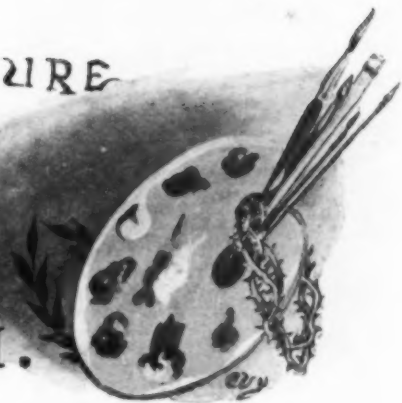
And now I will leave you, as I only wish I could leave myself, at Biskra, suggesting that if, as Rudyard Kipling puts it, “you’ve heard the East a-calling,” and have not the time or the money to get to Egypt or to Asia, you might do worse than take a peep into the palm-land of Southern Algeria.



THE MARKET PLACE, BISKRA

From Photo by LEROUX Algiers

THE FAILURE OF BERNARD RALSTON.



WRITTEN BY AMY MONTAGUE. ILLUSTRATED BY "GUY"

I.

THE picture was finished, and the painter laid down his palette and brushes and seated himself with an air of weariness in an arm-chair which faced the window.

A wintry gleam of sunshine broke out for a moment and illuminated the high, bare studio, glinting on the edge of a gold frame, touching here a landscape and there a figure amongst the pictures and sketches which hung on the walls or leaned against them, and dazzling the eyes of the artist as he sat looking dreamily out of the window.

Bernard Ralston's studio would not have made an artistic photograph for an illustrated interview. It was carpetless, and contained no furniture except some easels and three or four chairs, which were generally occupied by canvases piled one on the other.

The walls were painted green, and showed darker patches of colour where a picture had once hung, or been replaced by a smaller canvas.

At one end there was a dark green mark on the wall which had the form of

a cross. Once a crucifix had hung there, but since Bernard had begun his last picture he had taken it away.

The gleam of sunshine faded, and the room darkened. Bernard looked round and shivered. The fire in the huge black grate was nearly out, and he got up to put on some coals.

As he moved across the room, there came the sound of a quick step on the stairs, and directly afterwards, a woman's voice, saying with a little breathless laugh—

"First on the left? Thanks, don't come up; I'll announce myself."

The next instant there was a tap at the door, which was opened before Bernard had time to speak, and a very lovely girl appeared on the threshold and stood there smiling.

"You!" stammered Bernard, "why you told me you had an engagement this afternoon."

"So I had, but I got bored and came away, leaving a message for Aunt Eliza to say where I had gone. Won't she be angry? This is the first time I have ever been to your studio. Are you not charmed to see me?"



"A VERY LOVELY GIRL APPEARED ON THE
THRESHOLD"

She put her hands on his shoulders and raised her face to his, and he blushed like a boy as he bent to kiss her.

They made a singular contrast as they stood there. Bernard, tall and slight, pale-faced and dark-eyed, a frail and boyish-looking figure, with every nerve supersensitive and quivering, while the

girl beside him seemed the very embodiment of health and physical beauty.

"What a miserable fire," she exclaimed, "and how thoroughly uncomfortable you do succeed in making yourself."

Then, as she caught sight of the just-finished picture,

"Ah! The picture for the Academy! The one you have been working at for the last twelve months, and would never allow me to see."

She went up to it as she spoke.

"Piccadilly Circus!" she cried, delightedly, "and exactly like it too. All the omnibuses, and fashionably dressed people, and errand boys, and everything. It's like Frith's 'Derby Day.' Why, what's this? Bernard, how extraordinary you are! What in the world made you do this?"

She turned and looked at him as she pointed to the central figure in the picture—a shadowy form of Christ bearing His cross.

Bernard made no reply, and there was a slight pause.

"What is it called?" asked Hilda Verney.

"Via Dolorosa."

"Are you going to send it to the Academy?"

"Yes."

"They won't take it."

"I daresay not."

"They would have done so if it had not been for that." And she pointed with a shocked air to the picture. "They'll say it is profane; and so it is. Almost blasphemous, in fact, I call it. It would be a perfect picture without it, but they will never accept it as it is. Can't you paint it out and put in something else?"

Bernard did not answer. He looked like a man under torture.

"No," continued Hilda, decisively, "the Academy will not take that; but you might send it round the provinces and charge sixpence or a shilling for admission to view it. You see it is decidedly sensational, and people like sensation now-a-days. You might make a good deal of money over it in that way."

"O my God, Hilda, don't talk like that," cried Bernard. "You don't know what that picture has cost me."

Hilda turned and looked at him in surprise.

"Ah, if you only knew," he went on vehemently. "Day after day, and night after night, I have stood in the street, making notes, studying faces, sketching men, women, and little children; and all the while my faith in God was slowly passing away from me, and my belief in humanity and all my hopes of better things to come. Look into the eyes of the Christ I have painted. What can you see there?"

"They are beautifully painted, of course, but—"

"There is failure written there. *Failure!* When I conceived that picture I told myself that I would stir the hearts of men and women to their deepest depths, and *make* them feel! Ah, Hilda, Hilda, I used to kneel, in a

very agony of prayer before the crucifix my mother held out to me with her dying hands. Look, there is the mark on the wall where it used to hang. I strove to paint a living Christ, but, day by day, that Shadow grew beneath my hands—that mournful Shadow, with the eyes that speak to me of eternal failure, of death and sorrow and sin triumphant. I have painted that picture with my own heart's blood, Hilda, and it has killed me."

He was walking up and down the room as he talked, and Hilda looked at him in alarm.

"What is the matter with you, Bernard? I never saw you like this before. You make me wish I hadn't come. You must be ill. Why don't you send for a doctor?"

"Oh, you don't understand; you don't understand," he moaned.



"HILDA LEANED BACK IN THE ARMCHAIR"

Then he began to laugh, almost hysterically.

"Sit down, dear, I'm not mad, though I look like it. Let's have some tea. Don't look at that any more. Turn your back on it."

He rang the bell and ordered tea, while Hilda leaned back in the armchair and surveyed her surroundings with a somewhat critical air.

"Why don't you have curtains? Surely a pretty Art muslin wouldn't shut out much light. When we are married I shall come down and give this miserable, untidy place a thorough turn-out, and make it pretty and comfortable. Nobody would think you were an artist to look at your surroundings."

He smiled. "When will you marry me, Hilda?"

"Oh, I don't know. Some day. Now and then I think I won't marry you at all, because you are so queer and funny at times. I wish you would try and get over it, and be more like other people. You said just now that you had lost your faith. Well, I think it is a very good thing if you have. Mother and Aunt Eliza have always been rather against my marrying you on account of your being a Roman Catholic. Of course it is not nearly so bad as if you were a Dissenter, but still, it is a great pity."

"What would you like me to be, Hilda?"

"Oh, just an ordinary Christian, like everybody else in decent society. Here comes the tea. I'm as hungry as a hunter. Do you take milk and sugar, Bernard? What funny little tea-spoons; and what a *darling* of a milk-jug! Where did you get it?"

She prattled on, never waiting for an answer, and Bernard, bending forward to take his cup from her hands, looked into her radiant blue eyes and loved her,

*As men that shall be swallowed of the sea
Love the sea's lovely beauty—*

Presently there came a knock at the door, and a second visitor entered. He was a strongly-built man of middle height, with thick, curly hair, and a black beard which he wore trimmed to

a point. His brows projected over his bright, keen eyes, which were so deeply set as almost to appear sunken.

After greeting the lovers, he remarked with a rather comical smile,

"I come as the bearer of a message which duty and not inclination forces me to deliver. Your aunt, Miss Verney, is waiting at the door, and says you are to go to her at once."

"I'm in for a scolding," said Hilda, with a little grimace. "Bernard, come and put me into the carriage. Good-bye, Mr. Morris."

She went out, followed by Bernard, and George Morris turned to look at the picture.

Technically, it was a masterpiece, and George, who was an excellent art critic, regarded it with genuine admiration. Then he proceeded to study it from the emotional point of view as suggested by the title, "*Via Dolorosa*." Bernard had represented the figure of Christ bending wearily beneath His heavy cross, while all around Him surged the hurrying, indifferent crowd, each intent on his own business or pleasure, some serious and some smiling, but all with eyes turned away from Him who passed through their midst.

One alone seemed to be conscious of a Presence other than that of the crowd—a woman, with draggled skirts and haggard, painted cheeks. The end of the cross was just touching her shoulder, and she stood in a startled, listening attitude, as if her attention had been suddenly arrested.

But it was the face of the Christ which held George and compelled him to gaze, until a strange, indescribable feeling, arose within him as though his faith had been shaken to its very foundations, for the eyes, haunting and despairing, which looked out at him from the canvas, seemed to say, "My agony and My sacrifice have been all in vain."

For the rest, the picture merely conveyed a vivid impression of Piccadilly Circus about half-past eleven on a June morning.

George was still standing before it when Bernard returned, but the latter made no remark. He seated himself in the chair Hilda had just vacated, and passed his hands caressingly over the

cushioned arms on which her hands had rested.

In a few minutes his friend came and sat down opposite him.

"Bernard, that is a terrible picture," he said.

"So Hilda has just informed me," replied the painter. "As we went downstairs a moment ago, she said it was grossly profane, and in the worst possible taste."

"That aspect of the case had not presented itself to me," rejoined George, quietly. "But it is precisely the sort of remark I should have expected from her."

"Why don't you like Hilda, George?"

"My dear fellow," protested the other, "Miss Verney is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. It would be impossible to dislike anything half so lovely. She lacks but one thing."

"And that is —?"

"A soul."

"There is a soul in everything beautiful."

"May it not be the reflection of one's own?"

Bernard shrugged his shoulders and was silent.

"Is the picture to be exhibited?" proceeded George.

"I shall send it to the Academy, although I don't imagine for one moment that they will accept it."

"I almost hope they will not."

Bernard laughed, but without mirth.

"You may think me fanciful," continued George, hurriedly, "but that picture conveys the most painful impression to my mind. Surely, when you began it a year ago, your object was not to destroy the little faith and hope that may yet remain in human hearts? You once told me the ambition of your life was to paint a great religious picture, but this —"

"Say no more," interrupted Bernard,

And after a pause, he added, "I am like a woman who has borne a dead child."

PART II.

The Academy, as the representative of respectable British opinion in Art, refused Bernard's picture, but it ultimately found a place in another gallery,

where it attracted considerable attention.

Critics came in battalions, and alternately blessed and cursed it. The Art journals praised its technique, the daily papers discussed the taste, or want of taste, displayed in the choice of the subject, or speculated on the meaning thereof.

The religious papers warned their readers against it, or exhorted everyone to go and see it, while a French journalist described it as "one of the most crushing blows that has ever yet been aimed at superstition."

There was always a crowd before it, amongst which the artist himself was constantly to be found. If anyone recognised him he would slip away; but few people knew him by sight, and he was able to mingle with them and listen to their comments without observation.

Once a man spoke to him, a young clergyman whom Bernard had noticed many times before, always in the same place, with his eyes fixed upon the picture.

"What do you think of it?" he asked Bernard, abruptly.

"I hardly know how to answer you," replied the artist.

"Do you like it?"

"No."

"Nor do I. I hate it; yet a horrible fascination draws me to it day after day. I believe the man who painted it was possessed of devils. I tell you," he went on with rising excitement, "that when I get up and go out of this place, it is with a feeling of despair and horror upon me that almost drives me mad. I dread being alone, and I dread still more being with others, for out of every face those sad, despairing eyes confront me. *Via Dolorosa! Via Dolorosa!* It stretches beyond sight and imagination, and along its weary way suffering humanity for ever passes on to Calvary."

He got up and went out hastily, as though ashamed of his outburst; but Bernard sat on with folded arms and compressed lips, living over again those days and nights when he had stood in the streets and watched the human tide ebb and flow; the glad and the sorrowful, the sick and the whole; souls that

were at peace, and souls in hell. He was roused from his reverie by hearing a woman's voice uttering these words:

"I don't know why, but it fills me with pain and fear. Come away, dear; don't let us look at it to-day when we are so happy."

Bernard looked up, and saw a young couple standing side by side. The man was gazing intently at the picture, but after a while he yielded to the girl's tender, compelling touch upon his arm, and they moved away. Then Bernard got up and went home, filled with a strange dismay. To him, as to Arthur's knights, had come the vision of the Grail. Like them, he had sought to grasp it, and like them he had failed; and his failure had this tragic element—that it was not merely negative, but had brought a curse where he willed a blessing, and despair instead of hope.

He had done no work lately. Nearly every hour of the day found him at Hilda Verney's side, and the thought of her beauty was ceaselessly present with him.

Sometimes he would recall, with bitter self-contempt, his past, with its strivings and aspirations. Why had he not "enjoyed the merry shrove-tide of his youth," like other men, and *lived*? For alas! we can only be young once, and though it is a truism, we never realise its force until it is too late.

Amongst the Verney's acquaintances was a certain Sir William Arnford, of whom Bernard was violently jealous on account of the attention he paid to Hilda. The man was coarse and dissipated, but he had fallen, for the time being, under the spell of her beauty and that animal magnetism which women of her type possess, and which enables them to subdue any man whose fate brings him under its influence.

"Why do you let Arnford make love to you?" Bernard demanded of Hilda one day.

"I cannot help it," she answered.

"Yes, you can. Any woman can stop that sort of thing if she wants to. I don't like it, Hilda. I hate the man, and I wish you would not ask him here."

"Mother wouldn't like me to be rude to him."

"He shall never enter my house when we are married, I tell you that plainly."

Hilda flushed angrily, but she did not dare to reply, for she was afraid of Bernard. Possibly that was the reason of his attraction for her—the recognition of a brute for its master; for George Morris was right when he said Hilda had no soul. She was merely a very beautiful, healthy human animal, with a taste for luxurious living and second-rate society.



"COME AWAY, DEAR; DON'T LET US LOOK AT IT."

George called at Bernard's rooms one morning and found him on the sofa looking desperately ill. His eyes were sunken and there was a blue tinge round his lips which startled and alarmed his friend.

"What is the matter with you, my dear old chap?" he asked.

"I believe I am dying, George. I get such ghastly thrills of pain sometimes.

They come and go quite suddenly, leaving me like this. Look here."

He stretched out his left hand. It was icy cold, and the finger-tips were blue. George took it as gently as a woman might have done.

"Let me go and fetch Kingley to have a look at you," he said.

"Oh, I don't want any doctors here; I don't believe in them."

"Nonsense! I shall go round to Kingley's at once and bring him back with me if possible."

With these words, George went out, returning in about half an hour with the doctor, who carefully examined Bernard, and asked him several questions.

"What is the matter with me?" demanded the latter, as the doctor was putting up his stethoscope.

"Heart disease," was the brief reply.

"Serious?"

"Decidedly so. What have you been doing lately?"

"Going to the devil."

"You'll reach your destination sooner than you expect if you don't pull up. Live as quietly as you can, and avoid all excitement, and every kind of physical exertion. You ought to leave London at once and spend at least six months in the country doing nothing."

He sat down and wrote a prescription, after which he took leave of Bernard and went out of the room, followed by George.

"*Angina pectoris*," he said in answer to the latter's inquiring look.

George uttered an exclamation of dismay.

"Is there no chance for him, doctor?"

"People who have it sometimes live for years," replied the doctor evasively.

"Do you think Ralston will?"

The other shook his head.

"He's engaged to be married," said George, half to himself.

"I'm very sorry to hear it," observed the doctor gravely as he took his departure.

George went back to his friend sick at heart.

"Don't look so dismal, old man," cried Bernard gaily. "Doctors are fools! They have no imagination; it is against the rules of medical etiquette. I know what is the matter with me, but

if I had told Kingley he'd have clapped me into a lunatic asylum. Wait a bit and I'll tell you all about it."

He got off the sofa and went to the sideboard from whence he took a decanter of brandy and a tumbler, into which he poured the spirit until it was nearly half full. Then, nodding to George, he swallowed the contents at a gulp.

"Good God!" exclaimed George. "I never saw you do such a thing before. What has come to you, Bernard? You never used to drink anything but water."

"I know. And I used to go in for plain living and high thinking, and now I eat and drink the best of everything, and think the thoughts of other men—and women. And I used to avoid society, and now I go into it as much as possible. My dear fellow I'm obliged to do so to supply the deficiency."

"What deficiency?"

"The deficiency of vital force. When I painted that accursed picture I put my very life into it. It is my own personality which emanates from it and affects everybody who looks at it. You have felt it yourself, have you not?"

George was sitting with his elbows on his knees and his head resting on his hands. He made no reply.

"Well," resumed Bernard, "the result is that there is not enough vital force left in me to carry on my physical existence—to keep the machinery going, in short; so I am obliged to obtain the necessary energy from other people. When I am alone, I become as I was when you first came in; but, as you see, I'm a different man since you and Kingley have been here. The reason is simple enough. You have both supplied me with some of your own vitality, and the brandy has for the time being completed the cure."

He took a few turns up and down the room and then glanced at the clock.

"Six, by Jove! And I promised to dine with Hilda and some friends at the Savoy, and go to a theatre afterwards. Excuse me, old man, I must go and dress."

"Not to-night, Bernard," pleaded George. "Let me take a message to say you are seedy."

"Rot! There's nothing the matter with me, I tell you. Of course I shall go. That brute Arnford will be there, and will be making love to Hilda if I'm out of the way. I wish heaven would provide me with a decent excuse for kicking the cad," he concluded as he left the room.

At his club the following morning George met an acquaintance, who inquired—

"How is Ralston to-day?"

"I have not seen him," replied George. "Why do you ask?"

"Don't you know what happened last night?"

"No."

"Well, Ralston came into the Haymarket with a party of friends. They had a box and half a dozen stalls, and Ralston went into the box with Miss Verney and her mother and aunt. In the middle of the performance he was taken suddenly ill, and everybody thought he was going to die. They got him out into the passage, and a couple of doctors were fetched out of the audience. One of these chaps at once exclaimed, 'Oh, *angina pectoris*, undoubtedly.' Stupid fool! I suppose he wanted to show what a smart fellow he was. Anyway, Ralston heard it. They gave him a lot of brandy, and after that he seemed to get a little better, and then two fellows went out and got a cab, and took him home."

"What did Miss Verney do?"

"Exhibited a most becoming mixture of distress and fortitude, and then went back to her seat, and apparently enjoyed the third act. Arnford joined her, and she seemed to find his attentions eminently consoling."

George's right hand clenched instinctively, and he ground his teeth, but he made no remark. He told the porter to call a cab, and drove off to his friend's rooms. Bernard was sitting up in bed, writing. To George's inquiries he answered that he was much better, and picking up a letter tossed it over to him.

"Just read that," he said, and George read the following:—

"SIR—It may interest you to learn, that by one person, at least, your work has been thoroughly understood and appreciated. There was a time, not so very long ago, when I

cherished a few delusions, and allowed myself to speculate hopefully concerning life and death. I was miserable, and I was unfortunate, but I did not wholly despair. Then, one day, I went to see your picture, 'Via Dolorosa,' and the scales fell from my eyes. What a masterpiece it is! It must have brought tears of joy to the eyes of the Devil, as he stood beside you—I wonder if he guided your hand?—and watched you paint the face of that Christ! I suppose I ought to be grateful to you; yet, strange to say, I am not. The destruction of my idols has made life even more unbearable than it was before. So I have resolved to end it. I don't want to live any longer. Above all, I don't want to think any more. If you are interested in my fate—and, considering the circumstances, it is just possible that you may be—a glance at your newspaper to-morrow will satisfy your curiosity, and assure you of the genuine nature of this document."

Then came an address and the signature.

George silently put down the letter, and Bernard pointed to a paper which lay upon the table. George took it up, and read a brief paragraph which stated that Stephen Clements, supposed to be a gentleman of independent means, had committed suicide by taking poison in his lodgings the previous afternoon.

"Don't let this worry you, Bernard," he said, throwing down the paper.

"Of course not. What's done cannot be undone, unfortunately. But I'm going to prevent its ever happening again."

As he spoke, he handed his friend the letter he had just written.

George glanced at it. It was a request to the Hanging Committee to immediately return the picture, "Via Dolorosa."

"They will never consent," he exclaimed. "That picture is the attraction of the whole Exhibition. Is it likely they will give it up?"

"If they don't, I shall go and take it," said Bernard. "Just post that note for me, like a good fellow, and then come back. I want to ask you a question."

When George returned, Bernard said to him,

"Come here and sit where I can see your face. I want you to tell me something," he continued, as George took the seat indicated. "When I had that queer attack last night, I heard one of the doctors say that I had *angina pectoris*. Now, did Kingley tell you that

yesterday? Look me in the eyes, George, and tell me straight out if he did or did not say so?"

The other hesitated and paused.

"George, for God's sake, tell me the truth. Come, yes or no?"

"Yes," answered George, turning his face away.

"Then I'm a dying man."

"No, no! He said that people who had it often lived for years."

"But I shall not."

"Yes, you will, if you only take care of yourself."

"George, my friend, I know that I shall not; and you know it too as well as I do. To-morrow I shall go to a specialist and settle the matter once and for all. Now, don't let us talk about it any more. I don't want to think about it."

When George came round to Bernard's rooms the following morning, he found him up and dressed.

"That infernal Committee refuses to return my picture," he said; "so I have just been making arrangements to remove it without their permission."

"Are you mad, Bernard? There will be the very devil of a row."

"I don't care. As soon as the gallery is open this morning, I shall go and superintend the removal of my property."

"And when you get the picture back, what will you do with it?"

"Destroy it. And after that, George, I shall paint another picture, a symbolical picture, which will make my name and fortune; and I shall call it, 'The Triumph of the Flesh.'"

Next evening the contents bills of all the newspapers announced the "Extraordinary Conduct of an Artist." "Remarkable Scene in a Picture Gallery." "Threatened Action for damages."

Bernard's *coup* had proved eminently successful. Immediately the gallery opened he had made his appearance with half-a-dozen packers and a covered van, and, in spite of the expostulations of the attendants, he had taken down and removed his picture.

The affair caused a considerable sensation, and the majority of people seemed to think that Bernard would find himself involved in very serious

difficulties with the committee. Several journalists tried to interview him on the subject, but he shut himself up in his studio and refused to see anybody; and when a wealthy banker wrote, offering him a very large sum for the picture, he refused in an extremely curt note, saying that he was not Judas.

George called at his rooms several times, but was always told that he was at the studio. Once he ventured to go there, but the man in charge told him that Mr. Ralston was at work, and had given strict orders that no one was to be admitted. Bernard had a peculiar objection to being visited at his studio, especially if he was engaged on a picture, and George did not insist, but he felt sorely anxious.

One morning, he was at Charing Cross Station, seeing off some friends by the early train, when he observed Hilda Verney and her mother on the platform, so he went forward to speak to them.

Both looked rather confused, and Mrs. Verney said,

"I daresay you are surprised to see us here, Mr. Morris. The fact is," she lowered her voice slightly—"we thought it advisable to take dear Hilda away for a few weeks. Naturally she feels it a good deal, although, of course, it is all for the best."

George looked bewildered. "I don't understand," he said.

"Haven't you heard that the engagement has been broken off?"

"No, I had not heard it," rejoined George, stiffly.

"We are going to Switzerland for a month," resumed Mrs. Verney, "and then we may return home, or we may go on to Nice for the winter. Dear Hilda has behaved very sensibly and bravely about it all. Mr. Ralston wished to see her after he had been to the specialist, but she wrote and said that an interview would be too painful both for herself and for him, and she told him she felt it was her duty to consult the wishes of myself and her aunt in such a very serious matter. Of course it would have been highly wrong for them to marry after what the specialist told him. I should never have allowed her to engage herself to him

had I known he was so exceedingly delicate. And then, what a way he has behaved about that picture! I hear, too, he has refused an enormous sum for it. Such madness! Surely a man in his position cannot afford to throw away hundreds of pounds like that? A mother must think of her daughter's future, you know, Mr. Morris."

"Undoubtedly she must, Mrs. Verney," returned George. "I see Sir William Arnford has just arrived, and as I presume he has come to see you off—or possibly accompany you, I will not permit myself to intrude, but will wish you good-bye and a pleasant journey."

He took off his hat with somewhat elaborate courtesy and walked away. In the Strand he met Bernard, and persuaded him with some difficulty to go and lunch with him at his club. Afterwards, as the smoking-room was rather full, they strolled down to Bernard's rooms for a talk.

"I suppose you know?" he said suddenly, as he drew forward a chair and sat down opposite his friend.

George nodded, and began filling his pipe. He did not look up.

"Who told you?"

"Mrs. Verney. I saw them this morning on the platform at Charing Cross. They were just starting for Switzerland."

Bernard got up and walked about the room for a while. Then he sat down by the table, and buried his face in his hands. George went over and stood beside him.

"She wasn't fit to black your boots," he said gruffly.

"I did not love her for her worthiness or unworthiness. It was nothing to me if she possessed all the virtues of a saint or all the vices of a devil incarnate. I loved her because she was so beautiful. God, how beautiful she was! You can't understand that," he continued, after a pause. "You think it strange—almost wicked, in fact—that a man should fall down and worship mere physical perfection. You say I should not have loved her if she had not been beautiful, and you are quite right. But it seems to me the most natural thing in the world. Do you remember, it says somewhere in the Bible that at one time

the daughters of men were so wondrously fair that the sons of God left Heaven to love and wed them. I firmly believe that story; it bears truth on the very face of it. I, too, would have sold my soul to possess Hilda—ah, and would still! I only wish the Devil would give me a chance."

George said nothing, but he remained standing by Bernard, looking down upon him with an expression of infinite pity in his grave, kind eyes. There must have been something soothing in his strong, quiet presence, for after a time Bernard lifted his head.

"What a fool I am!" he said. "You're a good fellow, George, to put up with me as you do!"

The other rested his hand for a moment on his friend's shoulder. Then he went back to his place.

"I have been painting hard all this week," resumed Bernard, "and this morning I took my penknife and ripped the canvas in pieces."

"Have you destroyed——"

"Via Dolorosa?" No. I can't."

George had an appointment that afternoon, and as soon as he had gone Bernard took a cab and drove back to his studio. He was feeling better than he had done for some weeks past, and ran upstairs with something of his old alertness. The sun was streaming into the room, and he threw open the window and stood there for a few moments, drinking in the air and the light.

On the floor lay the fragments of a large canvas. It was the picture of which Bernard had spoken to George—the picture which was to have been called "The Triumph of the Flesh."

Leaning against the wall and almost filling half one side of the studio was the "Via Dolorosa."

Bernard took a clean canvas and set it on an easel in the middle of the room. Then with a pencil he began rapidly sketching in the outlines of a woman's figure. Steadily and surely the pencil moved, making bold, even lines and curves, and in a very short space of time a beautiful nude figure stood revealed like a faint shadow.

He took up his palette and brushes and began to paint; but now the steady hand wavered, and from time to time he

paused
should
drawin
force
flushed
sighs;
and tu
eyes n
picture
looked
poured
dow b
intense
movem
paint.
The
never
eyes lo
but as
hand n
a single
slowly
The

paused and glanced nervously over his shoulder. Something seemed to be drawing him slowly, but with irresistible force, away from the easel. His face flushed and his breath came in long sighs; and then suddenly he yielded and turned away, and as he did so his eyes met the eyes of the Christ in the picture. For a long time he stood and looked into them, and the light that poured in from the skylight and window began to fail a little. At last the intense silence was broken by a slight movement. Bernard had begun to paint.

The studio grew dusk, but Bernard never heeded the fading light. His eyes looked straight before him—not at, but as if through the canvas. Yet his hand never faltered, nor did he pause for a single instant. *And the face of the Christ slowly changed!*

The artist stood and beheld his ideal,

and no language that has ever been written or spoken can describe that moment of realisation.

The brush fell from Bernard's hands; he looked upon his work and sank to his knees.

A great sob broke from him, and the tears filled his eyes and overflowed. He clasped his hands above his head and cried aloud:

"Not the Way of Sorrows, but the Way of Life! Not Calvary, but the Vision of God!"

Ah, that sudden, smiting pain! He sprang to his feet and staggered across the room, swaying from side to side.

A second or two of mortal agony, the sound of many waters; then darkness, and blinding light; and Bernard Ralston fell, just under the little green mark on the wall which had the form of a cross.

The end had come—or shall we say the beginning?



"THE END HAD COME"

IN AUGUST.

FROM the sea that was growing greyer,
 From the crowd with its holiday hum,
 From the village whose lights burned gayer,
 O! Sweetheart, I prayed you to come.

We slipped from the throng and hasted
 Till the voices came far and slight,
 And the day I had counted wasted
 Was lost in the safe, sweet night.

The dusk-dew lay on the grasses,
 The hoods of the flowers were furled;
 And the clouds stood motionless masses,
 For the wind had gone out of the world.

With the gloom in your fair face bright'ning
 I caught you and drew you nigh,
 While the blue-robed summer lightning
 Danced in the low-hung sky.

Did I tell you again I loved you?
 Did I ask you once more for "yea"? . . .
 Ah, Sweet, it was good to have proved you
 At the close of a long, long day.

J. J. BELL.



To
just
land
cou
who
find
mer
the
fruit
poli
pear
is or
the
wha
and
bril
lett
shel
Tak
Lan
and
Cov
side
seen
ject
Bet
Gol
nam
Dru
littl
cote
den
son
Wa
of t
Zof
Wi

The Inns and Outs of Covent Garden

WRITTEN BY A. E. HENRIQUES VALENTINE

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



T was not without a great deal of truth that a celebrated antiquarian once described Covent Garden as "the most interesting spot in London."

To the casual observer there is little to justify such an assertion if existing landmarks or monumental evidence count for anything, but if we search the whole of London through we will not find a district so reminiscent of brilliant men and women of past generations, as the spot which is now the centre of the fruit and vegetable business of the metropolis. Everything has changed or disappeared altogether, and the little that is left is only a shadow of its former self. True the famous Piazzas are still there, but what were once the rendezvous of rank and fashion, the beloved of all that was brilliant in the world of art and letters, and the stage, are now the shelters of loafers and fruit porters. Take away Covent Garden and Drury Lane theatres, old and ugly St. Paul's, and the Great and Little Piazzas, and Covent Garden is as prosaic as Cheapside. Some time ago the parish overseers were struck with the laudable object of perpetuating the memory of Betterton, Macklin, Kemble, Oliver Goldsmith and Sir Isaac Newton, by naming some of the vilest courts around Drury Lane after them, but there is little else existing to recall that brilliant coterie, which, commencing with Dryden and Pepys, included Steele, Addison, Pope, Congreve, Wycherley, the Walpoles, Gay, Smollet, and Fielding of the pen, Lely, Kneller, Thornhill, Zoffany, Hogarth, and poor Richard Wilson of the brush, and Quin, Macklin,

Garrick, Nance Oldfield, Kitty Clive, Peg Woffington, Foote, and the Cibbers of the sock and buskin. They all lived here, or met here, at their clubs and pubs.—coffee-houses, inns and taverns, old style—to interchange courtesies, to report the latest scandals, to eat, drink and be merry, or to indulge in those flashes of wit or satire, as the fit took them. If the stones could only speak, what stories could they tell of vice and profligacy, of the "Bow Street Beaux," of roysterers, gallants, courtiers, rakes, gamblers and duellists!

At one time Drury Lane and Covent Garden earned an unenviable notoriety for the licentious habits and conveniently loose morals of the inhabitants. The name—Drury—is suggestive of something of the kind, for Pennant, a celebrated authority, observes that "it is singular that this lane of later times, notorious for intrigue, should receive its title from a family name, which, in the language of Chaucer, had an amorous signification,

Of bataille and of Chevalrie
Of ladies, love, and Druerie,
Anon I wol you tell.

And Dryden, who, like his great contemporary, Pope, had an uncommonly nasty way of saying nasty things, did not seem to appreciate, to the fullest extent, the virtues of his lady neighbours, for he has put it on record that:

This town two bargains has, not worth one farthing:
A Smithfield horse—and wife of Covent Garden.

The family from which the famous Lane derived its title, the Drurys, were of some importance at the Tudor period.

One of their descendants, Sir William Drury, built a house in the Lane in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, which, in the following century, became the residence of the brave and chivalrous Earl of Craven, and of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, the beloved mistress of his sword and heart. Craven House, in later times, became a tavern bearing the sign of the Queen of Bohemia, and at the present day the Olympic theatre stands on the ground of the historic house. But the memory of Craven is not altogether forgotten in the neighbour-

nue of stately elms shading the pastures which stretched on either side. On the attainder of the Duke of Somerset, Covent Garden, with "Seven acres, called Long Acre, of the yearly value of six pounds, six shillings and eightpence," was given by the Crown to the Earl of Bedford, in whose family it has since remained.

The famous Piazzas were built by Inigo Jones, at the order of Francis, Duke of Bedford, in 1631. They were first known as the Portico Walk, and in later times as the Great and Little



COVENT GARDEN PIAZZA

hood, as an old-fashioned coffee-house in Bow Street is still known as "The Craven," and there are also Craven Buildings in close proximity.

Of Covent Garden at an early period we know more than we do of Drury Lane. In the beginning of the thirteenth century Covent Garden was used as a cemetery by the Abbots of Westminster, and was then called the Convent Garden. The entire district, as late as the time of Charles the First, was a delightful suburb, and Long Acre contained an ave-

Piazzas. Bow, Russell,^a King, and Henrietta Streets were erected in succession. St. Paul's Church was also built by the immortal Inigo, who, according to Horace Walpole, saved England from not having her representatives among the arts—"the country which adopted Holbein and Vandyke, borrowed Rubens, but produced Inigo Jones." The extreme ugliness of the architecture as the work of so great a master, is explained by the fact that when the parsimonious Duke gave Inigo

Jones the commission to design the church, he also gave him to understand that it should not be much better than a barn. "Then you shall have the handsomest barn in England," replied Inigo. As the "barn" cost £4,500 in those days, the Duke of Bedford did not secure a particularly great bargain.

When the ground in the neighbourhood was acquired for building purposes, Covent Garden, in the early part of the seventeenth century, became an aristocratic residential neighbourhood. The cattle which were wont to graze on the "Convent Fields," were removed to fresh fields and pastures new, and stately houses were erected which were occupied by the nobility. During the Great Plague, Drury Lane was one of the first streets to be infected with the pestilence. Writing in his diary on June 7th, 1665, Pepys remarks: "This day, much against my will, I did in Drury Lane see two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the door, and 'Lord have mercy upon us' writ there. . . . which was the first of the kind I ever saw." Covent Garden had particular attractions for the chatty old diarist, and one of his special haunts was the notorious Rose Tavern, in Russell Street (now a fruit-broker's premises), where he could get some burnt wine and a half breast of mutton off the spit. On one occasion he saw "Pretty Nelly standing at her lodging in Drury Lane, in her smock, sleeves and bodice." The Coal Yard in the Lane claims to have been the birthplace of Nell Gwynne, and her first associations with the famous theatre, where she was destined to stamp the smallest foot in England, consisted in "selling oranges and pippins in the pit to liberal fops, who would buy the first, and return the second with interest." Before she attracted the attention of the Earl of Orford, and subsequently of Charles II., "pretty Nelly" was quite a feature in Drury Lane, and it was said at the time, when she was only an orange girl, that her pretty face and saucy manners attracted as many gallants to the theatre as the "King's Servants" themselves.

About the middle of the seventeenth century, Covent Garden was made into a separate parish and the patronage vested

in the Bedford family, but towards the end of the century, signs of social decay were visible when the more aristocratic residents began to migrate further west. If Wycherley truthfully describes the position it then attained, the picture is by no means a flattering one, for in his "Gentleman Dancing Master," which he wrote in 1673, he says, "Do not blaspheme this masquerading age, like an ill-bred city dame, whose husband is half broke by living in Covent Garden." Wycherley was something of an authority on the manners of Covent Garden at this period, for he lived in Bow Street, with his first wife, the Countess of Drogheda, opposite the celebrated Cock Tavern. Although he frequented the "Cock" pretty often with other well-known *bons vivants*, he generally did so with a certain amount of trepidation, for he, himself, admits that he was compelled to leave the windows open so that his wife might see there was no woman in the company, or she would be in a downright raving condition.

The "Cock" was one of the many taverns in Covent Garden which acquired a reputation for being one of the haunts of the talented Bohemians of the period, as well as the rendezvous where so many riotous proceedings occurred. From the balcony, the notorious Sir Charles Sedley, accompanied by Lord Buckhurst, the first aristocratic "guardian" of Nell Gwynne, and Sir Thomas Ogle, preached blasphemy to the mob, and otherwise misbehaved themselves. The populace, who were not over punctilious in such affairs in the reign of Charles II., resented this unseemly proceeding and stoned the offenders, and Sedley was tried and fined £500. Shortly after this occurrence honest Sir John Coventry was one night leaving the Cock Tavern, when he was attacked by a band of marauders, at the instigation of the Duke of Monmouth, and his nose was slit to the bone. Sir John had earned the displeasure of Charles II. and his Court by protesting in the House of Commons against the improper distribution of public money, and, in order to effect some reasonable reform, he proposed that a tax should be imposed upon the theatres. The King's reply was



A MORNING FROLIC

characteristic. He opposed the idea on the ground that the players were "His Majesty's Servants,"* and part of his pleasures." Sir John, with vivid recollections of Nell Gwynne and Mrs. Davies, pertinently enquired if the "King's pleasure lay among the men or women that acted." Such bold conduct could not go unpunished, and as he was leaving the Cock Tavern, he was set upon in Bow Street and disgracefully assaulted in the manner described. Although the Duke of Monmouth was currently reported as the instigator of the attack, there were rumours at the time which laid it at the door of the King himself.

Wycherley died at his lodgings in Bow Street, and while he was ill he was visited by King Charles II. Several eminent men and wits lived in the street, including Edmund Waller, the poet, Major Mohun, the famous actor and duellist, the witty Earl of Dorset,

*Actors and actresses were then known as the King's Servants, and ten of the actors were called the Gentlemen of the Great Chamber, with the additional privilege of being granted ten yards of scarlet cloth with a suitable quantity of lace,

Marcellus Laroon, known as Captain Laroon, who painted the "Cries of London," and acted as the deputy-chairman of the Bohemian Club, which Sir Robert Walpole established in Henrietta Street, at the house of Samuel Scott, the marine painter.

Although the neighbourhood of Covent Garden lost the patronage of its aristocratic residents soon after the Plague and Fire, the most eminent men in arts and literature remained steadfast to their old haunts, and Drury Lane, Bow Street, Henrietta Street, Russell Street, and King Street became more than ever sought after for their houses or lodgings. The house which Sir Peter Lely occupied in Covent Garden (now the Tavistock Hotel) was taken by Sir Godfrey Kneller, and after him, Sir James Thornhill and Richard Wilson, and if for no other reason, the Tavistock of to-day, would be a landmark as having been the residence of four eminent English painters in succession. Sir Joshua Reynolds, Nollekens, Hogarth, and Zoffany, of the great painters of the day also lived in or about the Garden. Sir James Thornhill opened an academy for drawing in James Street, Covent

Garden, and it is conjectured that it was from this residence that Hogarth carried off his beautiful daughter Jane.

Quite an imposing and brilliant array of poets, wits, and dramatists presents itself to our eye when we look at the residents and habitués of the neighbourhood at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Dryden made Covent Garden the head-quarters of the Bohemians, and he was strongly supported by Pope, Steele, Addison, Fielding, Johnson, Boswell, and a host of other brilliant writers. The great actors and actresses would not think of living anywhere else, and it is no wonder that the drama and literature were so closely brought into contact. Number 6, Bow Street, which had been previously occupied by "Gentleman"

Wilks, became the residence of Garrick, Peg Woffington, and Macklin, in 1742. They took it in turns to keep house, and to fulfil the duties at the lowest possible outlay. Peg often erred in this respect, and one day Doctor Johnson overheard Garrick scolding her in Bow Street for her extravagance in making the tea "red as blood."

It was only natural that prominent men in the world of science followed in the wake of the Bohemians, and Covent Garden, in the eighteenth century, included among its residents Dr. Radcliffe, Dr. William Hunter, Dr. Arne, and Dr. Gibbons, who made his house in King Street conspicuous by its mahogany fittings, which wood he first introduced into this country. Small wonder, then, that recognised haunts were found for the litterati, from which the profligate gamblers of the period were excluded. The taverns in the district, such as the Rose, the Cock, the

Mitre,* and the Devil, had degenerated into haunts of vice and duelling, and gradually clubs—or coffee-houses, as they were then called—were established, which not only attracted the wits and men of arts and letters, but the highest

* It was at the Mitre that Farquhar saw and heard the beautiful and celebrated Nance Oldfield studying the part of the Scornful Lady, behind the bar, where she was engaged as a barmaid; and he was so impressed with her histrionic ability that he induced Rich to give her an engagement at Drury Lane, her first salary being fifteen shillings a week. The ex-barmaid rose to be the most renowned actress of her time, and after her death, her body was laid out in state in the Jerusalem Chamber, and subsequently interred in Westminster Abbey.



CALEDONIAN COFFEE HOUSE

and noblest in the land. The inn and the coffee-house became the recognised meeting-place. The most celebrated of these coffee-houses were Will's, Button's, and Tom's, which were lorded over by Dryden, Addison, and Steele respectively, at their different periods. Other less famous coffee-houses soon followed, such as Wildman's, the Bedford, the Grecian, the Shakespeare, and Shanley's, and it may be said that the neighbourhood was simply covered with them.

Will's, the oldest, was named after the proprietor, William Urwin, and was built on the ground of the Rose Tavern, in Russell Street. The shining light at Will's was Dryden, who was autocratic in his sovereignty. The young men of the town, who aped the manners of the Bohemians, collected at Will's to listen to the words of the great Laureate, and Ned Ward, in "The London Spy," tells us they were "conceited if they had but the honour to dip a finger and thumb into Mr. Dryden's snuff-box." When Doctor Johnson wanted to write the life of Dryden, he applied to Colley Cibber, who had often met him at Will's; but Cibber could only remember him as "a decent old man, arbiter of critical disputes at Will's."

When Pope arrived in town, Sir Charles Wogan introduced him at Will's, and he gradually began to occupy the position Dryden had filled there, though not before he allowed himself to be the "humble admirer" of Wycherley, who patronised him at Will's. The gatherings at the celebrated coffee-house of those days were historic. Macaulay has given a picturesque description of the place in the following: "Under no roof was a greater variety of figures to be seen; there were earls in stars and garters, clergymen in cassocks and bands, pert Templars, sheepish lads from the Universities, translators and index-makers in ragged coat of frieze. The great press was to get near the chair where Dryden sat. To bow to the Laureate, and to hear his opinion of Racine's last tragedy, was thought a privilege; a pinch from his snuff-box was an honour sufficient to turn the head of a young enthusiast." It will be noticed that Macaulay at-

tached as much importance to a pinch of Dryden's snuff as Ned Ward himself.

After Dryden's death Will's lost much of its prestige, and no doubt the increasing popularity of its great rivals, Button's, the Grecian, Tom's, and White's, had much to do with it. Writing from Will's in the *Tatler* of 1709, Steele says: "This place is very much altered since Mr. Dryden frequented it; where you used to see songs, epigrams, and satires in the hand of every man you met, you have now only a pack of cards; and instead of the cavils about the turn of the expression, the elegance of the style, and the like, the learned now dispute only about the truth of the game."

In 1713, Daniel Button, an old servant of Addison, established the coffee-house which was to immortalise the name of the proprietor. Addison tried his utmost to transfer the prestige of Will's to Button's as the resort of the greatest wits of the day, and as they were built in close proximity to each other, the rivalry between the two great coffee-houses frequently became too pronounced. Button's was then under the patronage of the Countess of Warwick, who afterwards married Addison, in 1716, and whenever the brilliant essayist suffered any vexation from the Countess, he took revenge by withdrawing several of the most famous habitués from Button's. Among these Pope was one of the greatest and the most unpopular. His eternal enemy, Ambrose Philips, hung up the historic "birchen rod" in the bar at Button's, to chastise Pope whenever he came within reach of it for the biting epigrams the great little man had written about him; but Pope showed a wise discretion by avoiding Button's for a time, and remained at home—"his usual practice," as his enemies said. Button's was ornamented by a lion's-head letter-box of a Venetian pattern, which was erected by the editor of the *Guardian*, in 1713, for the reception of letters and correspondence from young authors, who could deposit their works into its "wide and voracious mouth with safety and secrecy." On the demolition of Button's, the lion's head was transferred to the Shakespeare's Head, under

the
coff
rec
Fie
nin
Mr.
for
it w
and
rem
In
coff
But
favo
play
gre
"p
vers



A FIGHT WITH THE WATCH

the Piazza, and then to the Bedford coffee-house, where it was used as a receptacle for the *Inspector*, edited by Fielding's rival, Dr. Hill. At the beginning of this century, it was bought by Mr. Richardson, of Richardson's hotel, for £17. 10s. ; and some few years later it was sold to the late Duke of Bedford, and deposited at Woburn, where it now remains.

In the reign of Queen Anne, Tom's coffee-house, at 17, Russell Street, facing Button's, developed into one of the favourite resorts of the wits. After the play, the "best company" used to congregate at Tom's, where there was "playing at picket, and the best of conversation till midnight. Here you will

see blue and green ribbons and stars sitting familiarly, and talking with the same freedom as if they had left their quality and degrees of distance at home."

The Grecian coffee-house, in Devereux Court, Strand, was named after Constantine, a Greek, the proprietor. It soon became a popular rendezvous of the scientists, and Sir Isaac Newton, Sir Hans Sloane, and other officials of the Royal Society, were regular patrons of the place. When Steele introduced the *Tatler* to the public, he informed them that all accounts on gallantry and pleasure should be under the article of White's chocolate-house, in St. James's Street, poetry under that of Will's, learning under that of the Grecian, and politics from St. James's coffee-house. The difference between

the love of the resorts was very marked, as the charges at Will's were twopence per day, and at White's sixpence; while it was necessary to know a little Spanish at the Grecian to be as able as others at the learned table, as Steele puts it; but St. James's had the greatest distinction, as a "good observer cannot speak with even Kidney* without clean linen."

The learned controversies at the Grecian frequently occasioned quarrels, which led to serious results; and on one occasion two constant companions, disputing over the pronunciation of a Greek word, settled the matter outside in the court with their swords, when

* One of the waiters.

one of them was run through the body and died on the spot. The *entré* to the first coffee-houses was difficult, and the young novice had to go through a probationary period before his admittance. Steele recommended Shanley's coffee-house, in Covent Garden, for young gentlemen, as they could not be expected to "pop in at Button's on the first day of their arrival in town."

Club. The Bedford ultimately fell into bad repute, as several well-known bullies used it as a resort, especially the notorious Tiger Roach. Horace Walpole relates that the Hon. Mr. Damer, son of Lord Walton, shot himself there, after having supped upstairs with four common women and a blind fiddler; and three years later, in 1779, the Rev. Mr. Hackman spent the hours in the bar prior to



MORNING

The Bedford coffee-house, in' the Piazza, was more particularly affected by actors, and within its walls Garrick, Quin, Foote, Macklin, and Murphy used to meet daily; but they were often joined by Sir Horace Walpole, Pope, Feilding, Hogarth, and Sheridan. It was a great meeting-place for the critics, dramatic and literary, and later became the home of the famous Beef Steak

murdering Miss Ray, who had refused his advances as she was leaving Covent Garden Theatre. Miss Ray, who was born in Henrietta Street, was then living under the protection of the gay Earl of Sandwich, First Lord of the Admiralty in Lord North's Cabinet. The notorious Selwyn exhibited an extraordinary taste for morbidity in the affair, as, after Miss Ray's body had been brought to

the Shakespeare tavern, in the Garden, he put on a long black cloak and sat in the room with the corpse as a mourner, and afterwards, it is said, witnessed Hackman's execution at Tyburn.

The Beef Steak Club, after migrating from old Covent Garden Theatre, took up its head-quarters at the Bedford, whence it was finally transferred to the Lyceum. The club was instituted by Rich, the pantomimist, and manager of Covent Garden Theatre. Rich was once visited in the theatre by Sir James Thornhill, his son-in-law, Hogarth, and Lord Peterborough, and, spending a very long time there, Rich, who was a man of very regular habits, commenced cooking his dinner by gravely clearing the fire and placing a gridiron and steak above it. He invited Lord Peterborough to join in the simple repast, and his lordship was so struck with the novelty of the occasion that he spent the evening, not wisely, but too well, with the Bohemians of Covent Garden and Drury Lane. He suggested a renewal of the feast for the following Saturday at the Bedford, and the club was started, with "Beef and Liberty" for its motto, and beef steaks, port wine, and punch for its regular fare. The club was most exclusive, and among the later members were the Prince of Wales,* before he became George IV., the Duke of Sussex, Duke of Leinster, Earl Dalhousie, the Duke of Norfolk, and Lord Sandwich, and a conspicuous feature of the club was the original gridiron that grilled the simple steak Lord Peterborough ate behind the scenes.

This Beef Steak Club must not be confounded with the other of that name, established some time earlier in Covent Garden, the president of which, Dick Estcourt, the elegantly dressed actor and author, was in the habit of wearing a gold gridiron round his neck at the club gatherings. Peg Woffington was a member of this club, and for a time officiated as president, or providore; according to Chetwood's "History of the Stage," this club was composed of the chief wits and great men of the nation.

* The First Gentleman in Europe, having expressed a desire to become a member, was compelled to wait his turn till a vacancy occurred.

I must not forget to mention King's Coffee-house, in Covent Garden, while referring to the Garden's historic spots. This notorious place, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, was nothing more nor less than a common shed, built under the portico of St. Paul's Church, and it was "known to all gentlemen to whom beds are unknown." The proprietor was a man named Tom King, an Eton scholar, and among the many notorious landmarks of the famous Garden, "King's Coffee-house," as it was facetiously termed, stands out very prominently. Hogarth has given us a graphic and realistic representation of the place in his print of "Morning," and it will be noticed in the accompanying photographs that the words, "Tom King's Coffee-house," can be distinctly seen.

A volume could be filled giving in detail all the interesting anecdotes and chronicles of this most interesting district, and of the famous persons who in earlier years lived in it. Some of the more modern wits, in whom the flame of Bohemianism was kept alive, clung affectionately to the haunts round the Lane and the Garden. The Owl's Club, so called from the late hours the members kept, held its meetings in the Shakespeare's Head, Drury Lane, under the presidency of Sheridan Knowles; and just at the side was Johnson's Alamode Beef-house, where Charles Dickens, when a boy employed as a drudge at Hungerford Stairs, used to purchase a small plate of the appetising commodity to eat with the daily supply of bread he carried with him. Thackeray drew his portrait of Captain Costigan from the swaggering Offley, who kept a well-known supper-room in Henrietta Street; and Douglas Jerrold had a longing affection for the old Bohemian haunt. The Shakespeare's Head subsequently became a tavern patronised by the actors from Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and the Olympic, and for some time it was under the proprietorship of Mark Lemon, before he became the editor of *Punch*, being assisted in the management by his wife, Miss Romer, the celebrated singer.

This article would not be complete without a reference to the celebrated per-

sons buried in St. Paul's, Covent Garden, which, with the exception of Westminster Abbey, contains "the remains of more men of genius than, apparently, any other church in London." The list is a long one, but I will only mention the notorious Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset; Samuel Butler, the author of "Hudibras," who died penniless in a garret in Rose Street, Covent Garden; Sir Peter Lely; Sir Dudley North, the great economist; Dick Estcourt; Edward Kynaston, "the female stage beauty"; Wycherley; Grinling Gibbons, the eminent carver; Mrs. Centlivre, the witty actress and dramatist; "Gentleman Wilks," the actor; James Worsdale, the painter; Dr. Arne, one of the best of Bohemians, and the composer of "Rule Britannia"; Macklin, John Wolcot, and Peter Pindar, the satirist of George III., whose request of being buried near Samuel Butler,

"whose genius and originality he greatly admired," was faithfully fulfilled. Excepting a small tablet to the memory of Macklin, the churchyard contains no monumental memorials of the dead; but it is satisfactory to know that the most brilliant lights of our arts, drama, and literature, who lived and laughed together in Covent Garden and Drury Lane, should find their final resting-place in the spot they loved so well, and



LITTLE WILL AT THE TURK'S HEAD COFFEE-HOUSE

that even in their death they were not divided. As if to solidify their Bohemianism, Button, of coffee-house fame, who had so often fed and entertained them in the "wee sma' hours," was also buried in St. Paul's, and a curious epitaph on his gravestone, long since erased, told how—

Odds fish and fiery coles,
Are graves become Button-holes.

A
W
who
to in
place
view
think
Th
denly
away
all sh
busin
necte
ignor
of hi
forbi
prese
had d
or So
far a
come
mom
in an
and



BY E. M. DAVY,

Author of "Jack Dudley's Wife," "A Daughter of Earth," "A Prince of Como," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY YORK SHUTER

CHAPTER VI.

A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

WILL any woman, married or single, who reads this story, try for one moment to imagine herself in Mrs. Lorraine's place? Taking even the most cheerful view of the situation, what would she think? What would she do?

This woman's husband had been suddenly and most inopportunistically called away on business. That was literally all she knew. Of the nature of that business or the names of persons connected therewith she was completely ignorant, and this not through any fault of his, but simply of her own. She had forbidden him to talk of business in her presence. For the last two weeks he had daily expected a summons to London or Southampton, but that summons, so far at least as she was aware, had never come. He had gone off seemingly at a moment's notice, saying he would return in an hour; it was next morning now, and still he did not come.

The feelings that assailed her with the dawn were altogether different from those she had experienced the night before, when wearied out with waiting she had given way to tears of mortification and humiliation on realising her own forlorn position. Now her thoughts were less of self and more for Philip. She could not divest her mind of the fear that some evil might have befallen him, yet she was powerless to act in any way so as to relieve that fear.

She had her bath, arranged the bed to look as though it had been slept in, put on her travelling dress, and breakfasted.

The rooms were situated in the quietest part of the hotel, and the sound of street traffic was like the distant and subdued roar of the sea. The view from the windows consisted of roofs and chimneys, and smoky sky. She felt she could not endure to remain indoors, that going out into the air might break the spell, and that when she came back Philip would be there.

She dressed herself in nervous haste and descended the stairs, and, though many persons were passing up and down, it never occurred to her that she could know any of them, until, when she reached the hall a gentleman raised his hat, and she recognised the tall figure and weather-beaten features of Major Hamilton Higgins. His expression was one of kindly interest, which immediately caused her to wonder if she looked unhappy, or in any way an object for compassion.

"My husband has good health generally, but has been rather worried with business matters lately. I read that murder case last night," she said, pointedly, to change the subject.

"And you found it interesting?"

"Very. Do you think they have got the murderer?"

"You've not seen this morning's account?"

"No."

"Then read it. I won't spoil the interest by telling you. I've concluded



"SHE DRESSED HERSELF IN NERVOUS HASTE"

This fear prompted her to assume a gaiety and carelessness she was far, very far from feeling.

"Good morning!" he said, "meeting you again seems kind of homelike after travelling together yesterday. Been in London before?"

"Oh, many times. I love London."

"This is my first visit, and I've been seeing around already this morning. Your husband well?"

"Quite well, thank you."

"Looked real sick yesterday. You'll excuse me passing the remark?"

to attend the inquest of the victim at twelve o'clock. Are you waiting for your husband to go for a walk around?"

"He is out. I am going——"

Here she hesitated and he filled in the sentence in a way that earned her gratitude.

"You're going to join him, and I'm detaining you. Allow me to see you across the pavement."

With a stately courtesy that seemed a part of his nature, he escorted her to the other side, then left her, and she walked quickly along the Strand, re-

turning to the hotel shortly after noon; but alas to find no Philip, neither was there any news of him. To settle down to read or work was impossible; music alone had power to soothe her. But strange to say, as the day advanced she became more reconciled to her position, and entirely lost all feeling of fear that evil might have befallen Philip. She reasoned thus: It must sometimes happen that men's business affairs detain them hours, even days, longer than they expect. Had she been married a few years instead of as many hours, she should probably treat the matter lightly. Why not do so now? Perhaps Philip had been compelled to run down to Portsmouth without a chance of letting her know. He must return to-morrow; for that night they were bound to be on board the ———; then they could afford to laugh together over his mysterious flight and her discomfiture. His explanation probably would be so simple she would be lost in wonder that she had not thought of it.

She wrote to Dora announcing their arrival in London, and repeating her promise to send a line from Southampton on the morrow. Then she dressed for dinner, as on the previous evening, and was returning to the sitting-room when the waiter appeared, followed by Griffiths, who, first assuring herself that Nella was alone, and the man gone, exclaimed:

"O, ma honey, but aa thowt aa'd nivvor find ye! They divent knaa the nyems iv ony body iv this big hoose: they just noombor ye like convics'. An' hoo are ye, ma dearie, an' whor's Mr. Lorraine? Whor's yor good man?"

"O, I'm very well, and — and — enjoying London immensely." What humbugs women are! but Nella blushed furiously as she spoke this bare-faced lie. "Mr. Lorraine is out at present, so sit down, Grif, and tell me how you got here, how you left everybody, and if the Indian luggage is in the hall all right?"

"O, aye!" That's reet eneuf. An' aa browt heaps of messages. The Canon, an' Mistress Scroley—she peart as ivor—came thorsel's te see us off. An' them fishor lasses—O, but they bin nigh the death o' me. Born niggers canna be warse."

"Dear girls! Perhaps you'll find it easier to get reconciled to the Indians, who are *not* niggers, remember, Grif."

"Mebbes," she said dryly. "But aa'm botherin' ye. Let me gan te ma room an' hev a wash; Lunnon's blacker nor Oldcassel. Ye leuk rare an' bonny, m'am, as a wife; aa mun think o' ye as missie ne langor."

An adjoining room had been prepared for Griffiths, and Nella told her after she had had her tea to come back, for her talk enlivened her.

Nella had begun her solitary dinner when the woman returned, looking almost dignified in her plain, blue-black silk gown, her comely face shining with soap and water, her greyish hair closely banded beneath what was only in fact a slight modification of the old "mob-cap."

"Sit down, Griffiths, and whilst I dine please tell me about your journey here."

"But—the Maistor?"

"When he comes you can go to your own room at once."

The smile died out of her face, and Nella felt herself being looked at keenly.

Griffiths took the seat indicated, but as long as the waiter lingered she replied only in monosyllables; when they were once more alone, she said:

"Aa divent like te see ye dinin' aal alone, Mistress, an' aa can't git ower it. Business is aal reet eneuf iv its place, but when a gentleman leaves a bonny bride only married yestorday——"

"Now Griffiths, not a word against my husband."

"Aye, we're aal alike, gentles an' simples; say a word agin' wor good-man an' we're fit te flay ye! But noo aa coom te leuk mair at ye, ye seem a bit worriedd like. An' what's mair natural noo? How lang's the Maistor been gan, an' when 'll he be back?"

This was an awkward question to answer, and she was shrewd enough to perceive that somehow the conversation did not please the lady, for after a moment's pause she continued:

"Ah, but thor's fearsome things happenin' for-by. Folks was talkin' iv the train aboot a morder—a poor young lady throttled iv a railway carriage an' robbed tee. Thor'll be a sight mair morderd noo, ye'll see."

"More? O, you dear dreadful prophet of evil, why?"

"Did ye ivoor hear tell o' yen sewyside or yen mordor an' ne mair? They're smittle as measles, honey."

"I wonder if they've got the murderer yet?" Nella remarked absently.

"Getten him? O, aye. They've gotten him safe eneof. It's just a pity they didn't hing him up te the forst lamp-post the villain."

"Why, Griffiths, what a blood-thirsty old dear you are. You seem to have been revelling in horrors. Will you believe it, I haven't felt sufficient interest even in that dreadful case to open a newspaper to-day?"

"An' ne need neither, when folks taaks o' nowt else, and placards is starin' yor vory eyes oot aall ower. But aa'll gan te yor room noo, mistress, an' see an' set yor things reet."

So saying she passed into the bedroom, but it was not long before she opened the door again, and, looking mysterious, said in an agitated voice:

"Aa canna see nowt belangin' te—the Maistor."

"What do you mean?" cried Nella, flushing scarlet, and starting up from her chair. "Arrange my things, if you like, but don't—"

"Thor's neer so much as a brush nor comb, nor slippers—there's nowt! His vorry portmantle's gyen. O, Miss Nella, mistress, honey—thor's summit wrang an' ye winnot tell me! Aa read it iv yor feace."

"Don't be silly, Grif! There is nothing wrong—what could there be?—excepting in your own foolish imaginings. Look at me," and going close to the woman she laid a hand on her shoulder. "Look, I am laughing, actually laughing at you for a silly, fanciful old dear. Could I look you in the eyes and do that if there were anything wrong with Philip? If I don't mind his going away on tiresome business, why should you?"

"O, aye. Ye're alaughin' wi yor lips an' cryin' iv yor heart. D'ye think aa din't knaa a true laugh frev a sham yen?"

"Go to bed," said Nella, really angry now. "You're tired with your journey and—cross—and—and—disagreeable. Go!"

"An' what'll ye do then, ma honey aall alone?"

"Sit up and wait for my husband. Good-night."

CHAPTER VII.

BRAVING IT OUT.

ALL this was mere bravado to deceive Griffiths, for indeed poor Nella felt very sick at heart that Philip did not write or at least send a telegram to tell her where he was.

Their engagement had been so brief that she had no letters to re-read to cheer her. In default of this consolation she took from her purse pocket-book two folded papers—one, the telegram received from her husband at Gulcotes; the other contained some impromptu lines Philip had given her only a few days before.

*"Should Fate decree for thee and me,
To share life's joy and misery,
O! may the misery be mine
And all the happiness be thine."*

It cannot be said that the re-perusal of either telegram or lines did her much good. She preferred to regard everything from the most cheerful standpoint, and those rhymed words of Philip's showed only too plainly the naturally despondent character of his disposition.

She replaced both papers in her purse, then threw herself, dressed as she was, upon the couch and somehow the night got over.

When morning came and brought neither letter nor sign, she observed the same course as on the previous day so that Griffiths might suppose she had been in bed and slept as usual. On drawing aside the window curtains she found the sun was actually shining for the first time since she had left the North; there was blue sky distinctly visible above the roofs and chimneys; some poor little smoke-begrimed London sparrows were twittering merrily; everything augured well, for Philip *must* come that day!

The fact of there being neither letter nor wire, of course, seemed only another proof that Philip had finished his business and would come.

Griffiths was silent but watchful while assisting her mistress to dress.

Obviously the woman was clinging obstinately to the opinion she had expressed the night before, namely, that somehow Philip was to blame.

The quiet assurance from Nella that he was detained by business failed to satisfy her. She preserved a stolid countenance, only spoke such words as were necessary, and sighed continually.

In the afternoon Nella heard from Philip—heard that he was still detained and could not come.

There was a mystery about that letter. A commissionaire brought it. He came up to the sitting-room, and Nella was thankful afterwards that Griffiths was not present.

The man looked as uncommunicative as Philip's other messenger. He held the letter so that she could read the superscription, which was this:—

"Mrs. P. L.,
Charing Cross Hotel."

Nella put out her hand to take it, but he kept hold of it until she said:

"The writing is known to me. The letter is for me. Wait."

Then he gave it, and she sat down with her back to him while she read:—

"Dearest,—Fate is indeed cruel! A business affair which held promise of being transacted in an hour has grown to such magnitude that it cannot be completed before Friday afternoon. I am well, and should be comparatively happy if assured that you are so. There are many distractions in London. Take Griffiths with you and amuse yourself, my loved one. Do this I pray, so that the time may pass more pleasantly with you—and tenfold less wearily with me, knowing you do not give way to sadness.



"SHE SAT DOWN WITH HER BACK TO HIM WHILE SHE READ"

Let me picture you happy, even while you think of me as flying hither and thither about the country transacting dreary business with various engineering firms, the very nature of which is too dull and prosaic to detail to my darling. I need not say—you will have guessed it—we cannot sail to-morrow night. I have foreseen and provided for all that; and, though you know the consequences, let not this distress you, Nella. If your trust is—as your love is—perfect, for that love's sake be happy until I come on Friday afternoon. My God! what can I have done that Fate should prove so cruel? Why am I doomed to cast a shadow on the life of her for whom I would gladly die to save her an hour's pain! Send me a line to say you are well and happy. Neither address nor signature required. Your reply will reach me safely."

She read this once, she read it twice, feeling all the while that there was something between the lines which was

not traced in ink. There are people said to possess the gift called "second sight." Had Nella this questionable gift? If so, it was to a very limited extent indeed, for, though she could have sworn a double meaning lay concealed in every line, yet was she powerless to read it, and could only gaze helplessly on the paper, striving to find the clue.

All at once she remembered that the messenger still waited. Going over to the writing table she wrote these words:

"Picture me as you wish. I will do my best to resemble it. After all, there is but to-morrow—tiresome to-morrow—that has the bad taste to obtrude itself between us and—next day."

It was a poor, miserable little attempt at playfulness. She could write no more; if she had it must have divulged the truth. Tears sprung to her eyes, a lump rose in her throat as she placed the note in its cover.

"Where will you take it?" she in-

quired desperately as she gave it to the messenger; but he answered curtly:

"The gentleman will get it, lady. It has to go through the hands of another party. I know nothing more."

Then she signed to him to go quickly.

She had heard from Philip but his words failed to satisfy her; although they told her she would see him on Friday, she could scarcely feel glad.

Later, she told Griffiths of the letter and of their altered plans. The woman neither asked questions nor made comment, only looked askance and sighed in a manner that spoke volumes, but which at any rate was preferable to speech.

The remainder of that day passed and all the next. Nella went out, taking Griffiths with her, but the life she led seemed vague and unreal—doubly unreal was the occasional joyousness she assumed in her sad and vain endeavour to verify the picture Philip wished to form of her.



BY

much
nation
Y
take
The
short
or p
riage
may
be n
or m
not
pedi
may
seas
lent
sure
up
may



Across the Water

BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER, Author of "Bootles' Baby," "Grip," "The Price of a Wife," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



ALL the world is ready and willing to admit that the English are the greatest wanderers on the face of the globe. The Americans, perhaps, run them very close, but I believe that the percentage of English people who take their holidays abroad is much greater than that of any other nation.

Yet it is not always an easy matter to take one's holiday in a foreign country. The time at one's disposal may be too short to admit of spending many hours, or perhaps even days, in a railway carriage after crossing the Channel. There may be a family to consider, or it may be necessary to include English nurses or maids in the party, and servants are not very desirable additions to one's *impedimenta* on a long journey. There may be plenty of money for going to the seaside, to pay for a good hotel or excellent lodgings, to allow for all the pleasures and excursions which go to make up the joy of holiday-time, but there may be none to spare for long journeys.

To such as these, then, who wish to find complete change, both of life, of houses, of habits, of manners and customs, let me say that in less than three and a-half hours after leaving their native shores all these joys may be obtained as soon as the traveller sets foot on French soil at Dieppe. Here is a town which can and will suit all sorts and conditions of men, women, and children, from the affluent few who wish to be fed by a *chef* of the first order, to the couple with a growing-up family, who don't mind, and indeed rather enjoy, camping out in a cheap flat and, as they put it, "foraging" for their meals in one or other of the numerous and excellent restaurants with which the town abounds.

There is excellent accommodation for each and all. On the Plage are several first-class hotels, at which good rooms, perfect cleanliness, and very good cooking are assured at reasonable charges. Besides these, there are many more quiet family hotels, to which ladies can go with their children in perfect confidence.

There are also several good boarding-

houses, and furnished houses, and *appartements* innumerable.

But by *appartements* I do not mean what is known in England as furnished lodgings, which are practically unknown in France, or at least in Dieppe. An *appartement* is a flat or suite of furnished rooms, which may be had for a price varying from twenty pounds to one hundred and fifty pounds for the season. Furnished houses and flats in Dieppe are usually most comfortable. Carpets are not much in evidence, but French beds are excellent, and are always beautifully clean, as indeed houses and flats mostly are.

If the tenant wishes to live at home,

Most people going away for a change would, I think, infinitely prefer to have their houses and cooking as French as possible. One can imagine no change so great for an English house-mother as to have a quiet, tidy woman appearing every morning in time to serve the first breakfast of coffee and fresh rolls. Then to go out to spend the morning according to her will, to turn into the restaurant of her choice at twelve o'clock for a delicious *déjeuner à la fourchette*, and to have a long afternoon before she need think about dinner at seven o'clock. Materfamilias is relieved from all house-keeping cares and at very moderate cost; Paterfamilias is thoroughly well fed, and



BATHING OPPOSITE THE CASINO

a servant, or perhaps two, must be found—a very easy matter, as there are always plenty of capable persons willing to take a place for a season. If he wishes to live out, a *femme de ménage* is usually engaged to come in every day for a certain time. The *propriétaire* generally knows an assortment of these good ladies, so that no one is ever stranded for very long. I knew several families last year who had a *femme de ménage* each morning to do up the rooms, and made arrangements with some favourite restaurant or pastry-cooks to provide luncheon and dinner at so much a head per week. In the case of those without very young children this system works very well.

the young people enjoy life with a zest which nothing gives like a spice of complete novelty.

If, however, there are more than two or three of these same young ones, it is better, or at least a little cheaper, to live at home; but this, of course, confines the movements of a family very considerably. If the family and its shelter, be it a house or flat, be small, then a *bonne à tout faire* is all that will be required by modest people. But if the family be larger, or more service is required, a *cuisinière* and a *femme de chambre* are the necessary blessings who will do everything between them. The cook will ask from 35 to 70 francs a month, according to her capabilities and

the style in which the family have settled themselves. The *femme de chambre* will ask from 30 to 50 francs a month. In some ways French servants are a little trying. They are very quick and personally intelligent, but their training is wholly different to that of their English sisters. They have always a ready smile and a certain quick courtesy, and they are wonderful at what I may call "keeping things faced up." They can all cook on emergency, and they all know the right people to call in at any moment to do any mortal thing that their family may happen to require.

It is by far the best plan, if the family decide to live at home, to let the cook or *bonne* do the shopping. She knows how to get everything at fairly reasonable prices; she may charge a little more than she pays, and often does, but in the long run it is the mistress who gets the benefit of her experience and connections.

And now, having settled our family under a roof of their own and having given them their first breakfast, let us take them out to spend a long morning in Dieppe. There are heaps of things to do. For the dawdler, the idle, and those recovering from illness and not fit to take much exertion, besides the noble Plage and beach there is the town itself, with its quaint old-fashioned streets, its amusing fish-market, its well stocked shops and its ordinary array of market stalls.

Then there is the Terrace of the Casino, where the non-energetic can sit close by the sea wall, under a wide awning, and listen to the band, talk, read, work, watch the children disporting themselves on the beach below, or see with intensest amusement the various bathers emerge from their little cabins just below the wall of the Terrace, look-

ing quite like classic figures all swathed in their Roman togas, to return presently dripping and dishevelled to seek once more a friendly shelter. By the way, two boats with attendants are always stationed just off the shore when the weather is such as to permit of bathing. But supposing that the family is not entirely composed of either idle or non-energetic people? Well, there is tennis to be had in the Casino grounds, and there is a reading room, with *Punch*, the *Times*, and many other English papers, while outside the Casino there are no end of morning occupations. Part of the family will like to explore the town itself. There is Saint Jacques, with its beautiful west



ST. JACQUES' CHURCH.



• RUINS OF ARQUES CASTLE

front, its lovely interior, its many little chapels, especially the Mariners' chapel on the north side of the nave, and its wonderful stone carving like lace-work at the back of the high altar. There is Saint Remy, an older church than Saint Jacques, with its deep-sounding bells and its wonderful organ. The French Protestant Church is not far away and is well worth a visit; and over the water, in the district known as the Pollet, is a most quaint old church with priceless paintings, which no one should leave the town without seeing.

Others may be glad to mount their cycles and go off to the big hotel at Puits for breakfast. Puits is a charming little village of chalets small and large, dotted like doll's houses along both sides of a steep ravine. There is a sweet little bay with a hard sand shore—a delightful bathing-ground. The hotel lies just under Cæsar's Camp, and has a fine broad terrace where visitors may have lunch if they like. A good many notabilities stay at Puits. By the way, our own Lord Salisbury had for years a charming chalet at Puits, where he spent every moment he could steal from State affairs.

Or the family may wish to go to the near but beautiful Forêt d'Arques. For this their best plan is to ride out to Martin-Eglise, only three and a half miles, and there go and make friends

with mine-host of the Hôtel Lecourt. They will be received with the simple courtesy of a man who is in his way a celebrity. For Victor Lecourt has been a great rowing man in his time, and is an excellent cook now. While waiting for *déjeuner*, the visitors can explore the village, or go across to the bridge and sit on the stone ledge thereof, watching the sparkling stream which runs beneath, and thinking longingly of the trout which they will presently eat.

Then let the family drift away on foot to the Forêt, leaving their cycles in charge of M. Lecourt. How lovely it is, this Forêt d'Arques! So fresh, so luxuriant, so prodigal of everything that one would most like to have in one's own garden or conservatory.

Or if the family do not care to go into the forest, they can cycle on to Arques by the high road, and can there inspect the old Château. They will pass, about midway between Martin-Eglise and Arques, an obelisk which keeps green the memory of the great battle which had for its hero the gallant Henri Quatre. The Château d'Arques is a most interesting ruin, and the view which can be enjoyed from its walls is a very beautiful and comprehensive one, extending over miles and miles of rich and undulating country. From Arques the cyclists can return by a different way to that by which they came, passing

through the village and stopping to see the fine old church, with its graceful flying buttresses and its curious gargoyles. Then home by the road above the railway and past the racecourse.

If the family happens to be in Dieppe during the third week in August, they will of course go to the races. This week is the very height of the season, and Dieppe generally is very full of visitors of all nationalities. But the Plage is wide and the Casino is spacious, the race-course has ample accommodation, and the crowd is on the whole a well-dressed one, and not offensive in any way. In fact, I ought not to give my impressions at all without saying that such matters as might be offensive are extremely well managed in Dieppe, especially in the Casino. The average English idea of a French Casino is that it is, to say the least of it, "rapid." Truth compels me to say that at the Casino of Dieppe all is quiet, orderly, and seemly.

Perchance the family whose holiday I am planning is great on golf. Then let them hie away with their clubs up the Faubourg and up the shady lane at the foot of which they will see a red sign with the word "Golf" writ large upon it. Arrived at the top, where the lane again joins the main road, they will see the Golf House a little way beyond, and in front of it the Links stretching away to the edge of the cliffs.

Once passed in at the white gate under the French and English flags, the golfer will find himself at home, with a very interesting nine-hole course to negotiate.

There is a comfortable club-house, with every usual accommodation both for ladies and gentlemen. The buffet is served by the proprietor of one of the best hotels in the town. The charges

are most reasonable and the providings excellent, especially the afternoon tea, of which the caterer makes quite a speciality.

Another place to go to for afternoon tea is Pourville, a mile or so beyond the Golf Links. The cyclist gets a delicious downward spin all in full view of the sea, the road winding along the edge of the cliffs; and here let me say that the French roads are like a foretaste of a cyclist's heaven, so beautifully graded and well-kept are they. At Pourville the visitor must be sure to ask for *Galette!*

Pourville is a little sea-side place much loved of the wealthy Rouennais, who own many of the charming villas which,



THE PLAGE AND CASINO

like those at Puits, nestle in the sides of a ravine. It has also a tiny Casino.

Besides the few places I have named there are scores of interesting villages within a few miles of Dieppe which will repay a visit by cyclists and carriage folk.

Still, although Dieppe is all that an ardent cyclist can desire, and although the golfer can spend his entire holiday on the links (and some do), yet the great attraction for all is, of course, the Casino. There are many other amusements—regattas, cyclists' fêtes, fireworks, sports, reviews, grand band contests, and all sorts of diversions for the



POURVILLE BAY -

benefit of the world at large, yet the Casino is the centre of the season's life. In the Casino one can spend the whole day if one so wishes. The great building stands in spacious grounds, charmingly laid out and beautifully kept up. Within its boundaries, amusement of some sort is to be found all the day long, from the 15th of June until the 15th of October. The morning I have already described.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, the *Petits Chevaux* begin their fascinating courses. The gambling goes on from two to seven, and from nine to twelve in the evening, or even later if there are many players present. In the height of the season the tables are constantly thronged. The stakes vary from one franc to twenty on the columns, and from one franc to five on the numbers. The play is conducted with scrupulous fairness, but although luck often favours the player for a time, the odds are obviously on the side of the horses to the extent of nine to eight.

Of other distractions in the Casino there are many. Excellent concerts are given in the beautiful *Salle des Fêtes* every afternoon and three evenings of the week.

Three times a week there is dancing in the evening from nine to eleven in the *Salle des Fêtes*; and also on Thursday afternoon for the children. All these entertainments are free to those

who enter the Casino. On Thursday evening there is generally a play given in this *Salle*; for this a small fee is charged for the best seats.

At the theatre, which is hard by the Casino and under the same management, plays are given every Sunday evening during the season.

It may, perhaps, be as well for me to say that for season visitors to Dieppe, evening dress is absolutely unnecessary. I mean for ladies, of course, as men naturally dress for dinner, mostly wearing Monte Carlo jackets and black ties. The majority of people know this, but every season a few ladies turn up at the Casino in full evening dress, in which they look so supremely miserable that they would, I am sure, have been most grateful if anyone had given them a hint as to what clothes they ought to have brought with them. But let not travelling ladies go to the other extreme, and pack nothing but useful tailor-built garments and sunburnt sailor hats. These are excellent for morning wear, but a smart gown or two, with hats or toques to correspond, are absolutely necessary for use in the evening. A smart light cape should also be taken, as it is a frequent custom on fine nights (and it is mostly fine in Dieppe) to promenade on the Terrace between the dances and during the half hour's interval.

Ladies dance in their hats, and wear

very smart dancing shoes. For the children's dances very light smart frocks are worn, and the little people have a very gay and happy time under the eagle eyes of Madame Paul, the famous Parisian Dancing Mistress, and the kindly Master of the Ceremonies. At the end of the afternoon, the children parade up the long room in fours, bowing and curtsying to Madame Paul and then receiving a cake or a sugar-stick from the footmen who stand with great trays on either side of the doors. It is one of the prettiest sights conceivable to see the youngsters, some of them mere mites of three or four years old, come

experience say nothing. I do know, however, that Baccarat is played there. But this year ladies are to be admitted for the two last weeks in August. If the concession is appreciated and proves advantageous it will doubtless be continued.

Leaving the Casino, I must remind the family that there are steam-boat excursions daily, and various points of the coast can be visited in this way with either pleasure or misery, according to the constitution of the tripper. There are diligences several times in the day to and from Puits, Arques, Pourville and other places.



ENTRANCE TO CASINO

toddling up to curtsy with skirts held out, receiving in reply a most stately salute from Madame. By the way, children can take a course of lessons of Madame Paul, who is an excellent teacher.

Nor do the weekly dances constitute the only amusement provided for the children. Every afternoon at two o'clock there is some special outdoor entertainment for them. It may be Punch and Judy, a Conjuring Exhibition, a Magic Lantern, or a Shadow Play. On wet days the youngsters have a part of the wide corridor specially devoted to their play.

There is a Grand Cercle at the Casino, of whose mysteries, as only gentlemen have hitherto been admitted, I can from

I have said nothing about Dieppe as a place of residence. The family may wish to settle in some fresh place for reasons of health, of education, or of economy. For people troubled with eczema, or of a consumptive tendency, I would not recommend Dieppe any more than any other sea-side place; but for those requiring a pure and bracing air it is a very queen of health resorts. The town is blessed with a superabundance of unsurpassable water, and so ample is the supply that in every street it pours unceasingly from stand-pipes day and night, and flows down the wide gutters, sweeping all impurities before it to the oblivion of the incontaminable ocean. I fancy a great deal of the general healthiness of Dieppe is due to this, and

to the fact that the town is so shaped, by the intersection of river and docks, that it is peculiarly open on all sides to the searching cleansing of wind freshly passed over the health-giving sea.

In conclusion, let me give a few words of advice to those who may be led by this article to come to Dieppe. First, to remember, if they are cyclists, that the rule of the road in France is to keep to the right, exactly opposite to our own. Then to avoid bringing with them articles which are not allowed to pass the Custom House. Matches are absolutely forbidden and are confiscated if declared, while if not declared their owners are liable to be fined to the rate of a franc a match! On tobacco, spirits, and tea, and any new articles of wearing apparel, duty is payable, and they must be declared at the Custom House.

Everyone should try to fall in with French ways as quickly as possible. Those who are prepared to pay fair prices for good things, who are polite to

all and ever ready with a little tip for a service rendered, seldom have complaints to make in a foreign country. Don't expect to have everything just as you have it at home, but remember that you will find some things a great improvement on what you are daily used to, and *vice versâ*. If you want to know the English residents and are quite a stranger in the land, get a letter of introduction to some one living in the place. The English Colony is not a large one, but is most friendly and hospitable, and there are two English churches with a permanent chaplain to each. There is also H.B. Majesty's Vice-consul, Mr. Lee-Jortin, to whom any English visitors may go if in difficulty. It is not at all likely, however, that polite people, able and willing to pay their way reasonably and to do as they would be done by, will ever get into any difficulty out of which their own good sense will not speedily extricate them.



DIEPPE CASTLE FROM CASINO GROUNDS



WRITTEN BY JAMES CASSIDY, Author of "The Gift of Life: A Romance," &c
ILLUSTRATED, BY R. SCROPE-DAVIES

"THEY'RE as like as two pips, bless 'em!" and a sound as of a kiss and a chuckle succeeded the exclamation.

The tired mother on the bed smiled as she heard the words of good old Nurse Hughes, and part of the "they" screamed from sheer cussedness.

"Lor' a mussy, strikes me there ain't no likeness inside 'em; it's the second one as has all the quietness to himself; reckon he'll grow the fatter and the faster."

"Let me see them, nurse," said the mother.

"To look on one is to look on both," replied nurse, carrying her double burden to the bed; "it'll be hard to tell 'em apart."

As Polly Bray inspected the infants with curious interest the door opened quietly and Pete Bray, the "head of the house" entered the room.

"Put them away, nurse!" he said quickly, "and tell me how your patient gets on."

"Why, you ain't looked at 'em, sir," exclaimed the indignant nurse; "it's not every man as is the father of two such beautiful sons."

"I shall see enough of them, I'll be bound, and without taking any special trouble to look, either."

"Pete," said Polly's voice from the bed, "think of two names beginning with the same initial; two names that'll lend themselves easy," and Pete Bray thought hard for full a minute, when he said:

"Joe and Jos comes of Joseph and Joshua, and begins with a 'J' and a 'J,' what say you?"

So "Joe" and "Jos" it was, except at the christening, when the twins were pronounced "Joseph" and "Joshua."

Months before they were breeched Joe's character was in shreds, but not so his brother's. After the breeching Joe's disposition to wrong-doing developed at an alarming rate, and by the time the twins had entered their teens Joe had established his reputation as a reckless ne'er-do-weel, while Jos, on the other hand, endeared himself to his parents by loving obedience, thoughtfulness and general good conduct.

Now Jos loved Joe and shielded him from many just punishments, pleading for him upon all occasions when he thought pleas would avail, often taking upon his own shoulders his brother's misdeeds.

At school things were the same; Jos was the "genius," Joe was the dunce. When the boys followed two leaders, Jos and Joe were always ranged on

opposite sides. Two or three times the schoolhouse windows had been broken by stone-throwing, and the indignant caretaker had hauled up Jos before the schoolmaster for his brother's misdemeanours. A word of explanation would have put matters right for himself, but Jos saved his words and his brother's skin.

Nor did Joe always appreciate the forbearance of Jos, but for this, it is true, Jos had largely himself to blame. He was strong in asserting his belief that poor Joe was little to blame for his ways, as he was unfairly burdened, from his birth, with bad qualities, while from some lucky bag of good things better gifts had been bestowed on himself. The theory comforted Jos, and it was quite as comfortable for Joe, who felt himself a fit object for compassion rather than scorn.

One of the gravest offences for which schoolboy Jos bore the punishments justly due to his brother was the burning out of Baldock's, the greengrocer's shop.

Jos, attracted by the flames, stood watching the commotion within and without the place, when a voice from the crowd shouted: "That's he; I'll swear to 'n; I saw 'n do it," and Jos was arrested by a burly policeman. As he was marched off to the station he passed Joe; their eyes met, and Jos had made up his mind. "Wild horses," he resolved, "should not drag from him the plea of innocence." And Jos kept his resolve, and took his birching with British pluck, and the jailer, noticing his elation, misconstrued its cause, and "laid on" harder to "take down swagger."

With tears his mother received him after the event, clasping him to her and using all the endearing epithets she could call to mind to ease his smart; but Jos smiled in her face and said: "It's only fair, mother, for you know how uneven things are for poor old Joe."

Joe showed sufficient penitence

on that occasion to promise his brother amendment, and for six days he was a very angel of innocence about the place, but on the seventh his snow-white behaviour took on a different hue, as he watched his opportunity to sneak out of school and free all the roving town-dogs from muzzledom. Stringing together the wire bonnets, he suspended them outside the harness-maker's shop, the legend "Second-hand wire bonnets for sale" scrawled beneath. Luck favoured his enterprise, an unusual number of boys being away from school on that particular day, and the culprit was undiscovered.

School days over, situations were found for the twins. "You will find my son Jos worthy of trust and esteem," said his father to Jos's master. He was silent when he took Joe to his situation, for what could he say of one so reckless?



"THAT'S HE; I'LL SWEAR TO 'N.'"

One gloomy day in February Joe was dismissed his place characterless. His repeated unpunctualities, negligent appearance, and slovenly work leaving his master no alternative. Added to all these faults was a graver one, needing proof, it is true, save to his employer. On that same day Jos was promoted, and, of course, his "screw."

"Poor old chap," he said to Joe, clapping him heartily on the shoulder, "while you're out of a crib we'll share, and Joe said, "Thanks, old man, you're awfully good."

And that there might be the more to share, Jos did "overtime," and Joe thought him a fool for his pains.

A month after Joe's dismissal Jos was arrested in his master's office for "robbery with violence."

"You've made a mistake, officer," said Jos's employer; "a more honest man 't would be hard to find, and I've had a few honest clerks about me."

But the constable was determined. "There's them as can swear to his identity," he said; "them as saw him directly after the deed was done and recognised him as he stepped into the railway carriage this morning. I must do my dooty, sir."

"You can easily account for your whereabouts last night, Bray," said his master, kindly; "the fellow is mistaken."

But the hot blood leapt to the face of Jos, and in shame he hung his head.

"Come, my lad, come, cheer up; it'll all be as right as ninepence," said his employer; "I, for one, will never believe in your guilt; but pshaw! what am I saying? Your innocence will be established before all, and this fellow made to apologise for his impertinence."

The policeman smiled sardonically and led off his prisoner. And Jos maintained his silence.

At the trial credible witnesses swore to his identity with the guilty man, and, greatly to the astonishment of those who believed in his favour, he offered no defence, and judgment was passed upon him.

His employer spoke to him. "Bray," he said, kindly, "never mind the rest; look up, man, and tell me you are not guilty."

Quickly Jos raised his head, a bright smile illumined his face, his lips parted for a moment, then closed, the smile fading and a crimson flush dyeing his cheeks. He raised his hands to hide his misery, and at that instant his old master believed him guilty.

"I shall doubt myself next," he muttered as he left the Court. And so, for his brother's sin, "Jos" went to prison and wore the uniform of disgrace, and worked on the treadmill, taking exercise in the prison yard with a regiment of rascallions.

And Joe, during his brother's detention, lay low and kept quiet—and repented? Not he; he planned viler deeds when his substitute should be released. Artful and crafty as he was, he professed to discredit his brother's devotion in the home circle, and, by innuendo, inferred the hypocrisy and the rascality of Jos. But in truth he knew that Jos was genuinely heroic. His boyish days, and every day since, attested the sincerity of his unselfishness.

"Jos has no wits," Joe told himself, "and could not get into mischief if he tried. I have the brains and the 'go'; fools are always patient."

At the prison gate, on the morning of his discharge, Jos was met by his old master.

"Slip into your place again, lad," he said, "and live down taunts; there's a mistake somewhere;" and with the huskiness of gratitude in his throat, Jos said: "You're one in a thousand, sir."

The process of living down taunts is suggestive of sitting on spikes to dull the points; both taunts and spikes have a habit of making themselves felt. Askant looks, oblique phrases, petty actions on the part of fellow clerks, tricked out the office hours of enduring Jos. His patience was severely strained, but his brotherly love strengthened it. Not a word did he say to Joe about his troubles, but smiled when he called him "a lucky dog to have come it over the old Governor." There was another beside Joe who knew Jos to be innocent, and that other was their widowed mother. But she, poor feeble soul, stood in so much awe of scapegrace Joe that she could do little more than shake her head when his back was turned, which

it generally was on any mild advice she ventured to offer.

Things had gone on but poorly for Jos for twelve months after his reinstatement in his old desk; but his careful work and pleasing accuracy were beginning to tell on his work-fellows, when for a second time he was arrested by the police, and upon this occasion for burglary. Then pity left his employer's mind, and indignation was kindled against Jos, whose behaviour seemed again inconsistent with innocence. He knew that he was excluded from return to his place and work, and that his noble employer's anger and contempt were incited.

"Sir," he faltered, "you have been so good, so generous to me; believe me, I am guiltless of this crime, but if you would add yet another kindness to the many you have shown, do not try to establish my innocence; it would cost me more pain than a judgment against me."

"Are you trying to screen——"

"Oh, please, ask me no questions; I cannot answer them," and Jos burst into tears.

"Fellow, you are foolish and obdurate," declared his employer, "and you cannot expect that with your character gone I should again offend my clerks by reinstating you."

And so Jos left, being conducted by two policemen to the station and charged.

The burglary was one of a most daring character. Violence and cruelty characterised it; the three ruffians concerned in it stopped short at nothing. One of these turned Queen's evidence, and swore that Jos was the leader in the whole affair. It was Jos, said the witness, who had gagged the old man and woman, poisoned the dog, allured away the servant-girl, and broken open the safe. It was Jos who fired at the officer appearing upon the scene, and he who carried away the "swag."

To all this Jos answered nothing. Was he not lifting Joe's burden, and did not Joe understand? "Joe is not one to say much, but he feels the more," Jos persuaded himself, and his strong love for the rascally Joe lightened his load.

It was the first Sunday of his regained liberty, the first Sunday for eighteen

months that he was free to go where he chose; and, unobserved, as he hoped, he stole into his old seat at church. Soon he heard a titter in the pew behind him, and his consciousness appropriated it. With bowed head he sat miserably in his corner, and for him the service was spoiled. As he walked through the churchyard on his way to the gate, he passed a group of girls chatting together pleasantly; they caught sight of him, and a hush fell upon them.

"Hypocrisy is the worst form of rascality," remarked a platitudinally wise young man to a recipient neighbour on his left, just as Jos passed.

"Yes," was the answer. "I hate a two-faced rogue; it suggests the 'rack-because-we-love-you.'"

One or two townsfolk, who should have known better, said significantly, "We must see to't that the shutters are shut betimes, now," and two ladies felt hurriedly in their pockets for their purses as they noticed the ex-convict. A string of ne'er-do-wells, as they approached him, bawled out, at the top of their voices,

Will you, will you, will you, will you, walk out, Mr. Fly?

and then guffawed an appreciation of their own smartness.

Nor on Monday were things a whit better. He tramped about all day, looking for a job, asking anywhere and everywhere for even an hour's employment; but all shook their heads or shrugged their shoulders, and refused him assistance. Tuesday he trudged out again; he would ask several tradesmen, who had known and respected him in the old days before his trouble, to let him make up their books, or write out bills, or do anything that might want doing. He was just as unsuccessful; he found none needing his help.

Friday arrived at last, and, footsore and depressed in mind, he was passing the door of his late employer's, when out rushed three or four clerks. They pulled up sharp as they saw him, and one hissed in his ear, "The old man's disgusted; he knows you're a humbug now. He'll not take you on again, don't you fear. You'd best bunk, or you'll get nabbed for loitering." Then, with a

"he-he-he," the jeerer moved away. But not far; in a moment he sprawled his length on the road, knocked down by Joe, and his two cowardly companions slunk off.

"Yer senseless idiot!" said Joe, "pipe another tune, will yer? and to another listener." And, linking his arm with that of Jos, the two brothers walked thus to their mother's house.

Joe's action, and the words accompanying it, struck a spark in the mind of the outcast Jos, and during the week the spark kindled to a flame. It was all he could do to keep this new light from Joe. This light shed its fatuous rays upon public opinion as to his rascality and hypocrisy, and showed Jos that the pains and the penalties he voluntarily endured, so far from leading to any good result, only strengthened the belief that he was hypocrite as well as rogue. He was, he felt indebted to Joe for the summary punishment administered to his jibing fellows; Joe had manliness, he argued, and dared many things; Joe was at heart a good fellow, and his gratitude was evoked by his brother's action on his behalf. Yes, all men beside Joe had turned their backs on him and scouted him to his face; Joe alone dared to acknowledge him. Poor old Joe, he was better than the canting saints whose tongues traduced him! And from this point his horizon "widened," and Jos leaped to a desperate resolution. He would not set up for better than Joe;

he would do such deeds as his brother did.

That night, as Jos lay on his bed, he planned to break into a jeweller's shop. It was the jeweller's where his senior godfather had bought the two silver mugs for the christening of the twins. Jos knew it well. He had spent many



"IN A MINUTE HE SPRAWLED HIS LENGTH ON THE ROAD"

a valuable minute, when on his way to school, looking in its windows at the gold and silver display.

He would say nothing to Joe, for, mebbe, he would be against his plan.

Again it was Sunday, going on for midnight. The weather was gloomy, the wind rising, as into the darkness

crept Jos, carrying in his pockets two or three tools, which he scarcely knew how to use, and a dark lantern. Knowing the place so well, and the weakness of individual shutters, he soon effected an entry into the sleeping jeweller's premises, and that so quietly, that Sambo, the old black retriever, never stirred from his kennel. Replacing the shutter, he proceeded without loss of time to collect everything he could lay his hands on. The look upon his white wan face was that of a man hunted to desperation. His hands trembled, his knees smote together, his heart thumped almost to suffocation; but his determination never faltered. "I'm no better than Joe," he thought, "nor half what he is, in many ways." In an agitation impossible to describe, he gathered his treasure, filled the bag he had brought with him to receive his haul, and darkening his lantern, drew the greased bolt of the door, turned the key, and stepped . . . into the arms of Joe!

"Gimme the bag," said Joe, sternly, "and walk on slow."

The astonished Jos could ask no question; a spell was upon him; he relinquished his ill-gotten gains and slunk forward.


Three minutes passed, and Joe was beside him. They walked on a quarter of a mile, neither speaking. Their own gate was in sight, when Joe said,

"First time, Jos, old chap, I've seen you sleep-walkin'. . . . You weren't? Bah! don't tell me, man. But there's no harm done, unless you've took cold. The gold and silver fellow won't find a pin missin', all's put back square; and I tell yer what, Jos, I'm going to try 'square,' too. To-morrer, and all the morrers followin', you and me'll work for our bread."

And Joe was as good as his word.

To-day the "Brothers Bray" are as honest, hard-working men as any in Redvale, and Joe persists that his reclamation is due to that "bit o' work Jos did in his sleep on Sunday night, time ago." Nor will he be gainsaid. But then Joe Bray is not a psychologist.





An Eagle of Old Rome

AN eaglet of an Alpine wood,
Bred in a lofty home,
Snatched from its mountain solitude,
Was made a slave at Rome;
But first became (decreed by Jove!)
A Roman maiden's care—
A heart of empire ruled with love,
A monarch of the air.

And when within his eagle eye
The fire of instinct burned,
Toward the distant Alpine sky
His full attention turned.
He feebly flapped his half-fledged wing,
And heard the wild winds blow
Among the sombre pines that cling
Beneath the Alpine snow.

With plaintive scream each pinion drooped:
The restless eyes confessed,
An eager soul confined and cooped
Within a feeble breast;
But still the maiden did bestow,
With hand of kindest care,
Each want his craving growth could know
While weakness held him there.

THE LUDGATE

Behold! the fetter melts apace:

Maturity has brought

The power to win the pride of place

His soul so long has sought.

His pinions beat their native air—

A giddy, blue abyss;

The new-found freedom everywhere

Enthrals with more than bliss.

Poised in the haven of desire,

His drunken eyes survey

The Alpine summits touched with fire

Of slowly sinking day.

Why seeks he not his native wood—

His lonely mountain home?

Because the heart of gratitude

Is still a slave at Rome.

So when behind the misty world

The sun declined from view,

The eagle's pulsing wings were furled,

His bondage sought anew.

He swooped to earth. Around him rose

The city's hoary walls;

His strength was captive to repose

That even man enthrals.

Soft hands his plumage lightly stroked

Mild eyes his homage gained;

By kindness was his spirit yoked,

By meekness was he chained.

And so the friendship grew apace.

It nonplussed Rome to see

A tyrant so endowed with grace—

A slave so wondrous free.



THE LUDGATE

Until, alack! one day there crept
 Athwart the maiden's door
 The shadow of the King. She slept
 To never waken more.
 And ere one summer day could close,
 Life's summer left her eyes,
 And from her funeral pyre arose
 A flame to softer skies.

Hark to that scream! From Heaven's deep
 It throbs like secret woe;
 And down those mighty pinions sweep
 To where the strong flames grow.
 They wrap him close in their embrace,
 They mount the flaunting wind,
 As though to gain the pride of place
 Which gratitude resigned.

* * * * *

So when Italia's pride decayed,
 And conquest slept at Rome,
 Her legions from afar, dismayed,
 Went sorrowfully home.
 Her valour, with no wars to win,
 Folded her wings supine:
 Dropped from the clouds to burn within
 The pyre of Rome's decline.

JOHN LEA.

built
 hor
 the
 Cra
 cou
 feat
 "
 serv
 "
 "
 my
 mor
 "
 Mak
 you
 "
 rest
 will
 the
 tuan
 Th
 by p
 and
 Th
 my h
 faith
 own
 was
 fore
 insta
 he w
 comf
 not r
 I v
 some
 Nebo
 which
 prom
 my a
 It
 time
 VOL.

A Malayan Episode

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS



ALAMAT, tuan! Allah! but what fortune to behold the tuan's face again after three years!

I looked at the speaker, a strongly built Malay, who was holding my horse's bridle as I dismounted before the government rest-house at Nebong Cras. In the gathering darkness I could not at first distinguish his features.

"Has the tuan forgotten me, his servant?" he cried reproachfully.

"Hassan! is it you?"

"The tuan speaks rightly. Allah! my heart rejoices to see my master once more. What news, tuan?"

"Good news!" I replied, using the Malay greeting. "And what brings you here?"

"I eat government pay, tuan. The rest-house is in my charge—if the tuan will step inside I will take the horse to the back and return for orders—Tabi tuan!"

The man saluted me, in Malay fashion, by putting his hand up to his forehead and disappeared with my tired mount.

Three years before Hassan had been my body servant, and after serving me faithfully for two, left to go to visit his own people, much to my regret, for he was an excellent worker. I was therefore pleasantly surprised to find him installed at the rest-house, for I knew he would do everything to make me comfortable. Rest-houses as a rule are not noted for luxury and cleanliness.

I was on my way up country to do some shooting with a friend and Nebong Cras was our rendezvous from which we were to start. My friend promised to meet me there the day after my arrival.

It was close on eight o'clock, by the time I had tubbed and changed into

fresh clothes. Dinner was laid in the verandah which adjoined the two boarded-in spaces designated bedrooms. Above my head, the brown atap roofing, intersected by laths and beams, was plainly visible, no in-between ceiling being deemed necessary. Hassan himself waited on me, and the principal dish, an appetising Malay curry was in itself sufficient to have satisfied a king. I praised his efforts and he replied with a pleased grin:—

"The tuan likes it? That is well, my wife made it!"

"Oh," I rejoined, "so you are married now! I suppose you are rich enough to keep six wives!"

"Allah tuan! The government is just and the wages small. I have but one wife."

"Well, if she made this curry, you have married a clever one. She must have cost you a great many dollars to get, eh? Here am I, not able to afford a 'mem' at all. Beyond doubt you must have money. What is it to be an orang kayah (rich man)?" I concluded jokingly.

"Allah! the tuan laughs at me. If the tuan will permit, I will show him my little son to-morrow."

"All right, Hassan, and we will see if his fist is strong enough to hold a dollar"—at which the brown face by my chair expanded into a satisfied smile.

The next morning brought me news that my friend had been delayed on the road and would not be at the rest-house till late that night. So having nothing better to do, I took my kodak, intending to explore the "campong," as a Malay village is called.

As I descended the steps of the bungalow, Hassan came up, followed by a Malay girl carrying a child of about two years old on her hip. She saluted me respectfully, while the

youngster lisped out a greeting also. Hassan informed me that these were his wife and child. The former looked about sixteen, with the smooth, fat round face, broad nose and thick lips of the average Malay woman, as well as fine dark eyes and a certain grace that was pleasing.

"So this is your son? He looks as fat as a rajah! How many verses can he recite out of the Koran?" I said, pointing to the naked brown urchin, much to the mother's joy and delight.

Hassan beamed. "What is the tuan's name, good for nothing that thou art," he cried laughing.

"Tuan Smeet," answered the child gravely, as he tried to pronounce my very ordinary name of Smith.

"He is as clever as a judge, no doubt about it. And now let us see if his hand is as strong as his head," I replied, putting a dollar into the grubby brown fist.

Hassan overpowered me with thanks. He had a genuine liking for me, and my little tribute to his son pleased him

greatly. The man, the woman and child presented a quaint picture, as they stood there against a background of palms, dressed in picturesque native costume. I pointed to my camera, and said:—"Shall I make a photograph for you to hand down to your children's children?"

The man shook his head deprecatingly. "Let not the tuan be angered at my refusal. He knows our faith. It is against the law of the prophet. Still, if the tuan insists —"

"Of course I don't insist," I replied, amused at his Mahomedan quibbles; "Please yourself. I did not know you were so strict."

"I am a hadji, tuan!" Hassan said apologetically, which meant that he had performed the pilgrimage to Mecca and was consequently looked up to by his fellow creatures as a person of distinction. All good Mahomedans aspire to kiss the Kaaba, or sacred stone, which act gives them certain privileges—to say nothing of an almost sure passport to the moslem paradise after death.



"NEBONG CRAS WAS A TYPICAL MALAYAN VILLAGE"

I dismissed the man with a laugh and took the direct path to the village, keeping my eyes open for possible subjects, and after five minutes walk found myself in the centre of the campong.

Nebong Cras was a typical Malayan village. Most of the huts were built on piles driven into the mud on the river bank for choice. For to the indolent native, such a site offers advantages not to be had elsewhere. Fishing being the general occupation of the Malay, he likes to live near his hunting ground. His boat often lies just outside the back door, close to a little wooden staging, from which water can easily be obtained with the aid of a bucket. There, too, the family perform their daily ablutions, a domestic function of great importance, and all that is drawn up to be splashed over the bathers, runs back into its original source, through the cracks of the flooring. Refuse of any description is got rid of in the same manner and finds a resting place on the black mud under the hut. It is all simplicity itself. Complications only arise when the river fails to sweep away what is thrown to it. For, then, baked by a tropical sun, the slime covered garbage begins to dispel an aroma the reverse of heavenly. But the Malay has a broad nose which can stand much in the line of smells, and he lives on in primitive content over the river, which is at once his source of livelihood, his drink, his bath, and his drain. There are no sanitary inspectors there to worry his soul and interfere with his domestic economies.

I strolled on, under the palms, the object of some curiosity, for Nebong Cras was far away from the centres of white men. The women covered up their faces and retreated into their huts as I approached, being shy of the presence of a stranger. But I could see them peeping through the lattice work at me. By degrees I left the campong behind and came out near some jungle not far from the river. I walked along a narrow track until I found myself close to a squalid group of Malay huts from which shrieks and yells were proceeding. A female voice was evidently abusing some one, and as I drew nearer, my ears were assailed by

language too gross for description. I walked round the back of one of the huts to see what was going on, and came upon a scene worth painting. In the centre of a little knot of natives of both sexes, stood two women; the elder, an ugly old crone, was behaving in an extraordinary manner, waving her thin arms above her head like one possessed, and showering coarse terms of abuse on her companion a handsome Malay of about twenty. The latter was smiling derisively and every now and then would make some absurd motion with her feet or hands, which the elder woman immediately copied—against her will as it seemed.

No one observed me, for a pile of timber acted as a convenient shelter, so I focussed my camera and managed to take a snap-shot, unseen of the group, as well as one of the dusky belle, whose good looks were remarkable in one of her tribe.

"Let Ma Teja go!" said one of the onlookers. "Why, make her lātah. There will be trouble."

I understood now the extraordinary antics of the old woman. She was lātah, and suffered from a nervous disorder which compels a person afflicted in that manner, to copy or mimic the actions of another one if the latter can surprise the former into losing his or her self control. A sudden fright will do this generally. The disease is more often found amongst the Malay women, and a perfectly honest woman will, when under lātah influence, do and say the most outrageous things, of which she is very ashamed afterwards. European doctors have not yet classified this particular disease, but most are agreed it is some form of nervous hysteria, which the patient is unable to control under certain conditions. It is prevalent in all the islands of the Malayan Archipelago, but in some districts lātah flourishes more than in others. Lātah subjects are always conscious of their failing and bitterly resent being made sport of; and many are the tricks played upon these unfortunates. They will eat mud, dance and jump until exhausted, and even wound themselves if their tormentors only pretend to do the same first. They

are obliged to mimic any action, however foolish, when in a *latah* condition.

The old woman before me was an example of this sort, and was therefore in the power of her enemy, whose black eyes were flashing with malice and mischief as the torrent of abuse became stronger.

"Allah!" the former cried, panting with rage. "How darest thou play on my infirmity, daughter of a dog?" Here followed some plain statements as to the morals of the dusky beauty and those of her immediate relations.

The latter responded in equally unflattering terms, to the great interest of the onlookers. "The ugly one speaks 'long,' and her mouth is full of wind! Sudah! (finish translation). Go home, Ma Teja, and cover up thine head. It is unsightly to behold!" she cried, derisively.

"Hu! It is well for thee to speak of covering the face, shameless one! Thou who goest unveiled before the men folk and makest great eyes at the stranger in the campong!"

There was a general titter at this thrust, and the battle would have been continued with zeal, had not a brown urchin, naked as a Cupid, suddenly caught sight of me. He drew the attention of the others to my presence, and the group immediately dispersed, and in a few moments most of the people had gone into their huts, the old woman and her foe also leaving. On reaching the bungalow on my return, I found Hassan with a bit of sporting news for me. A large alligator had made its appearance in the river close to the village, and was occupying a mangrove swamp opposite. The villagers supposed it to be the same animal that had haunted a place higher

up, and already taken a woman and child. It was described as very large and cunning.

Hassan suggested I should try and have a shot at the beast. Its death would be hailed with gratitude, for an alligator is no welcome visitor at any time. I agreed to lie in wait for the man-eater that



"THE ELDER, AN UGLY OLD CRONE"

afternoon, a little after five o'clock, and when the hour arrived, set forth with Hassan for the spot. He chose an open space close to the side of the water, and opposite the above-mentioned mangrove swamp. The bank was pretty steep here. A jungle path to the right led to the village, but I could not be seen from it, as a clump of bamboos hid one completely

from the land side. I loaded my gun, lit a cigar and prepared to wait, after dismissing Hassan, who said he would return in about an hour. At the end of half an hour, I saw a movement close to the edge of the swamp. The water rippled as if some object disturbed it, and presently something floated to the surface. Had I not known the look of an alligator, I should have sworn the object was the trunk of a tree, so closely did the beast resemble that. I did not fire, as I wanted to wait until it crept up on to the mud and offered a surer aim. Slowly the ugly grey snout pushed its way out of the water, and already half the ponderous shoulders had followed suit, when a boat suddenly shot round the bend of the mangrove swamp, and, like a flash, master alligator slipped back into the river, leaving a series of little whirlpools where he sank. I anathematized the unlucky boatman, for in all probability I should have to wait a long time before another chance offered itself.

Letting my gun slide, I lit a cigar, and for the next few minutes sat enjoying the beauty of the sunset, which was gilding the sky with that gorgeous radiance seen only in the tropics. I revelled in the vermilion and crimson touches, which the river reflected like a mirror, as it placidly rippled past. Dusk would soon be upon the scene, and already the scent of the jungle, the earthy smell that pervades the air when the dew falls, was about me, while the night insects commenced to chirrup, and, what was not so pleasant, the mosquitoes woke up to action. A warning buzz and a few irritable bites from these voracious little poisoners made me decide to leave; but just at that moment the sound of voices came from the path at the back of my retreat, and I sat still until they should have passed. However, the two speakers came to a standstill to the right of me, and by their intonation appeared to be two Malay women quarrelling.

"Go in front or behind, but walk not near me, Kamea," said one voice, angrily.

"Art thou a raja's wife, to order me off the path?" replied number two, with a sneer. "It is open to all, and I walk where it pleases me."

"Wah! I talk not with one of ill-breeding. Go and gossip amongst the men-folk by the boats, as is the use of those without shame."

"Allah! but that is good to talk of shame to me. Dost forget, Ma Teja, all the pretty speeches that came out of thy mouth this morning? How the white tuan must have laughed to have seen thee!" retorted the second voice.

I was amused at hearing my name mentioned, and, getting up softly, looked round the bamboo clump at the speaker.

There stood the Malay beauty whom I had taken a snap-shot at that morning, and opposite her, almost facing me, the old woman I had seen perform the weird antics under *latah* influence. She was not *latah* at the moment, though—only very angry, and in her arms she held a child of about two years old, fat and brown, and dressed in nature's garb, as all native babies are.

"Insect!" cried Ma Teja, snorting with rage; "it was thou who madest me say them! Allah is just, and evil shall yet overtake thee, daughter of a pig! Since I counselled Hassan not to make thee his wife, thy tongue has not ceased to talk against me and the people of my house. Hai! I defile myself and the child by staying in such company. Sudah! Thy heart is black and thy speech as dirt! I go."

With a sudden movement Kamea stepped forward and gave the old woman's arm a tap. Ma Teja startled at the onslaught, lost her self-control, and in a moment became *latah* stricken. She realized it at once and took refuge in a string of vituperations that are unprintable. Kamea laughed with malice and began teasing her victim, making her say and do things that made Ma Teja wild with anger.

"Let me go!" the latter said, clasping the child tightly. "Let me go, lest in my foolishness I harm the babe, or else surely shall Hassan teach thee a lesson, misbegotten one!"

"Hassan!" jeered Kamea, "nay, 'tis I taught him one when his heart was like water for liking of me."

"That is true!" added Ma Teja, "and the prophet be praised, he learnt in time that a virtuous wife is better

than one whose name is as a bad taste in the mouth! Did he not say so only last night, as his son played by his feet, and——"

"Said Hassan so? Then his pride needs a fall, and see, Ma Teja, thou shalt do it."

Kamea was beside herself with passion, and I was contemplating whether it would not be wise to show myself when she waved her arms and, turning to the river, made as if she were throwing something into it. The old woman, true to the *latah* impulse, did the same, and, without any hesitation, threw the child she carried into the water.

This all happened so quickly that I only realized the situation as the splash of the falling body, coupled with a slight cry, fell on my ear. I jumped forward and leant over the bank. Ma Teja was shrieking and wringing her hands in despair. The other woman vanished the instant she saw me. The dusk was creeping on, and I could barely distin-

guish the brown body or the child as it rose to the surface a few yards from where it first sank. The current was pretty strong here, and, calculating the distance, I took a jump, but failed to get close enough to grasp the poor little beggar at once. He sank again, and it seemed to be a long time before I finally caught hold of the naked slippery child and got his head above water. The current had carried us out some way

from the bank, which was steep there and unfavourable for landing, so I decided to swim round a patch of muddy swamp that came next, and try to get ashore lower down. I heard a voice from the shore shouting to me that help would come, and in a few minutes a confused sound of cries told me that those living near the river were preparing to send aid. It was so nearly dark by now that it was difficult to distinguish anything on shore. My one fear was—the alligator. Once these

ferocious brutes have tasted human flesh, they will always attack man, and I thought with horror of the awful fate that would be mine, should it once scent my presence in the water. I dared not shout, for fear that should betray me to the animal. All I could do was to swim on quietly and trust to Providence and luck to pull us through. Every little twig that touched my face or hands set a thrill of terror through my body. The unconscious child needed great care, and

having no clothes on, was difficult to keep above water, so my progress was very slow.

The suspense grew almost unbearable, when, to my relief, a faint "hallo!" forward told me that a boat had been despatched. The minutes seemed like hours, but at last we were rescued, and it was Hassan who dragged me into the boat, with many exclamations of joy and thanksgiving. As I sat down, wet



"KAMEA LAUGHED"

and dripping, one of the Malays said, pointing astern:

"Allah is merciful. Look, there is the boya!" (alligator).

And sure enough, a dark mass fifty yards away showed what a narrow escape I had had. The brute must have risen to the surface shortly after we had floated past the spot. Hassan's extreme gratitude and marks of attention were a puzzle to me at first, until it was explained that it was his child I had rescued. Malay children, to my eyes, are all so much alike when young that it never occurred to me that Ma Teja's unlucky charge was the little boy to whom I had presented a dollar that very morning. My being near the place where the quarrel took place was a lucky coincidence, and the child recovered from his long immersion in the water without any bad after effects. Hassan had come on the scene almost directly after I jumped into the river, and it was his voice which had shouted encouragement to me from the bank.

From what Hassan told me, I gathered that his wife had taken their young hopeful for an afternoon visit to Ma Teja, who begged that he might be left, promising to take the child home herself at dusk.

It was while returning with the latter that she met Kamea close to my retreat, and as usual started quarrelling. The rest has been told.

Ma Teja was Hassan's aunt and foster mother, and as such had a great deal of say in his affairs. Her *latah* tendency was well known, but few dared to take advantage of it, partly because of the reputation she held as a "wise" woman, partly because she had influential rela-

tions in the village, who could have protected her if need be. Kamea, however, was one of those who took a delight in playing on her weakness, and that was done out of revenge, for Ma Teja had interfered once when her nephew Hassan showed signs of wanting to marry the widow. Kamea was a young person of enlarged affection, whose ways were flirty and flighty, and as the old lady did not approve of her as a niece-in-law, Hassan had a wife chosen for him out of a respectable family whose women folk, when young, went about decorously veiled before strangers. Kamea never forgave Ma Teja, and it was war to the knife between them, until the climax was reached by the river side. Hassan overwhelmed me with attentions during the remainder of my stay, and his wife presented me with a gorgeous sarong (Malay petticoat, trans.) of her own weaving. With the help of my friend, we managed to bag the alligator, and my respect for the latter was not lessened when on measurement he was found to be 12 feet long.

As for Kamea, she was not discovered in Nebong Cras, and I heard afterwards that she had fled further down the river to some friends, fearing that Hassan would have his revenge of her. I do not think she will ever dare to show herself in the same place as himself again.

Hassan never forgot the debt he owed me, and once a year at least I got a message from him, often accompanied by an inlaid kriss, an old siri (betel nut) bowl of silver, or something equally curious and interesting, as a sign of his gratitude and devotion. PÔTEH.



Male Millinery

WRITTEN BY C. L. MCCLUER STEVENS

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. C. SHELLEY



Went males are wont, in our superior way, to associate the idea of sumptuary extravagance with women, and with women only. Frocks of silk roped with pearls! Costumes so ethereally beautiful, and also (but that is a detail) so unethereally expensive, as to cause even the least impressionable of husbands to catch his breath with surprised delight or (thinking upon his depleted banking account) gasp in holy horror, as the case may be! Hats at twenty guineas a-piece! A spray of roses, facetiously termed a bonnet; costing as much as would keep in passable comfort for an entire twelve-month the brown-skinned progeny of an Indian ryot! These and other similar lucre-lavishing devices are, we are wont to persuade ourselves, invented by, of, and for Jill: any similar weakness being altogether foreign to the nature of that very superior person, Jack.

And yet, when all is said and done, it is man, and not woman, who is the greatest and most persistent sinner in this respect. His extravagance in dress, when he gets a chance, knows literally no bounds; while, in the direction of ostentatious, and often, alas, tawdry magnificence, no woman that ever drew breath can vie with him for even a single instant.

Take for example the coat and cocked hat represented herewith—No. 1. There is nothing in Bond Street—no, nor yet in the great millinery marts of Paris itself—that can equal it in extravagance of detail. The gold lace alone is worth

nearly one hundred guineas; being all solid, and of the finest quality of metal throughout. Its weight is surprising. In fact it is more like a cuirass than a coat, and would doubtless turn a bullet quite as quickly and effectively as that invented by Herr Dowie.

Nor is it only ambassadors, and other "great ones of the earth," who are privileged to carry a small fortune upon



NO. 1.—SPANISH MINISTER—FULL LEVÉE DRESS

their backs. Glance at illustration No. 2. It represents part of the state livery of Wright, the Lord Mayor's coachman. Perhaps this same Wright has worn more expensive clothes—more of them, that is to say—than any other man living; for he has driven goodness knows how many different Lord Mayors, and each one must, in accordance with civic traditions, possess himself of a fresh outfit for himself and his staff. And at what a cost, too! The suit in question, for instance, which formed part of the outfit made last year to the order of Sir George Faudel-Phillips, cost nearly two hundred guineas. It is of "royal blue" velvet, heavily laced with gold, and decorated conspicuously with the Faudel-Phillips arms.

In sharp contrast to all this magnificence is the convict's dress from Portland (No. 3); probably the least expensive uniform ever devised, invented, or produced. It is made from old condemned army blankets; and its net cost to the Government—of course it is produced by convict labour—is three-halfpence.



"NO. 3.—CONVICT'S DRESS"



NO. 2.—PORTION OF STATE DRESS OF LORD MAYOR'S COACHMAN

A very beautiful bit of stage "property" is shown in No. 4—the coronation robe worn by Mr. George Alexander in the "Prisoner of Zenda." It is throughout solid, massive, real; qualities the very reverse of those usually pertaining to this class of goods. The ermine is the genuine article, and the very best and costliest of its kind. The inch-thick velvet, from which the robe is cut, is the very finest the looms of Lyons could produce, and cost wholesale some four guineas a yard. Four pounds weight troy of gold was worked into the decorations. The Russian imperial eagle surmounting the helmet was specially imported from St. Petersburg, and is of that beautiful, glistening, beaten silver peculiar to the country of the Czar.

In No. 5 we are introduced to the tunic worn upon State occasions by the late French minister to the Court of St. James. It is very costly; but there is a revolutionary flavour about the tricoloured silk sash, which is wound round the waist, and dangles voluminously over the sword-hilt. In striking contrast to the ostentatious magnificence of

the representative of a republic, is the plain, almost dowdy costume, shown in No. 6. It is the full-dress State uniform of Rustem Pascha, the late Turkish Ambassador; and exactly reverses our preconceived notions regarding the barbaric splendour popularly supposed to be inseparable from the official costumes of Oriental dignitaries. It is of dark-blue cloth, very fine in texture, but entirely unornamented. The sword-belt, however, is of pure gold throughout; and the nine buttons, each of which weighs three-quarters of an ounce, are of the same precious metal.

In Nos. 7 and 8 we are confronted with specimens of the most costly uniforms in the army and navy respectively; the one a full-dress tunic of an officer of the 11th Hussars, the other a levée-dress of an admiral of the fleet. In both, the cloth is of the very finest texture. Indeed, it is more like silk than wool. But it is the gold lace that "runs into" the money. There is some twenty-five guineas worth of this expensive stuff

on the hussar tunic; and the entire suit cost, new from the tailor's shop, exactly treble that sum. The owner of all this magnificence, it may be mentioned, met his death in a paltry scrimmage among the Afghan hills. "Two thousand pounds of education, dropped to a ten-rupee jezail!"

In Nos. 9 and 10 we are introduced to yet other specimens of flunkey gorgeousness. In the first-named, the coat and vest worn upon state occasions by the Lord Mayor of Dublin's coachman, the cloth is of the kind known as "royal blue," and the decorations, braid, etc., are of silver. The effect is exceedingly pretty, and, although sufficiently striking, is not altogether unchaste. No. 10 represents a portion of the State uniform of one of Her Majesty's pages. There is a whole host of these royal pages, each rejoicing in his own special uniform. This particular one, however, is that worn by a "Page of the Presence," and is of dark-blue velvet, embroidered with gold nearly five inches wide and half an



NO. 4.—DRESS WORN BY GEORGE ALEXANDER IN "THE PRISONER OF ZENDA."



NO. 5.—FRENCH AMBASSADOR'S TUNIC AND HAT



NO. 6.—STATE UNIFORM OF THE LATE TURKISH AMBASSADOR



NO. 8.—ADMIRAL'S LEVÉE DRESS



NO. 7.—FULL-DRESS OFFICER'S TUNIC—11TH MUMBAI

inch in thickness. It is astonishing, by the way, what a vast variety of uniforms are annually used by the Court. In the Lord Chamberlain's office at St. James's Palace is a portly crimson-morocco-bound volume, containing a series of hand-drawn and hand-coloured plates, and representing nearly forty different costumes for as many classes of the Queen's servitors, from the Lord Chamberlain and the Lord High Steward downwards. But these are only the élite, the crème de la crème as it were, of apotheosized flunkeydom. In addition, nearly everyone of Her Majesty's attendants has his or her own special and distinctive dress. One of the most magnificent is that of the sergeant-trumpeter in the Queen's private band; although that donned upon State occasions by the master of the royal barge runs it pretty close. The most artistically beautiful of all royal uniforms, however, are undoubtedly those worn by the Queen's choristers—dreams of black, lustrous velvet; gold lace; pink silk stockings; and quaint, old-fashioned, diamond-buckled shoes.



NO. 9.—STATE LIVERY OF LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN'S
COACHMAN



NO. 10.—STATE COAT AND VEST OF ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S
PAGES



ENGLISH AMBASSADOR'S FULL LEVÉE DRESS

T
tuni
amb
tho
aug
The
the
rich
wou
It
men
he
all t
form
went
men,
so be

The last illustration of all shows the tunic and cocked hat worn by our ambassador at Paris, on the occasion of the ceremonies which marked the inauguration of the late President Grévy. There is nothing very remarkable about the tunic itself, but the chasteness and richness of the gold-lace embroidery would attract attention anywhere.

It used to be a matter of some wonderment to the writer, in the old days ere he "peeked" behind the scenes, where all the many thousands of costly uniforms annually turned out eventually went to. For, be it known unto all men, that so perfect is the texture and so beautiful the workmanship of the vast

majority of these garments de luxe as to render them practically indestructible. The mystery proved, however, exceedingly easy of solution. The bulk of them are shipped to the west coast of Africa, from whence they find their way, in due course, and by the ordinary trade routes, into the interior. It thus happens that many a triumph of the clothier's skill is, at this present moment, gracing the person of some dusky potentate or other, in the gloomy depths of the sub-tropical forest. But it is sure to be minus its gold lace. *That* is invariably carefully stripped off by the wily Hebrews, in whose hands this curious trade chiefly is.



Folklore Tales

THE SEVENTH ADVENTURE OF APAHARAVARMA

"The proper study of Mankind is Man"

BY ANNIE C. HYATT-WOOLF



HE novel with a purpose we are all, more or less, apt to think is entirely the child of modern civilisation, yet undoubtedly its earliest parent was the tale with a purpose. And so this Sanscrit story, of ancient date — whose keynote is the eternal theme, woman — is but another proof, if proof were wanted, how near, after all, are the children of to-day with the children of yester year.

Once upon a time, to begin with the good old formula, there lived a holy man or Muni on the banks of the Ganges. He devoted his whole life to meditation, prayer, and penance.

One day, while in the very act of praying, a lovely dancing-girl named Kamamanjari came and threw herself down at his feet. Woe and misery were stamped upon her face, her eyes were full of tears, and her beautiful hair was all dishevelled.

Before the holy man had time to ask the cause of her grief he was surrounded by a confused crowd of her companions, led by an old woman, the girl's mother, who was apparently much distressed.

A very babel of voices broke on the holy father's ears. As soon as he had

restored some sort of order to the crowd, he turned to the girl and asked her, not unkindly, for what purpose she had disturbed him in his retirement. With gentle voice and becoming bashfulness she replied :

"Oh, holy father, I have heard of your piety and holy fame, and also of your great kindness to those who are willing to give up the pleasures of this world for the sake of the next. I repent of the wicked life I am leading, and I wish to renounce it."

Then the mother could no longer hold her peace, and bowing until her grey hairs touched the ground, said :

"Worthy father, this daughter of mine would make it appear that it is I who am to blame. But I have been a good mother to her. From earliest childhood I have carefully trained her for that profession for which by birth she was intended. I have done all that I could to promote her health and beauty. She has been instructed in the arts of dancing, acting, singing, playing on musical instruments, painting, preparing perfumes and flowers, and in writing and conversation; also the serious studies of grammar, logic, and philosophy have been unveiled to her. And in order that she might lack no charm conducive to her profession, she has been taught to play various games with skill and grace, to dress becomingly, and trained to show herself off to the utmost advantage in public.

I have hired persons to applaud her when she danced, and to go about and praise her. And now this gratesome girl has fallen in love with a young Brahmin, and would give up her profession and marry him. And because I oppose this marriage, she declares she will renounce the world and become a devotee."

The girl looked pitifully at the Muni, and with tear-laden eyes mutely begged his aid.

The Muni shook his head and said :

"You would never be able to endure the hardships of the life you propose to lead. A life of devotion is a life of suffering. Its object is either absorption or paradise; the first is only to be gained by the perfection of wisdom, but paradise may be reached by all who faithfully perform the duties of their station. So, therefore, comply with your mother's wishes; return with her and be content with the life to which you were born."

But with many tears Kamamanjari replied: "Since you will not aid me I will end my miserable life."

The Muni, seeing his words had had no effect, reflected for a few moments, and then addressing her mother and companions, said :

"Go away, and return in a few days. I will give her good advice, and do not doubt but what she will speedily tire of living here; and then she will go back gladly with you, and do as you wish."

They went away, and the girl was left alone with the Muni.

At first with maiden modesty she kept at a distance, carefully abstaining from interrupting his prayers and meditations, whilst rendering him many unobtrusive little services. She watered his favourite trees and gathered sacred grass and flowers for offering to the gods. And then as time accustomed him to her she sang songs and danced for him, and at last began to sit near him and talk of the pleasures of love.

One day, after having sung and danced, she came and sat near him, and said, "Surely people are very wrong in saying that virtue, health and pleasure are the three great happinesses in life?"

"How far do you regard virtue as

superior to the other two?" in return he questioned.

"How can the thoughts of an ignorant girl," she replied, "be worthy of attention from a wise man like you. But since you ask, I will tell you what I think. There is no happiness in wealth without virtue, but virtue is quite independent of happiness or wealth. Without virtue a man is nothing, yet if he possess it, he is so pure, that he may occasionally indulge in pleasures; for any sin connected with his pleasures can no more stick to him than dust to a cloud. Therefore, I think that virtue is a hundred times superior to the other two."

And thus by specious argument she sapped his wisdom, and, then, by her winning ways she made him love her.

And he, forgetting all his former austerities, only sought to please her.

And when she saw how completely he was hers, she said, "Come, let us no longer dwell in the forest, but come to my house in the town, where we can have many more enjoyments."

And so strong was her fascination upon him, that he readily did her bidding. And she contrived to procure a covered carriage, and in the evening they went together to her house.

The next day was a great festival. On such occasions the king was accustomed to appear in public, and converse familiarly with his subjects. And not infrequently he would be surrounded by dancing-girls and actresses.

Then, with dainty wiles and gentle entreaties, Kamamanjari persuaded the Muni to put on a gay dress and attend the festival with her. And he, thinking only of her, and miserable if she were away from him, acceded to her request.

As they advanced towards the place where the king sat, the king looked up and saw her, and said,

"Kamamanjari, sit here on my right hand with that reverend man," and when the king spoke all eyes were directed towards them.

Then a lady rose up, and making a low obeisance to the king, said, "My lord, I must confess myself beaten by Kamamanjari. I have lost my wager, and must now pay the penalty."

At this a shout of merriment went up

from the crowd; and the king called Kamamanjari to him, and loaded her with costly gifts. And the great crowd greeted her with applause, as she walked away, the bewildered Muni following her like a man asleep.

Then as she neared her own house, before entering, she turned round, and making him a low obeisance, said:

"Holy father, you have favoured me with your company for a long time; it will be well now that you attend to your own affairs."

He started as if thunderstruck. "Kamamanjari," he cried, "what does this all mean? What has become of the great love which you were never wearied of saying you had for me?"

She smiled and answered, "I will tell

you all. One day that lady whom you saw just now quarrelled with me, arguing that she was more attractive than I. At last she said, 'Since you boast so confidently of your powers, go and try them on the celebrated Muni. If you can succeed in bringing him here, then indeed you may triumph. I will acknowledge myself your inferior.' Now you know why I came to you; I have won my wager. I have no further occasion for you. Go."

Bowed down with shame and remorse, the unhappy man slunk back to the forest, resolving to atone by true repentance and severe penance for his weak folly.

L'Envoi: "Can the dead past ever bury its dead?"



WR



is Mr.
with
an ent
respon
duced
of lat
VOL. V



MR. C. KEARTON

From Photo by W. S. BRADSHAW & SONS, Newgate Street, London

Peeps into Nature's Secrets

WRITTEN BY HERBERT C. FYFE. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



HERE are not a few photographers now-a-days who confine their attention almost entirely to natural history subjects. Among the most successful of these is Mr. Cherry Kearton. In conjunction with his brother, Mr. R. Kearton, also an enthusiastic lover of Nature, who is responsible for the writing, he has produced two of the most interesting books of late years: "With Nature and a

Camera" and "British Birds' Nests." A few weeks ago, in response to an invitation, I ran down to Boreham Wood, where the Messrs. Kearton reside, and had the pleasure of hearing something about their varied and exciting experiences on their stalks with the camera after wild life, of seeing the collections they have made and the photographs they have taken.

By the kindness of Messrs. Cassell & Co., the publishers of the above-mentioned

VOL. VI., NEW SERIES.—AUGUST, 1898



THE KINGFISHER

From "With Nature and a Camera"

CANNELL & CO. LIMITED

books, I am enabled to reproduce here a few of Mr. Cherry Kearton's photographs. One of them represents a kingfisher, and was obtained in a most ingenious manner.

The bird used to come and sit on a little ash sapling which grew by the side of a pond near to the house. A round hole was cut in the side of a large wooden box placed on a gravel path, as near as possible to the ash sapling, and an old door fixed up in such a position as to hide from the kingfisher the approach of any one leaving a French

window at the end of the house. In addition to this, the gravel path was carpeted thickly with old sacks, so that the bird might not be disturbed by crunching feet.

The camera was placed in the box, the pneumatic tubing brought behind the door, and the photographer retired to a convenient spot to await the bird's arrival. Six days were spent in patient watching, and Mr. Kearton even had some of his meals brought to him for fear of missing a chance. These details will add not a little to the interest of the picture.

Another illustration shows us some gannets on the Bass Rock. To get it Mr. Kearton descended the cliff and stalked the birds from ledge to ledge—off any of which the slightest step meant a headlong plunge of 150 feet into the sea below.

The photograph "Rabbits at Play" is a very pretty one. This time the camera was concealed in the hedge, the photographer placing himself some way off and taking his picture at the precise moment, with the aid of a field-glass and a length of pneumatic tubing.

The two other illustrations show a coot's nest, with eggs in it (a very pretty picture, taken in a Norfolk marsh); and the young of the grey-Lag goose, taken on a small island in a fresh-water loch in the Outer Hebrides.

The brothers Kearton were born in North Yorkshire, and from earliest days have been keen naturalists. Although each has work which keeps him in London part of the year, they have seen more of the wild life of the United Kingdom than many a man who lives in the country and is master of his own time. Every holiday is used for some natural history expedition, and seldom do the brothers return home without some fresh pictures of bird or animal, and some new observations, which are treasured up until incorporated in a book. Often at three or four in the morning they are out of bed and off for a ramble with note-book and camera, ever on the look out for signs of animal life.

Dr. Bowdler Sharpe has declared that

the books which the brothers Kearton have published mark an era in natural history, just as certainly as did the magnificent works of J. Gould, and the "Rough Notes on the Birds observed during Twenty Years' Shooting and Collecting in the British Isles" of the late E. T. Booth.

Everyone must be familiar with the bird groups at the Natural History Museum, for they are numbered amongst the sights of London.

These groups faithfully represent the natural history of each species. The actual birds are there, but not as one so often (more's the pity!) sees them,



From "With Nature and a Camera"

RABBITS AT PLAY

CASSELL & CO., LIMITED

mounted stiffly on depressing little stands, things of "shreds and patches," just holding together by means of the taxidermist's wires; but with their nests, their eggs and their young ones, "exactly as they were on the day of capture; every leaf, every flower, being exactly reproduced."

The disciples of the "New Taxidermy" work in a broader spirit than did their forerunners. One of those who did most to further the better understanding of the stuffer's art was the above-mentioned Mr. Booth, who was perhaps the first man to place his birds

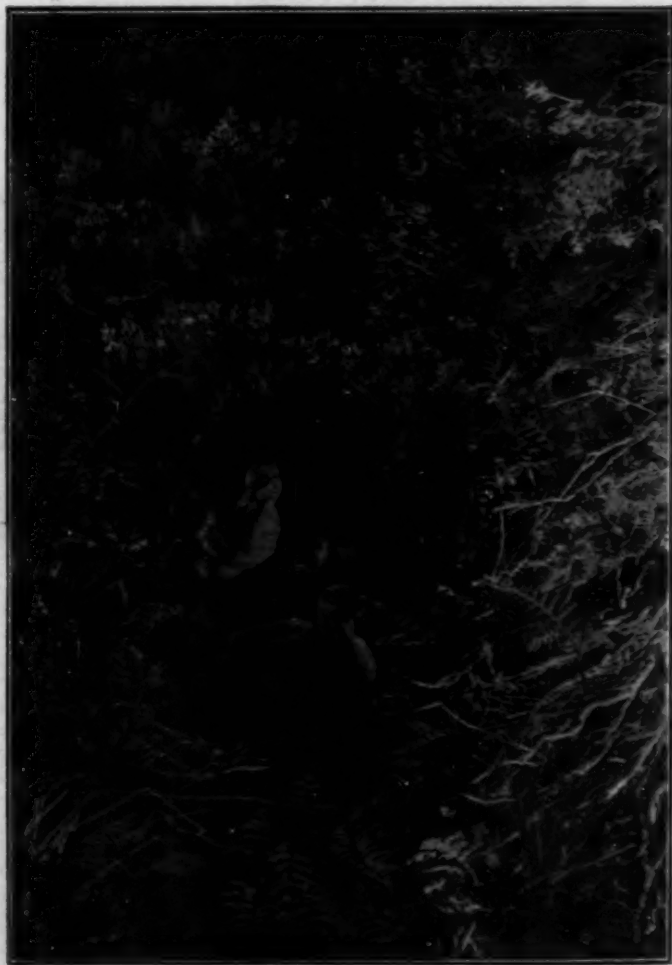
in cases, together with their natural surroundings.

It was only natural that along with this revival in taxidermy there should arise a desire for truer and better illustrations to books on natural history.

One of the first to recognise the superiority of the photographer's camera to the pencil of the artist in the reproduction of pictures of birds—wherein a

faithfulness to detail is a matter of the first importance—was Mr. R. Kearton, a writer who was already responsible for a book on "Birds' Nests, Eggs and Egg Collecting."

A few years ago he conceived the idea of illustrating a book on British birds' nests, entirely by means of photographs taken direct from nature, but Mr. Kearton has since told me that he did not



YOUNG GREY-LAG GESE.

From "British Birds' Nests"

Cassell & Co. Limited.

then quite realise the stupendous difficulties of the task he was setting his brother and himself.

First of all the nests had to be found, and this, when the commoner species had been dealt with, was by no means a light undertaking, as anyone who has essayed the task of forming a collection of British birds' eggs will be prepared to admit.

"I have searched," said he, "from dawn to dark, day after day, for some nests in vain. Rivers, tarns, and bogs have been waded, and every likely and unlikely tuft, bush, tree, hole and cranny carefully examined without success. Often, when a much-coveted prize appeared to be within our grasp, some tantalising accident has snatched it from us. We have climbed crags, descended precipices, swum to small islands and isolated rocks, lain for hours together in the wet heather, spent nights in the open air, travelled well over eleven thousand miles, and exposed over a thousand negatives in pursuit of our object."

The aim of the brothers Kearton is to see and depict animals as they really are, and to peep into Nature's secrets. Mr. Cherry Kearton's photographs show us birds in their nests, near their nests, dividing a worm among their young, resting on a bough—in their ordinary everyday life, in fact.

It is often done by hiding the camera in foliage, burying the operator under leaves in a ditch, and placing a conspirator with field-glasses a little way off. At a signal from the conspirator, the operator presses the indiarubber ball in his hand, and the domestic life of the peewit, nightingale or other bird, is recorded in sharp detail.

The photographs Mr. Cherry Kearton showed me had each of them an especial interest. Each was unique in its way, for never have animals been photographed in this way before. I was shown a screech owl in an old Essex barn, a wren in a hayrick, a lapwing distributing a worm in three equal portions to as many chicks, a robin on its nest in a water-can, a wild duck in a tree near Elstree, a tree-creeper on a lightning-struck elm, a tit entering its home in the spout of an ancient pump, three

young golden eagles waiting for their mother in a nest in the Highlands, a group of puffins and black-back gulls, and numerous other pictures, not only of birds but of other animals, some of them familiar to me, others known only by name and reputation. One photograph of melancholy interest showed a blue tit which had accidentally hanged herself with a horse-hair while building a nest in a hazel bough, and the male bird flying around, bemoaning his loss; another showed drops of rain running down the mother's wings, which were held over the nest in such a way as to keep the little ones dry.

To have photographed the nest of nearly every bird that breeds in the British Isles is a stupendous performance, and the brothers Kearton may well be proud of what they have accomplished. They are not satisfied yet though, but ever on the outlook for more worlds to conquer, and we must all hope they will live to see more of their delightful books published.

Whenever they can get away from their work in London, Mr. Kearton and his brother dash off to some out of the way locality, whether in England, Scotland, Wales or Ireland, and there proceed to study Nature as she is. The one takes his note-book and field-glasses, the other his camera and his courage, and they do not often come back without some novel observations and some fine pictures.

Their natural history rambles have brought to the notice of the Brothers Kearton many strange and interesting facts about animal life.

Once they watched an osprey in the Highlands, on a very warm day. The sun was so broiling hot that the hen wetted her wings in a neighbouring lough and shook them over her eggs, to prevent them from being poached!

They even photograph animals at night time, and I think I am right in saying they are the first who have ever done so.

Once they succeeded in getting a picture of a blackbird at ten o'clock at night, while the sleepy creature was roosting in a hedge. The magnesium flash was employed, and operations of this kind often caused the in-



NEST OF THE COOT

From "British Birds Nests"

CASSELL & CO. LIMITED

habitants of Boreham Wood to fancy they saw sheet lightning. Indeed, one old lady turned her mirror to the wall.

The sub-title of "With Nature and a Camera" is, "The Adventures and Observations of a Field Naturalist and an Animal Photographer," and the combination is indeed a happy one, for the knowledge of the one is of little use without the skill of the other,

while the photographer needs the naturalist before he can achieve his results.

Apropos of this, Mr. Kearton has an amusing story to tell. It appears that a photographer, whose knowledge of Nature was but slight, envious of Mr. Cherry's beautiful bird photographs, rushed off to some outlandish spot in order to obtain a picture of the nest of a certain bird. When he arrived, he

found the nest he desired, but with only three eggs in it. As he had come a great many miles, he thought it permissible to improve his opportunity; accordingly he got some more eggs of the same bird out of other nests, and, placing them in the first nest, proceeded to take his picture. Some time later, he was showing his views before a Natural History Society, and the above photograph appeared on the screen. To his horror, it was greeted with roars of laughter. He learned subsequently that the bird in question never lays more than three eggs at a time!

Mr. Richard Kearton is too good a naturalist to fall into any such ludicrous error as this. He never writes unless he has actually observed what he is describing; consequently his books possess a sense of actuality and breeziness which render them specially delightful.

The greater part of one of their last summer holidays—for they are not masters of their time, like so many more fortunately placed nature-lovers—the Brothers Kearton spent on St. Kilda, the chief and only inhabited island of the Outer Hebrides, lying far out in the Atlantic, forty miles from the island of North Uist. It is indeed a paradise for ornithologists, but few go there. The brothers went in company with Mr. Mackenzie, on his annual visit to the isle as factor. Although they went in June, their party was the first to carry news of the outer world that year to the isolated beings dwelling on "Hirta's lonely shore." During nine months of the year the St. Kildans are quite cut off from the world, save for some chance fishing-smack which occasionally pays them a visit.

Mr. Kearton amused me with an account of their way of posting letters.

"When the natives desire," he said, "to send news of any happenings on the island to their friends, they cut a cavity in a solid piece of wood, roughly hewn like a boat, and, putting a small canister or a bottle containing a letter, and a request that whosoever picks it up will post it to its destination (a penny being enclosed in the boat for that purpose), they nail a lid or hatch over the cavity, with the letters of the words,

'Please open,' crudely cut on the top of it. To the boat is attached a bladder made from a sheep's skin, and the whole is cast into the sea during the prevalence of a westerly wind. I was assured that an average of four out of six of these interesting little mail-boats are picked up, either on the shores of Long Island or Norway, and their contents forwarded to the people whose hands they are intended to reach."

Mr. R. Kearton had been so fortunate as to get hold of a "St. Kilda mail-boat," and I was intensely interested in handling this strange little craft, which seems absurdly out of place in the civilisation of the nineteenth century.

I cannot here describe in any detail the animal life of St. Kilda, of which Mr. R. Kearton writes, and which his brother has portrayed for us so well in his beautiful and daring photographs. I must refer the reader to "With Nature and a Camera." It must suffice to say that they stayed at St. Kilda (by the help of tinned food, hammocks, and a very damp empty cottage) for ten days. Once, while on the island, they found a wren's nest built inside a "cleit," or "pyramid," used for storing hay, turf, eggs, etc., the side walls of which simply consist of rough undressed stones, between which the wind freely finds its way.

By diverting the sun's rays on to the nest by means of a couple of looking-glasses, an excellent photograph of this nest was obtained.

It may seem to some people that the Brothers Kearton have, after all, not done anything so very original. "To photograph animals in their natural surroundings"—it sounds easy enough; but only one who has tried it knows its hardships and difficulties.

Mr. Cherry Kearton had a great deal to tell me about his photographic experiences, the risks he has run, the straits he has been in. One of his pictures represents a peregrine falcon's nesting-place; it is probably the first ever taken. When it was obtained, he was dangling on the end of a hundred feet or so of rope, with one leg of the tripod stuck through a belt passing round his body, and the others disposed in crevices on the face of a high cliff, there being about



MR. CHERRY KEARTON DESCENDING A CLIFF

From "With Nature and a Camera"

CASSELL & CO., LIMITED

a couple of hundred feet of thin air betwixt the photographer and the surging sea below.

Mr. Cherry is quite an adept at "cliffing," and he thinks nothing of going over a cliff, with his great camera strapped on his back. It may be said, by the way, that a kodak would be of no use in this kind of work.

"You go down," says he, "with your feet on the face of the cliff, and when you come to an overhanging piece, swing clear, and view with as much composure as possible the sea chasing the land, and the land scurrying after the sea, whilst you spin round and round, and wonder whether a pro-

jecting rock above will or will not saw the rope in two."

In the illustration we see the daring photographer's method of descending a cliff.

Once he photographed a golden eagle's eyrie, and greatly upset an old game-keeper by his temerity. One of the pictures of which he is most proud is that of a song-thrush asleep on its natural roost, taken by means of the magnesium flash at nine o'clock at night, in a field-hedge near Elstree.

‡ This is the first photograph ever taken of a wild bird on its natural roost.

Here is Mr. Kearton's recipe for a successful natural history photographer. He must possess suitable apparatus; he must have a natural aptitude for taking care in stalking timid creatures, and plenty of patience and determination and ingenuity.

"We take all our photographs," said Mr. R. Kearton, "with a half-plate camera. The one used has been specially built for us by Dallmeyer, and contains a pneumatically worked silent shutter between the lens and the sensitised plate, in addition to a focal plain one, also worked by compressed air at the back. The adjustable miniature camera on the top is of the same focus as that beneath it, and is extremely useful in making pictures of flying birds or restless animals. When it is in use, the large camera is charged with a plate ready for exposure, and the photographer manipulates the focussing screw, which moves both in exact ratio at the same time with the one hand, whilst he holds the air-ball attached to the pneumatic tube in the other, and presses directly a suitable opportunity presents itself. Our indiarubber tubing measures about a hundred feet in length, and is joined in five or six places by hollow pieces of metal; so that almost any length can be used, according to circumstances."

Probably no one before Mr. Cherry Kearton has ever photographed nests built near the top of high, isolated trees. To photograph a certain carrion crow's nest it was necessary to place a ladder in an almost perpendicular position high up among the branches, because these would have snapped like matches, through the

out.
same
slipp
one
to le
Th

leverage produced by their combined weight, if the ladder had been placed at an angle. When the tripod had been tied to the ladder, Mr. Cherry Kearton's next difficulty was to get his dark slide

nest cost the brothers a whole afternoon's hard work; but they do not grudge any hardship or time so long as they succeed in showing us "Animals as they are."



From "With Nature and a Camera" GANNETS ON THE BASS ROCK

Cassell & Co., Limited

out. To accomplish this, and at the same time prevent the camera from slipping, he was obliged to hold on to one of the rungs with his teeth, in order to leave both hands free.

The photograph of this one crow's

I was told of an exciting adventure on Ailsa Craig, to which awesome rock these ardent naturalists had gone in order to photograph the nest of the gannet. In spite of the warnings of an old cragsman and many mishaps, an

excellent picture was taken, though so perilous were their situations that the slightest slip would have meant instant death.

Mr. Cherry once photographed a shag's nest from the end of a rope some hundred and fifty feet down the face of a precipice on the south coast of Ireland. One of the legs of the camera rested in a cleft, and the other two in a belt round the body of the photographer.

To me the great charm of the work of the Brothers Kearton is that they deal with nothing but that of which they have had actual experience. After spending a few hours in their company, one

realises how truly happy he is who has a definite interest and purpose in life. The study of nature will often keep the heart from desponding, and the mind from brooding over the woes and sorrows of life:

We may all of us go out in the fields and learn something of the habits and mode of life of the so-called "dumb creatures" that are to be found within the four corners of the United Kingdom. He who endeavours to seek animals as they are will find they will be not dumb, but will speak to him with a music as sweet and as bewitching as that composed by a Mendelssohn or a Bach.



MR. R. KEARTON

From Photo by W. S. BRADSHAW & SONS, Newgate Street

Worth Two in the Bush

WRITTEN BY G. G. CHATTERTON.

ILLUSTRATED BY M. NISBET

VENABLES off in his hansom at a hand-gallop, as if he expected to hop into an inheritance at the station," smiled a friend, at his club, watching him out of the window.

"Suppose it's all right with him," surmised another.

"Why, man, look at him, and there's your answer. He looks as if he had been lit up electrically, and the light was shining out all through his face!—eyes—mouth——"

"Kind of illuminated dial—how romantic," sneered an elderly bystander, overhearing. "So that they who run may read."

"So they may." The first speaker looked the latter full in the eyes, and concluded with emphasis, "In every particular in life—women concerned and all—Venables runs straight as the line of a spirit level."

The man of the illuminated countenance tumbled out of his hansom, and sat beaming in his "second-class smoking"—a concession to his immediate circumstances—on his way to a village station in Essex. The second-class smoking was among the recent innovations of his life, since had sprung into it other and far more delightful methods of expending his spare capital than upon first-class travelling, and arrived at the station from the inn close by, he extracted his bicycle, and on it sped away towards a cottage, situated some few miles distant. His bicycle was now kept at this inn expressly to whirl him to this cottage, which he was always in a hurry to reach, and it was also responsible for, some months back, having brought him

to his very first call at Rose Cottage—the day would stay for ever freshly in his memory, he knew—that puncture that, at first, bored him so inexpressibly, and yet in the end—be Dunlop ever blessed!—had led up to his brightest happiness. How wonderful it seemed, and that, more than once, he had ejaculated a brief, terse, ugly word when he had failed to find that puncture, and been forced to seek the nearest house to beg for water to locate it. And how more than pretty had Janet looked, and how more than charming had she been as she herself assisted him, frankly informing him that the solitary servant they could boast was cooking the dinner, and, therefore, unavailable. Then through how glorious an evening had he wheeled home with, in his ears, the ring of Janet's clear girl's voice telling him how kind she would think it of him if he did call again, as, in plain politeness, he had suggested, under the soft sky, with here and there great star-lit rents, the scent of the violets and primroses, and the sweet, woody breath of the spring around, and the pulsing love that, at that time, a young man's fancy lightly turns to, throbbing over all. His engagement, he had rushed into after the most rash, hot-headed fashion, he knew, quite glorying in the knowledge; Janet, on her side, being just as rash, he reflected, with elated triumph.

She only had seemed taken aback and disappointed when he had been obliged to explain to her that they must wait.

"And to wait is so horrid—odious!" she exclaimed, whilst he loved her for her impatience.

"Awful — miserable — worse, and harder still for me," he told her, fondly;

"but how to help it, when every half-penny I can scrape together makes but some beggarly £200 a year? You wouldn't"—with sudden desperation—"marry straight away on that, and chance roughing it for a time, and"—

"No, no," she interrupted, "never"—with firmness. "It would not be right of me. I would *not* do so. I, out of my poor little surroundings, have not much to sacrifice; but for you, with all that you are used to—you couldn't—wouldn't be happy."

"I could—I would," he sturdily averred. But she stood to her principles, so they must resign themselves to wait.

"After all, we are both young," he observed, happily; and sanguinely—for his was a temperament indomitably sanguine—set to counting possible chickens as yet not in so much as possible shells. And, for the present, sunny day after sunny day went blissfully in the flowery garden, adoring the maiden of his heart all undisturbed—her farmer uncle out all day. A triste enough position, but she made herself heroically happy in it, he—who had never seen her apart from the compensating presence of a flattering, devoted lover—perceived, admiring in her one more fair quality. When the good time came what joy it would be transplanting her to the large and lustrous life he hoped to lay before her, stray items as to which she never tired of hearing. There was this uncle of his, an elderly man of large property, to whom he was heir, providing, of course, that he—the uncle—did not marry.

"One must always feel a brute thinking of dead men's shoes; and I never, I declare, did dwell on them till now,"—he added, with the cheery frankness that so characterised him—"until you burst into my life—you dear sinner, see how you change me! But still, you know, there lies our great hope and expectation awaiting us."

"Or we awaiting it!"

"Yes, indeed,"—a shade less brightly. "But then I am always turning over the trying to get hold of something or other to do. We might, mightn't we, be so happy on just enough?"

"Oh, yes."

"There would not be one woman anywhere about to hold a candle to your

looks," he told her, with conviction. "Even," he added, with the lamentable tactlessness indigenous to his sex, "if you had still to keep on wearing just plain, ordinary clothes like those."

"Ah—you, too, have noticed that!"

"Why not?" he asked, surprised at the vexation eloquent in her tones.

"It only shows they must be pretty bad," she with bitterness returned. "Not as if it had been some hold-cheap woman sniffing round. Oh! how tired one grows of being poor!"

"Dear little girl," he murmured, grieved at the, to him, causeless perturbation he had aroused. But it was easy to caress and soothe her into again her normal sweet and happy self. She was a creature so easily beguiled: the praising words of love—the bright and hopeful sketches of the future—the gewgaws which from time to time he bought her, with which she loved to deck her pretty person—small wonder, as he told himself, that he should long to bestow more and ever more upon her.

One day he noticed lying on the table a foreign envelope addressed to her, and, with a lover's privilege, commented on it.

"I laid it aside for you," she said, "thinking you might like the stamp, as you of course know crowds of people who collect—you who mix with the great world, unlike poor me"—but she gaily and sweetly smiled—"who stays, glued winklewise, inside one little shell."

"Thoughtful little witch! and I have a youthful cousin rabid on the subject," and he took the stamp and thanked her.

"And it came," pursued she, "from a cousin of *mine*, who is out in that far country trying to do what best he can, poor fellow."

"Poor fellow," he repeated, as in echo, his thoughts fixed plainly on herself, and not her kinsman.

"Don't you take any interest in him?" she pouted.

"Well—of course, as a cousin of yours—but look here, this is still more interesting!" his "illuminated" boyish face beaming as he drew from his pocket a velvet case.

"Oh Roger! what a little beauty! and the thing of all others that I wanted

—I do believe the prettiest present you have ever made me!"

This had grown almost a stock ending to her thanks, but one he never tired of hearing. She fastened the watch, a tiny enamelled gem, into her bodice, cooing deliciously over it—and him. But after a time she harked back on her cousin.

"Poor man—do you know, Roger, that if only he had some little interest he might get on to something good."

"Might he?" Roger placidly returned. "Is he a near cousin? Does he write often to you?"

"Oh, a first cousin—in fact, we were like brother and sister—I mean, before he went out—as children, that is—which



"IT SEEMS HARD TO GIVE UP SEEING YOU FOR EVEN THE INSIDE OF A WEEK!"

is why I am so anxious about him. No, he writes rarely."

"Ah."

"The real fact is," she resumed, "I of course, know it—he wants to marry. He's awfully in love—they both are—only, poor man, he has no money—it's an impossibility unless he could get some appointment."

"Oh, poor chap!"—and Roger kindled visibly—she had stimulated his indifference at last. "That is hard lines. I am awfully sorry for him, I am indeed. What a sin one can't do something to help him on, I wish I could! But after all, if I were a great power dealing round fortunes, I'd shuffle one out of the pack our way, eh?"

"But this kind of thing would not do for you—for us—because it is colonial."

"As if I would not go at a hop to any colony so long as you went with me."

"And as if I would not go gladly with you; but this particular post he wants would not apply to you. It's a constabulary affair in Ebonland, and first you must, like him, have been in the Ebon Constabulary, and now if he could only get a nomination from an M.P., and then perhaps just a line of interest as well. However," she sighed, "how could he come across an M.P.?"

"By jove—my uncle is M.P., you know! I'm sure I could work him for the nomination—perhaps gather up the line of interest as well. A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind, eh?"

"But it does not need fellow-feeling to make *you* wondrous kind," she said, and then would have nothing more about her cousin—nothing more at all beyond himself—just his own dear darling Roger self.

Day by day he grew more in love with her. The delight of her prettiness—which, indeed, no lover need exaggerate—and her country unspoilt ways, so different from the craft of London ladies, who bore more or less the savour caught from that perpetual fooling round with men they spend their time in—and as in a degree the frame affects its picture and the setting its gem, so insensibly he connected her with her environment and ever before his mind she would

present herself in common with the roses and the lavender and the honeysuckle and all such pure and healthy, cleanly country fragrance.

"It seems hard to have to give up seeing you for even the inside of a week," he was bewailing.

"Horrid—horrid—*horrid*! But of course you must go with your uncle, and I will write *every* day."

"And so will I, you may be sure."

And for his very first letter he had a pleasing bit of news to tell her, taking pleasure in the telling. His uncle had given him the nomination for her cousin, which he enclosed, together with an influential line, so that would be all right—"and James Wilson I consider is a lucky dog, getting the girl of his choice, and near Ebon-town is no bad billet, I am told, decent climate and fair society."—The remainder of his communications were such as to the Philistine outside the magic courts might read, but as some strangely iterative quality well nigh approaching imbecility. Hers in return, over which he sat stonily, with clouded brow, were of a flavouring less unsuitable for publication:—

My dear Roger.—I am so very much obliged for the nomination which I have at once forwarded to James Wilson, it was indeed most good of you to trouble so about it. As to the rest I already know from him all details of his billet, no bad one as you say. What I have to particularise to you about is not so agreeable a theme, but plunge straight into it I must; waiting or beating about its bush won't better it. It is, in plain words, that I fear we must give up our engagement. From time to time, I have thought of this, as the more one looks into it so much the more foolish and hopeless does it from either side appear, so we really are each of us acting unfairly and wrongly by the other. We are spared much unpleasantness by having kept its secret just between ourselves, and certainly we have enjoyed a great many nice hours out here in the garden. I'm sure to me they made the long summer afternoons pass off delightfully. But *please* do not *ever* come again, as I really could not see you, and



"AND AS HE THOUGHT BACK ON THE PRETTY GIRL WHO LAST HAD NESTLED TO HIM—
HE FORGAVE HER."

so it would only be no use. But I should like to remain always

Your affectionate friend,

JANET TAYLOR.

But, of course, he did go there again—started off directly he got back to town, for she could not truly mean it, not at least to stick to, and all that callousness in her letter was forced and artificial—surely the most difficult task

on earth must be to write a letter such as that—and as he thought back on the pretty girl who last had nestled to him, kissing him adieu, he forgave her, only longing for reunion to make her change her mind. Those whom beneficent nature has fitted out with such a stock-in-trade as eyes of clearest gentian blue, dewy-parted lips and roseleaf skins, it is hard for others to realise as false.

Just as he was pulling out his bicycle came by the farmer uncle with whom,

through meeting now and then, he was acquainted.

"Going up to make a call on Janet?" hazarded he.

"Well, so I am."

"Ah," the farmer chuckled, a bluff, outspoken man, "You'll find her in a rare good humour—as I am in that same myself! This luck of Jim Wilson's is no bad stroke for me either. You see, it's this way—you may congratulate her on having got him, and me on having lost her! Of all the grumbling, fault-finding, discontented——"

"Got him?"

"Yes! Jim Wilson having as good as gained this appointment enables him to marry her, you know, and off in a jiffy she is out there to him."

"Oh—Indeed—I see. I hope she will be happy with her cousin."

Venables managed his rejoinder with commendable composure, conscious the

while of an odd sensation as of sudden all-over stiffening.

"Cousin! he's no cousin. It's Jim Wilson whom two years ago she never had laid eyes on—cracked about him though she ever since has been."

Yes, they would, Venables agreed, be spared much unpleasantness through having kept their engagement such a secret, and he, at any rate, was not likely to divulge his somewhat ignominious share in the appointment of Mr. Wilson.

Afterwards the years as they went on held plenty of fun in them—sport, travel, society, amusements of sorts. But often his comrades noted that himself probity incarnate, and open-hearted, slow to thinking evil—yet of all men upon earth was Roger Venables profoundly and inveterately given over to suspicion where and whensoever in the case a woman happened to come in.



en
m
er
m
be
gh
a a
not
no-
or
on
rel,
ten
bity
to
rth
and
ion
e a



"WINDING WOOL,"

wa
no
ch
in
wh



From Photo by LANGFIER, Glasgow

The Art of Marie Lloyd

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

THAT Marie Lloyd has a born genius for the stage it is unnecessary to tell any one who has once seen her and is capable of an opinion in the matter. From early childhood it has been her craze, and has, from her own account, led her into hot water more than once. Perhaps this is not surprising when we hear that, as a child, only too often, instead of attending to the small household duties of which she was capable, she would

employ her time in enacting dramas of her own concoction. Frequently an audible thump on the floor would inform those in authority that one more distracted heroine had fainted in despair on the hearth-rug, or sought an early death by diving from the dizzy heights of the chest of drawers into the depths of the foaming feather bed. It would, no doubt, have somewhat disappointed the enthusiastic little actress of those days if she could have known that her fame was to be made by a class of work so entirely

different from what, at this early period of her existence, seems to have formed the acme of her ambition.

Though these melodramatic scenas must have, more often than not, been of the nature of a monologue performed before a distinguished audience of chairs and tables, this was not always the case. In addition to finding apt pupils in her younger sisters, the coming diva of the music-halls sometimes enlisted the services of her schoolfellows, and occasionally she seems to have formed quite a large company for special performances. As all attempts at acting or rehearsals had to be carried out without coming to the knowledge of the manageress's father and mother, who had not at that time any idea of a theatrical career for their eldest daughter, the task of conducting them was invariably difficult and sometimes beset with danger. On one occasion, unknown to any one, she cleared all the furniture out of a bedroom, and, we believe, even went to the length of taking up the carpet, in order that she might have a suitable apartment in which to conduct the rehearsals of a performance which, in all probability, never took place. Everything having to be done with the strictest secrecy, the magnitude and risk of this attempt must have filled the young lady with the satisfaction of feeling that, for once, she was undergoing in real earnest the terrors and dangers which were wont to beset the lives of the fictitious heroines of the romantic plays she was in the habit of imagining. Up the back stairs the little band of aspiring actors (or, perhaps, it would be more truthful to say actresses) was led, in a stealthy silence that would not have disgraced the manoeuvres of a troupe of banditti, and woe betide the unfortunate infant who coughed, sneezed, or caused a stair to creak. Once safely ensconced in the improvised salon of the two-pair back, the troupe,

after having received instructions from their leader as to what they were to prepare during her absence, were left to rehearse while she returned to her usual duties so as to allay the suspicions of her unwary mamma until such time as the coast should be sufficiently clear to ensure her taking her place at their head in safety. When she at length arrived on the scene, how she put them through their paces, and what a martinet she could on occasion prove herself to be can be imagined.

No doubt she often had a trying time with this company of hers, for it is not likely that, with the exception of her own clever sisters, the young prima donna found many among a band of children, probably most of them younger than herself, who could always grasp the magnitude of her ideas so as to carry them out to her liking.

As has been said, these efforts of genius received no encouragement from her parents; but nothing seems to have daunted the indomitable theatrical spirit



From Photo by LANGFIRE, Glasgow

which was born in her, and, in spite of opposition, and, sometimes, punishment, she appears to have pursued her career persistently. Her love of sights of any kind was insatiable, and many a scrape it has led her into. Though she was naturally debarred from the delights of theatres or music-halls by the limits of her pocket-money, no other show which there was any possibility of her seeing was allowed to go by without her being there to see it. It did not matter what it was, from a Lord Mayor's show to a labour procession, or even the marching past of a company of volunteers, see it she must. As has probably been already gathered, Marie Lloyd was not a young lady to allow trifles to stand in her way, and when she set her heart upon a thing she invariably attained it. It is curious to think of this little person, who was destined to be herself the central figure of so many pageants in the National Theatre and elsewhere, using her fascinations, it need hardly be said, almost always successfully, on one of Pickford's men to allow her to use the tail of his van as a private box from which to view some passing show. Still more lucky did she think herself when her charms subdued the heart of the driver of a hansom into allowing her to plant herself on the roof of his cab for a similar purpose. The occasion of all others that is most firmly fixed in her memory is when she started from home at three o'clock in the morning to see the return of the troops from the Egyptian war. This, for a young lady who had not at the time reached her teens, was not a bad exploit, and when she tells you that she witnessed the show hanging on to a lamp-post by her eyelashes you are not surprised that she remembers it.

The sound of a piano organ was another attraction she could never resist; its effect on her was as magnetic as the music of the Pied Piper on the children of Hammelin. If one came within hearing, no matter what she might have been engaged on, or how strictly she was forbidden to do so, out she flew and danced to it until she was tired, often following it some distance into the bargain. After a time, however, circumstances arose which led to the first step being taken towards

what was to prove such a brilliant career, and though the goal of the little girl's ambition was not to be reached just yet, even these early attempts must have been more gratifying to her soul than raving and stamping before an audience of chairs or schoolfellows, and even surpassed the joys of watching shows or running after street organs to dance to the sweet strains of the latest music-hall song.

The brightness and intelligence of the child before long attracted the attention of one of the governesses at the school which she attended, and it was at her suggestion that Marie Lloyd made her first bow before a real audience. This lady, who must have our thanks as being one of the means of bringing before the public one of its greatest favourites, was not, as might be imagined, herself a person of theatrical tendencies. On the contrary, she was of a strongly religious turn of mind, being an ardent adherent of Dr. Parker, of the City Temple, and it was this gentleman who, we say it with all respect, was Marie Lloyd's first manager. At that time, which must be now some years ago—probably before the lamp-post episode—entertainments were given at the City Temple in which little sketches were performed illustrating various points of morality, particularly temperance. The quickness and aptitude of the pupil soon impressed her teacher that she would be an eminently suitable child to perform in these sketches, in the preparation of which she was in the habit of helping Dr. Parker. Not only the services of Miss Lloyd herself, but those of her sister Alice, and, later on, her third sister, were called into requisition, their mother not only giving her consent without much difficulty, but entering into the idea with alacrity. What trouble she expended on her little daughters' dresses and appearance, and what pride she took in their performances can be guessed by any one who knows to what a great extent the success they have since attained is due to her untiring efforts and excellent training.

The pieces in which they performed, which were learned in school under the guidance of the governess we have mentioned, were usually written in rhyme, and were naturally of a severely

moral tone. They were acted, or it would be more correct to say recited, on a platform in the Temple without any adjuncts of scenery or theatrical costume. Doubtless the absence of battle, murder, and sudden death from their composition was rather a disappointment to an aspiring tragedienne, but the mere fact of treading the boards, even though they were only the boards of a platform, must have given her keen satisfaction. It is curious to think of the leading lady

who asked for advice as to how she should reach the parental roof in male headgear, was not a subject for laughter, but an example of vice. For he broke his word, got drunk again, and was, in the course of the drama, made to devour his own Lincoln and Bennett in the form of a stew. It need hardly be added that this experience was sufficiently trying to prevent his running the risk of ever having a similar misfortune by becoming the worse for liquor.

To the average little girl these occasional public appearances would, probably, have sufficed; but this was no ordinary child. Not content with acting to an audience of a thousand or so, she continued to employ all her spare time and energy in getting up entertainments for various purposes with her schoolfellows. These performances, now that her theatrical ability was making itself so manifest, were no longer, as formerly, conducted by stealth. They not only had great success, and met with much applause from her pastors and masters, but to this day she is the proud possessor of an address, in which she is thanked, by one of the former, for the energy and ingenuity with which she had worked to obtain success for an entertainment in which he was interested.

That any one, so thoroughly stage-struck as Marie Lloyd was by this time, could be kept for long within the bounds of an ordinary work-a-day existence was a practical impossibility. After a very short while a decision was arrived at, and she was launched

upon her music-hall career at about the time of life when most young ladies have hardly embarked upon vulgar fractions, and the mysteries of proportion are unknown. The reason that the music-halls were chosen instead of the theatre was that the course presented less difficulties. Her mother, who had herself appeared upon the music-hall boards before her marriage, had never lost touch with her old surroundings, and it was to the halls she naturally turned, as the easiest way



From Photo by LANGFIER, Glasgow

of our music-halls appearing before an audience of rabid teetotalers as an inebriate husband, in a top hat, which he swears to his wife (played by her younger sister) he will eat if he ever gets drunk again. Though the appearance of the artist must have been something the same as it was in her performance of a recent song at the Palace Theatre, the resemblance would have been in appearance only. The hero of the temperance sketch, unlike the young

to s
fess
latter
188
ques
actu
Asse
T
were
thos
Ball
Mou
what
appa
time
does
back
howe
be s
ambi
moth
used
daug
which
rehea
unde
who
only
ment
the y
style
hackn
profes
An
hall,
secur
Miss
that s
rise o
was r
more
she h
rapidl
one is
more
stage
the ca
In the
music
and n
fortab
perfor
for he
of the
Boy
seeme
to eve

to start her eldest daughter in the profession she had chosen to adopt. In the latter part of 1886, and the beginning of 1887, the first appearances of the future queen of comic song were made, her actual *début* taking place at the Grecian Assembly Rooms, in the City Road.

The songs she sang to begin with were of a very different calibre from those which have made her famous. Ballads, of which "The Blue Alsatian Mountains" is a typical example, were what she first tried her luck with, and, apparently, with great success, for at no time, since she has been on the stage, does she ever seem to have taken a backward step. It could not be expected, however, that this class of work would be sufficiently striking to satisfy the ambition of the young artist, or of her mother, who strained every nerve, and used every effort, to ensure her daughter's success. At the time of which we are speaking every song was rehearsed, and every dance arranged under the sole supervision of her mother, who showed excellent judgment, not only in her choice of songs and arrangement of "business," but also in fostering the youthful singer's natural and original style, and keeping her free from the hackneyed tricks and gestures of her profession.

An engagement at a regular music-hall, The Star, Bermondsey, was soon secured, and so great was the success Miss Lloyd attained in her first week that she was engaged for a second, at a rise of salary. After this the ladder was rapidly climbed, and it was hardly more than a matter of months before she had reached the topmost rung. So rapidly did she spring into fame that one is apt to think she must have had more experience, and have been on the stage for a longer time than was really the case when she first became famous. In those early days nearly all the minor music-halls had a taste of her quality, and nowhere did failure stare her uncomfortably in the face. Her talent as a performer of song and dance soon won for her the admiration of the frequenters of the Middlesex Music Hall, and "The Boy I Love Sits up in the Gallery" seemed to bear a personal significance to every male frequenter of that lofty

position in the Drury Lane establishment. All over London—north, south, east, and west alike—she soon became a favourite. Her songs were sung and whistled everywhere in the streets, and half the errand boys of the metropolis were devoured by a ravaging and hopeless passion for the fair-haired damsel. The invariable smartness of her appearance, her inexhaustible good humour, and, above everything, the unflagging energy which she put into her work, all helped to attain this end. At this period she had many songs which have since been forgotten by the public, and probably by the singer herself, which had, nevertheless, quite sufficient vogue to satisfy the desire even of an artist who had made up her mind to get to the top of the tree in double-quick time. "That was before My Time," and later, "Oh! Jeremiah, Don't You Go to Sea-ee," "The Wrong Man," and "Never Let a Chance Go By," were songs which, by their popularity, paved the way for the first really huge triumph of the singer's career, "Then You Wink the Other Eye." From the date of this song the artist felt that her reputation was established, and it cannot have been long before she also became conscious that she was without rival in the particular line she had chosen. Owing to its haunting tune, this ditty was soon sung, not only all over London and England, but all over the English-speaking world as well. When the expressive wink with which she made its success was first acquired we do not know, but are inclined to think she must have been born winking, and practised the accomplishment on the flies that swung on the bobbins ornamenting the hood of her cradle. It does not matter, the wink and the song combined did their duty so manfully that the services of the lady were soon at a premium, and a tour in the United States, which was one of its results, added fresh laurels to her already heavily-weighted brow. The song which accompanied this more famous effort was perhaps a cleverer performance. In "Whacky, Whacky, Whack," with its refrain set to the ancient melody of "Lillabulero," she gave the first of the impersonations of childhood for which

she is so justly famous. Studied first from her younger sisters, and latterly from her own little girl, these juvenile songs of Marie Lloyd's are the most genuine pieces of acting, combined with song and apart from extravagance, that our music-halls have up to the present time been able to boast. Though this first effort had not the brilliancy and finish of her more recent essays in the same direction, in it lay the germ of them all, and on that account the song deserves more comment than it otherwise would do.

The success of the two songs last mentioned brought about an engagement as principal girl in Drury Lane pantomime, under Sir Augustus Harris, and "The Fair One with the Golden Locks" sang them so much to the liking of the frequenters of the national playhouse, that she was re-engaged for and played in the productions of the two following years. This was not, however, quite her first appearance on the theatrical stage, the name of Marie Lloyd appearing in the bill of the pantomime of "The Magic Dragon," at the Britannia Theatre, Hoxton, in 1888-9.

One great success now followed closely on the heels of another. After an excursion into the realms of the coster with "Garn Away!" came—"Twiggy Voo" and "Oh! Mr. Porter," the latter of which must have nearly driven the hater of music-hall songs demented, so often was its appealing—we almost said appalling—refrain repeated. The song itself was a good specimen of its kind, and brought out the comic side of the singer's personality, the knowing manner and

winking eye being discarded in favour of a style more original and more genuinely humorous.

After this, one popular song followed another with amazing rapidity. "The Naughty Continong," "The Barmaid," "The Bicycle," and hosts more. It would be useless to try and enumerate them, and futile into the bargain, for the



From Photo by LANGIER, Glasgow

public who go to music-halls can remember them for themselves.

The reasons of Miss Lloyd being so firmly established as an idol of the public are not difficult to find. In the first place she is a particularly clever and intelligent woman, who must have got on in whatever calling she had chosen

to adopt, and in addition she has—what only a few of her profession can claim—absolute originality. She is not one of those performers who, beginning by copying some one else, eventually strike out a line of their own in which they attain success. As she began so she has gone on, and though her style has improved, and continues to improve year by year, it is in the main the same as it was at the commencement. Keenly observant, she sees the comic possibility of a situation in a moment, and utilises it in such a way that the audience feel as though it is they who have the sense of humour, not the singer. This is a very happy faculty for an artist to possess, for we all like to think ourselves clever and quick-witted. There is never any thrusting forward of a funny line in a song, and though every atom of humour is squeezed out of the material she has in hand, the process by which this end is reached is never observable. How she differs in this

from some of her sister artists, both English and foreign, it is needless to say. Gifted by Nature with a singularly expressive face, she can, by its slightest movement, convey a world of meaning, and meaning that is not merely hinted at, but clear and decided. She can express more by a cough or a sniff than another artist could by five minutes' elaborate pantomime. Though her voice is not a large one, she can make it carry anywhere, and her singing is always faultlessly in tune. And what an excellent worker she is; no matter what or where the audience may be, the quality of the performance she gives is always equally perfect. She will, and quite rightly too, take as much pains to please and amuse a house full of costermongers as she will to rouse the enthusiasm of the apathetic frequenters of music-halls in more fashionable quarters of the town. She says that all audiences are kind to her, and, indeed, it is small wonder.

In the case of music-hall performers, the material on which they work has not nearly the same effect on their position with the public as in the case of actors. It is true that approbation may be sometimes easily gained by a happily chosen catch used, or a tuneful refrain, but the player is more ably assisted in the long run by his author. On the other hand, the music-hall singer has a great pull over his brother performer of the theatre, in having the stage entirely to himself for the whole of his performance. The audience at a music-hall is, however, so entirely different from that at a theatre that this advantage is heavily discounted by the fact of his having to gain the attention of the spectators, while the actor has, as a rule, only to keep it. With Marie Lloyd this faculty of arresting attention is particularly noticeable. While she is singing the audience listen with as much eagerness as a fervent congregation will lavish on a popular preacher. When she walks on merely, she takes the stage in such a manner



From Photo. by LANGFIER, Glasgow

that you can tell at a glance she belongs to the front rank of her profession. This is not the effect of put-on airs and graces; indeed, it is the very absence of "side" that shows the unmistakable stamp of the true artist. From the very beginning of her career there has been a freshness and absence of affectation in her style that has distinguished Marie Lloyd from all her fellows. Everything she does appears to be spontaneous, and the idea of the moment rather than the result of study. Though this is, of course, not really the case, the effect on her audiences is just as magnetic as if it was. The apparent absolute nonchalance of her manner has, we believe, impressed a large section of the public with the idea that the singer is as careless as she seems. Probably any one more careful or more anxious about the way her songs will be received it would be difficult to find. But the audience is never allowed to know this, and her light-hearted manner is not only convincing but infectious. Though there is a touch of impudence in her method, it is never allowed to go beyond such bounds as the requirements of her work demand. Naturally, as a true humorist, she prefers character songs, as they give more scope for acting; and we could wish she had more of them, but good ones are not easy to obtain. Her style is so essentially English, and particularly—well, shall we say metropolitan—that it would be interesting to see her performing in a foreign land, as she has done from time to time. The feeling of not being understood by the greater part of her audience might with another

person have a paralysing effect, but it only urges her to elaborate her business and dancing with the result that she ends in bringing down the house just as successfully as if her hearers understood every word of her cockney argot. One sometimes feels a pang of regret to think of what this artist might have done on the stage of the theatre, and to what heights she would have risen as an actress of comedy had the fates ordained that she should choose that side of her profession. But after all, it really does not much matter. She could not well have been more delightful than she is.

The portraits we have been fortunate enough to secure to illustrate this article are all of them characteristic, the photographer, Langfier, of Glasgow, having been singularly happy in reproducing Miss Lloyd's expression and personality.



From Photo by LANGFIER Glasgow

Inch by Inch

WRITTEN BY FRED WHISHAW. ILLUSTRATED BY LEONARD LINDELL

AMONG our company around the camp-fire was a middle-aged man, a friend of Stephen's, who spoke little, but generally appeared absorbed either in the conversation of the moment or in some reflections of his own. I put him down from the first as one who had seen trouble, and whispered my conclusion to Stephen, who knew all about him.

"He has," said Stephen; "and what's more, he can tell a rare 'Escape' story if you can get him to screw himself up to the necessary point; but he doesn't much like telling his story—it makes him dream, he says!" This speech of Stephen's made me quite anxious to hear the stranger's story; and when our skipper called upon him to take his turn at amusing the company, I listened eagerly in hopes that he would offer to tell the story referred to by Stephen.

The stranger considered awhile and then said, hesitatingly, that he feared he had no hunting tales that would compare with some of the excellent experiences narrated by the others.

"Any escape will do," said the skipper; "an escape from fire, for instance, if you happen to have experienced one, or —"

"Or water," interrupted Stephen suggestively.

The stranger glanced quickly at Stephen, and flushed slightly; then he cleared his throat.

"Well," he said, "I'll do my best. I had a bit of an adventure once—as Stephen there knows; but it may not interest you, though it has provided me

with a stock nightmare for many a year. It was when I was twenty—I'm forty now, and a trifle more—and I was putting in a long vacation read with a party down at the seaside—a quiet little place, not far from St. David's, in Pembrokeshire. I was reading pretty hard for 'Honour Mods,' and was in the habit of taking a book out with me of an afternoon, while the rest played cricket or tennis, hoping to save a little time by taking the necessary exercise without altogether stopping bookwork the while. It was, I admit, a foolish attempt to combine two things which, if either is to be really useful, should be kept rigorously apart. My companions, besides voting me unsociable, prophesied innumerable misfortunes if I should persist in my foolish practice of reading as I walked. I would step over the cliff one day, they said, and make a little flight of a couple of hundred feet or so upon my head, or do a hundred equally unpleasant and idiotic things. Indeed, they displayed considerable ingenuity in their suggestions of misfortune, though not one of them came within measurable distance of hitting upon the strange and terrible experience that actually befell me.

"I was walking one afternoon some three miles from our village. The first half-mile had been a stretch of firm sand, and here I found little difficulty in reading my *Tacitus* as I walked; but presently I was obliged to mount to the top of the cliffs, which, even at low tide, ran sheer into the water at their base, and, for a distance of a couple of miles or so, to walk along the grass at their summit, with my *Tacitus* stowed away in my pocket, in deference to the

gruesome prophecy of the mocking seers who had foretold my disappearance over the cliff. The path was narrow and rather close to the edge, and, as a matter of fact, if I should attempt to read as I went, I might very easily, in the agonies of translation, take a false step and find myself—or be found, more likely—stretched out, a candidate for funeral rites, at the bottom of a hundred or two of feet of rock. But, as I knew, the path led down presently to the shore; and once off the dangerous heights, I should be able to resume my reading as I went.

"Filled with the desire to waste no time, I hurried along the top of the cliffs, and covered the two miles in twenty-five minutes. Then, all danger passed, I whipped out my *Tacitus* and slackened speed, and soon I was at my old game of reading and walking, picking my way automatically as I went among the shingle and rocks, quite absorbed in my book, and scarcely glancing at the ground I stepped upon, excepting when brought up suddenly by a rock or a pool that had to be skirted or otherwise negotiated. But presently I came to a place where the going was decidedly bad. It was an unusually low tide, and my track lay across a series of low rocks covered with seaweed of a very bright green colour, which made them slippery to a degree unimaginable.

"Still, I read on as I cautiously felt my way with stick and foot. Once I slipped and nearly fell, and a second time I slipped and did fall, sitting down somewhat violently upon a wet and barnacled rock, which Nature had never intended as a seat for tender human beings, and which I certainly should never have chosen for such a purpose had I been consulted by destiny. I laughed and said to myself that this sort of thing wouldn't do, and if I slipped a third time I would put old *Tacitus* away again, and look where I went for a bit, for the last experience had been painful and startling. A moment later I slipped again, and this time I felt a sudden and violent pain in my ankle.

"I had fallen on my feet, having suddenly slid down the side of a seaweedy

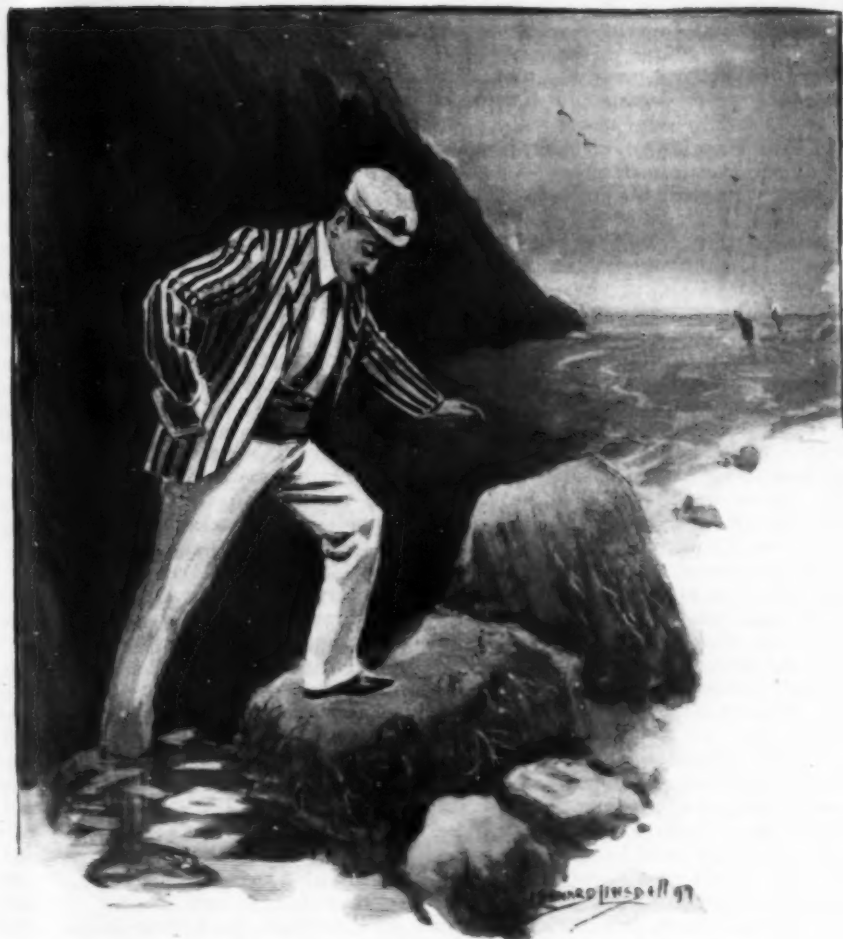
rock, and now stood in a tiny pool of water that lay at the base of it, dividing it from another a trifle larger. I raised my left foot to step out upon land, or at all events upon semi-dry rock, when I found to my surprise that my right foot—which pained me considerably when I tried to move it—was a prisoner. It was jammed into a narrow place between the two rocks, and though I twisted it about and tried to fit it into the fissure from every direction, I could not hit upon the precise position at which it would be possible to withdraw my foot—namely, the same which it had occupied when it squeezed itself in.

"After trying vainly for some minutes, and getting very hot and absurdly angry over the process, I paused to rest; and now the comicality of the affair struck me, and I sat and laughed, working up my mirth until I roared with laughter. I did not feel in the least anxious as yet, for I thought it was self-evident that a hole which had let a foot in must in the end let that foot out again if approached with patience and without foolish displays of irritability. So I sat and rested and laughed, and then it struck me that before wasting my time in finning out this puzzle, namely, why a foot that so easily slipped into a hole should not be as easily slipped out again, I would see whether a little persuasion would not avail to move one of the rocks, so that the necessity to thread the needle would be obviated. I therefore sat down upon one rock and applied all my strength to the other, pushing for dear life with the backs of my legs pressed hard against my own rock to supply the necessary resistance. But both rocks were as firm as St. Paul's, and though they seemed to shake a little in response to my exertions, this was all the concession they would grant to my frantic efforts.

"Then I sat and laughed again, but not quite so gaily; and after a little of this the thought occurred to me that I was wasting precious time, and that the position was so *infra dig.* that I should not care to be seen in it; and, in a word, that it was all very well, but I must get my foot out quickly and go.

"So I coaxed the hole and wiled it in every direction; I pointed my toes down

and
posit
sider
near
the h
first,
strai
sidev
both
off a
I dic
desir
my w
causi



"I RAISED MY LEFT FOOT TO STEP OUT UPON LAND"

and tried to come out heels first—a position which pained me pretty considerably; but the aperture was not nearly large enough. Then I turned the heel down and tried the hole toes first, and *that* was no go. I tried it straight and tried it crooked; tried it sideways; I tugged at my shin with both hands, and nearly pulled the foot off at the ankle, but as for releasing it, I did not seem even to approach that desired consummation, but only scored my wretched limb with barnacles, besides causing the original slight sprain to

become a somewhat severe one, and the foot, already swelled by the first wrench, to assume something like the size of that of the lamented 'Clementine,' whose shoes, it will be remembered by every scholar who listens to my history, were 'Number Nine.'

"This circumstance threw light upon the mystery. Naturally, a foot which is a small seven when it enters a hole, can scarcely be expected to leave by the same exit when it has become two sizes larger. Obviously it could not, unless it should first be whittled down to the

necessary smallness. Well, then, I concluded, sitting down once more to rest and look the matter in the face; well, then, unless I can move the rock there the foot must remain until someone comes along to help me out!

"I tried every way and every position, using every atom of the strength I possessed to cause that rock to budge, if it were but a couple of inches. I panted; I sweated; I'm afraid I swore; I laughed also, and eventually I gave it up for a while and sat down. Why waste my breath in so hopeless an enterprise? I would keep it for shouting; nay, I would start shouting at once! There were two or three little cutter-rigged boats sailing about the bay mackerelling. The nearest was a mile or so away, and I shouted with all the power in my voice-box, backed up by a pair of very fair lungs. The fellows in the boat evidently heard, but though they replied with a loud coo-ee they showed no signs of coming to my assistance, and obviously accepted my yelling as an ordinary greeting from some light-hearted stranger upon the shore, signifying nothing more than that the said stranger felt happy in the fine air and sunlight and desired to signify the same to all and sundry within ear-shot.

"And away scudded little White-wings, the sunlight glinting upon her sails as she put about from time to time, taking short tacks within the mackerel area; and the mile became two miles and the shouts died away or were discontinued though I continued to yell.

"It was, I think, just at this moment of disappointment that the idea which has since become the master-subject of all my nightmares, fell like an icy blast upon my imagination: The Tide.

"What was the tide? Fairly low still, I knew, but how long had it to run, and where was high-water mark?

"The cliffs loomed on my right, fifty yards away; their base at this place stood upon dry land now, when the tide was out; but I could see by the marks left by the average high water, how high—approximately—the tide would climb to-night. I stood up at my full height and measured the level with my eye. It was difficult to judge in this manner, but it appeared to me that—if one took

the still wet line of last high-water mark as the standard for the next—then full tide to-night would just about comfortably drown me. It might just do it, and it might just not.

"What about the time? I had the local time and tide-table in my pocket; I pulled it out (anything but deliberately), and with trembling fingers turned up the tide page. High-tide would be at nine o'clock. I looked at my watch: it was half-past four; why, it was all right! There were four hours and a-half before I need feel seriously alarmed, and all that time might be occupied in shouting for help. Lord! if no one came into calling distance within that time I should be the most unfortunate of all created beings. So for half an hour I continued to shout aloud, yet not one of my coo-ees or hoo-las produced any effect whatever, except to set a-flying, at each recurrence, a fine covey of sandpipers which flew whistling hither and thither before they settled and became invisible among the greys, and browns, and whites of the shingle, their own autotype as to colours.

"Then, feeling hoarse, I rested awhile, and took up my *Tacitus*; and I actually became absorbed in the work, and read up a chapter pretty thoroughly (this chapter has ever since been associated in my mind with the events of that terrible evening!); so absorbed was I, indeed, that I did not notice how quickly the tide approached, and it was not until with a rush and a gurgle the first wavelet ran in and flooded the little pool in which my foot lay captive, that I became suddenly aware of the new development.

"I started up and looked at my watch: it was twenty to six. As I replaced the watch in my pocket, a second bustling wavelet flowed into my pool, and converted the tiny pond into a little lake having a miniature river that drained it back into the sea.

"A wild sense of fear suddenly assailed me.

"'My God!' I thought, 'am I to be held fast by the leg here and slowly drowned by the rising tide? I will not. I will tear off my very foot at the ankle, but I will escape!'

"And with the thought I fell once

more, but in the strength now of desperation, upon the stone which held me captive. But even the strength of despair is limited, and though I partly moved the rock I could not displace it; it fell back presently, and the incoming tide having probably washed away meanwhile some little supporting stone, held me tighter than ever—so much so, that both legs appeared to be caught in the trap, whereas but one had hitherto been a prisoner. Seeing which I ground my teeth together and swore horribly at the rock and spat at it; but soon discerning the feeble childishness of such conduct, I turned to laughing hysterically for a while. Then I reflected that if, as seemed probable, I was destined to stand here till the tide came up and went down again, I might as well calmly consider whether there was anything I could do to improve my chance of safety in case the water should rise a little too high for my present position. From the level of the sand upon which I stood to the exit between the rocks—which was no exit for me since I could not squeeze through it—was a height of nine inches or so. I might at least collect all the stones within reach and pop them into the hole in order to raise the level upon which I stood; and this I did, with the result that I presently raised myself by about six inches. Aha! I thought; these six inches may just make the difference, who knows? I shall reflect, if the tide rises as high as my mouth *now*, that it would have drowned me but for this good idea! Yes, was my next thought, but if I am still not high enough, then I shall have prolonged the agony by six inches—say twenty minutes! Twenty extra minutes of life and suspense, and the anguish of waiting to know one's fate. Lord! one must be thankful for small mercies.

"By this time the rising water had hidden the aperture into which my feet had squeezed, and, raised as I was, the wavelets flowed over my ankles. It was now considerably past six o'clock.

"My companions were all, or nearly all, playing in a cricket match; stumps were to be drawn at six. The match was over by now. If only they would spare a thought for me, and miss me, and wonder why I had not returned

home! But alas, they were accustomed to my solitary ways, and would feel no fears on my account, and, perhaps, never give me a thought till dinner-time.

"Then, being unnerved, I suppose, and scarcely responsible for my actions, I took a turn at crying, reviling a destiny that elected to wipe out in this cruel and heartless manner a young scholar who might have been a credit to his college and university had he been allowed his fair share of life, like others. I thought of—well, a certain girl, and of her griet to-morrow when she should read the account of my horrible end; and I pictured to myself the very look of the paragraph that should be headed 'Terrible Fate of an Oxford Undergraduate,' and the cold journalistic style in which the story would be told. I thought of my own suddenly-ended career—my ambitions, my affections, my delight of life—all broken short off and buried in three lines of printer's ink and in the tears of a few relations and, perhaps, of one girl besides, and I wept like a baby in pure nerveless sorrow and pity for myself.

"Now the water was up to my knees, rising gradually but gaining steadily inch by inch. I took to marking the highest point touched by sticking my tie-pin into my trousers at each new high-water mark. Gad! how quickly it came up and how cold it felt. Ooh! a single wavelet gained just then four inches at a bound, and it was scarcely yet seven o'clock.

"Should I pray? Yes, I would pray; yet if God's mind were made up to my utter ruin, even prayers would not—could not—avail me. Nevertheless, I prayed.

"A great cormorant and two gulls had appeared from Heaven knows where, and were floating quietly upon the calm sea within fifty yards of me. Had they come to watch my end, and did they harbour designs upon me as a standing dish? Ah! a *standing* dish; that was good, for standing I was and must remain, unless I chose to end matters by sitting down and allowing the sea to roll over my head. Well, at any rate, these greedy ghouls should feast upon me while my breath lasted; I took the knife from my pocket

and opened it; I would defend myself to the last. Now came a gruesome idea: had I nerve to cut through my leg—it would have to be both legs—and free myself that way? No—I would rather be drowned, far rather.

"Great Scot! what was that? Did a large fish suddenly rise close to me? There was a great splash, and the cormorant and the two white gulls rose and flapped lazily a hundred yards away seaward. At the same moment some one shouted at the top of the cliffs and threw a second stone at the big birds as they flew. I raised my eyes—a man stood and waved and shouted, scaring the gulls, not observing me.

"With a gasp of gratitude and a warm flow of intense hope that went like a cordial through my veins, I raised my voice and gave such a yell that I saw the man start and turn quickly round to me.

"'Great scissors!' he cried, 'how you startled me; why, it's you, Rogers! What are you doing—are you mad? Do you know the tide's coming in fast? You'll hardly get—'

"It was Shepley—one of our party; I forgot he was not playing. I interrupted him—

"'For God's sake, Shepley,' I yelled, 'run to the village for all you're worth, unless you'd see me drowned in two hours. I'm caught by the foot in the rocks and can't move. Get a boat, and Hewetson—who can dive—and a dynamite cartridge from the quarry, and long hand-spikes, and be back here in an hour and a-half, or I'm done for. Do you understand?'

"'Are you serious?' he shouted, 'or—'

"'Man alive, do you suppose I'm standing here for choice? Run, for God's sake, and don't waste a minute!'

"Before the words were out of my mouth Shepley had disappeared. Dear old Shepley! He was one of the worst and clumsiest runners I ever saw, but he must have travelled upon the wings of the wind that night.

"For half an hour after this, sweet hope ran riot in my spirits, keeping me alive and happy. The water was half-way up my thighs, and the cormorant and the two gulls swam now within

twenty yards of me, but I cared nothing. I looked at my watch—it was a quarter to eight; in an hour or less I should be free! I took the watch from its pocket and tied it round my neck with my scarf, in case some insistent wavelet should come along and swamp it. I shouted at the cormorant, and he suddenly dived with his head in my direction. Gad! was he going to attack me from below?

"But he rose to the surface some distance from me, and the gulls flew startled away. Good heavens! how my foot pained me: far more so than a while ago; the pressure of the tide seemed to sway my body to and fro, for the water had now reached my middle, and at each swaying movement my sprained ankle suffered a cruel wrench; it was torture.

"However, it was just eight now, and the fellows might come at any moment to release me; I should not have to bear the pain and the cold much longer. The cormorant is close to me again, looking at me with his face held sideways. Am I growing lightheaded, or is he really as big as a small steam-launch? And those things beyond, are they my friends the gulls, or a couple of white-sailed dinghies? Lord! it's cold. This is going to be a high tide; it's rising faster than ever. The little waves, beating against the cliffs, seem to be playing some lovely tune, marvellously scored, a part to each wave—why, I know the tune well! it's the old hymn, 'O God, our help in ages past.'

"I join in and sing a stave or two, but I can't remember the words. What a terrific pressure the tide has! It is swaying me backwards and forwards like a great piece of seaweed that is attached to a rock. When I am straight up, the water reaches my chest now. If it rises much higher, the swing of the tide will wash my head under water, and then—

"Even as the thought struck me, a great swirling, swelling wave engulfed me to the neck, and, cradling me backwards and landwards, passed over my head and away. I was above surface again in a moment, but a horrid fear was at my heart—the fear of instant death. I had swallowed a quantity of

wa
But
big
by
the
of t
"
com
it m
goo
pass
the

dow
rolle
harn
God
God
com
"
over
agai
rose
the l
me—
VOL.

water, and gasped and choked painfully. But fortunately, as often happens, this big swell was not immediately followed by others as big—it was a forerunner; the true high-water mark was still short of the top button of my blazer.

"But I knew now that the boat must come within a quarter of an hour, or else it might stay away altogether for all the good it would do me. Five minutes passed, and another five; the music of the waves swelled up to Heaven and

Could it really be so? There was no time to look, and the night was growing dark besides, or I blind; for another wave bent me back and passed over my face, though the true high-water mark was but at my collar. Another shout—I had no breath to reply—and more shouts. They have seen me, then; if only I could stand straight up and breathe awhile, I could answer them.

"My God! we're too late—he's drowned!" I heard someone say.



"STRONG HANDS LAID HOLD OF ME"

down again to earth with each wave that rolled landward and laid its share of harmony at the foot of the cliff. 'O God, our help!' they sang. Was not God my help too? Why did no help come my way?

"Another great swell of water passed over me, and I went under and rose again, panting and in deadly fear. As I rose I fancied I heard something above the hymn of the sea that swelled around me—a shout, a human shout, it seemed.

"Strong hands laid hold of me, supporting my swaying body against the boat, so that the tide did not duck me as before.

"Rogers, man! Do you hear us? We've come to save you."

"No!" I gasped, 'I'm not drowned. Hold me straight, so that I can breathe a bit. That's—that's better!'

"Give him the brandy, Shepley! cried someone, and in a moment a warm, saving glow crept through my veins as I

swallowed the healing stuff. I grabbed at my watch and looked at it. It had stopped at 8.50.

"'Is it high tide?' I gasped.

"'Ten past nine,' said someone; 'it's just turned. We'd have been here half an hour ago, but couldn't get the tools. Can you hang on an hour or so till it's shallower, or shall Hewetson dive and place a cartridge? It may lose you your leg if we blow up the rock, that's the mischief.'

"'I'll wait,' I said. 'Give me more brandy; I shall faint directly with the pain of my ankle. The tide's pulling at it like ten teams of horses!'

"I did faint, I am told. I am also told that for a couple of hours I raved and talked the most shocking nonsense, declaring that the cormorant had dived and was feeding upon my foot, that the waves were singing my death-song, that my preservers were a set of bandits and worse, and had not come to save me, but to make an end of me in order to rob me, when the sea and the cormorant should have done their work, with much to the same effect.

"Nay, even when at half tide two of them had waded in, and with carefully-placed handspikes raised the rock and released me, I refused to be taken into the boat. They would cut my throat, I said, for the money in my pockets and the watch at my neck, and I struggled and fought like a raging lunatic when they lifted me in, willy-nilly.

"For a week I lay and raved, a victim to high fever and its attendant delirium. Shepley declared it was the brandy, of which I took enough, he said to float a man-of-war. But I know well enough that it was the suspense and the horrors of a vivid imagination—a gift of nature from which I have suffered all my life—that did the mischief. As for my foot I was dead lame for six weeks, but I recovered in the end. Still, besides the nightmare, I carry two mementos of that awful evening constantly with me. Here is one," ended Rogers, producing out of his pocket a tattered copy of *Tacitus*, "and"—pointing to his hair, which was as white as a gull's breast—"here's the other. I hope I shall never part with either!" he ended, laughing.



forme
positi
difficu
ster e
that
provin
don.
The
a larg
ing:—
i. 7
shape,
65 feet
people
with a
are the



STARTING FROM THE MIDLAND GOODS YARD

Transporting the Greatest Show on Earth

WRITTEN BY CHARLES HENRY JONES

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY T. A. SCOTTON

TO ship off the Greatest Show on Earth from America to this country, and establish it at the Olympia, was a big business successfully performed, and now Mr. Batley is in a position to accomplish the still more difficult task of transporting the monster exhibition from place to place, so that it may be seen at the leading provincial centres, as well as in London.

The show, as seen in the provinces, is a large village under canvas, comprising:—

1. The "big top" circus tent, oval in shape, 525 feet long, 240 feet wide, and 65 feet high. It accommodates 15,000 people, every one of whom is provided with a separate seat. Down the centre are the circus rings, in which, as at the

Olympia, three grand performances are enacted at the same time.

2. The menagerie tent, 250 feet long and 150 feet wide. Here the freaks sit in state on a raised platform in the middle, the cages of animals are ranged round the sides, and the elephants, camels, dromedaries, zebras, Indian cattle, and other led stock, occupy a large space at the ends.

3. The horse tents, of which there are two, the smaller one devoted to the use of the performing thoroughbreds and little ponies, the larger one being the stable for the team horses.

4. The refreshment tent for the visitors, and canteen for the staff; the latter to seat five hundred people. It is provided with a huge cooking range, which can be placed in position and got into operation in a few minutes, also

with a refrigerator for keeping the meat and other provisions cool.

5. The side show, a circular tent 100 feet in diameter, in which the marionettes, the serpent charmer, the fire and needle eaters, the gentleman weighing 35 stone, and other marvels are congregated.

Besides all these tents, there are the ticket and pay offices, wardrobe tent, dressing rooms, lavatories, barber's and wigmaker's shop, and a workshop with fitter's bench, blacksmith's hearth, and all the necessary apparatus for repairing road vehicles and shoeing horses.

the tents and start the grand opening parade at the next town punctually at nine o'clock the following morning; also to have everything in readiness to throw the doors open to the public for a full exhibition at 1 p.m. To an ordinary individual such a rapid removal would appear to be an impossibility, but Mr. Bailey is not an ordinary individual, and the word impossibility does not exist in his vocabulary; so the thing has been done, and will be repeated as the show proceeds on its tour through the provinces.

For the purpose of conveying the



OUTSIDE THE CANTEN—PREPARING FOR BREAKFAST

In connection with the show is a staff of performers and workmen, numbering 860 all told, 460 horses, and 104 road vehicles of various kinds.

The problem Mr. Bailey had to solve was how to pull down his immense canvas village, and transport all the materials of which it is built, together with the menagerie, circus appliances, elephants, camels, led stock, and horses from one town to another, possibly fifty miles apart, between one day and the next, yet be able to continue the last circus performance at the first town up to ten o'clock at night, and re-pitch

show from one town to another, sixty-one railroad cars have been specially constructed in this country. These are built on the American principle: each car is 54 feet long, 8 feet wide, and runs on two four-wheeled bogie trucks with low wheels. The sleeping cars are painted red, all the others a bright yellow. In bold letters every car is labelled "Barnum & Bailey's Greatest Show on Earth." The cars are all fitted with the American automatic combined couplings and buffers — except eight, which have the American couplings at one end, and English couplings at the

other
cars
train



DETRAINING ROAD VAN

other. By placing one of these eight cars in front, and one at the rear of each train, English engines and brake vans

can be readily attached. The sleeping cars have a narrow passage through the middle, with berths on either side from



UNLOADING ROAD VAN FROM THE RAILWAY TRAIN

floor to roof; when three additional cars, now building, are provided, there will be sleeping accommodation for five hundred men. A new car is being specially fitted up for the use of Mr. Bailey and his family, which will contain a sitting-room, dining-room, bed-room, bath-room, servants' bed-room, kitchen, office, and an observation platform outside. The cars are formed into four separate trains as follows:—

NO. 1 TRAIN.

- 1 Midland third class brake carriage.
- 3 elephant cars.
- 12 flat cars.
- 1 led stock car.
- 1 Midland passenger brake van.

NO. 2 TRAIN.

- 1 Midland third class brake carriage.
- 1 pony car.
- 5 ring stock cars.
- 3 baggage stock cars.
- 7 flat cars.
- 1 Midland passenger brake van.

NO. 3 TRAIN.

- 1 Midland third class brake carriage.
- 8 stock cars.
- 6 flat cars.

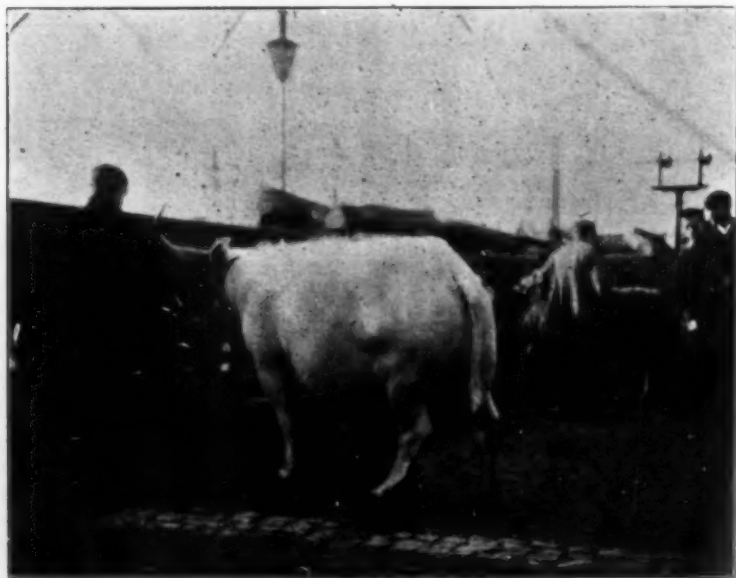
3 sleeping cars.

1 Midland passenger brake van.

NO. 4 TRAIN.

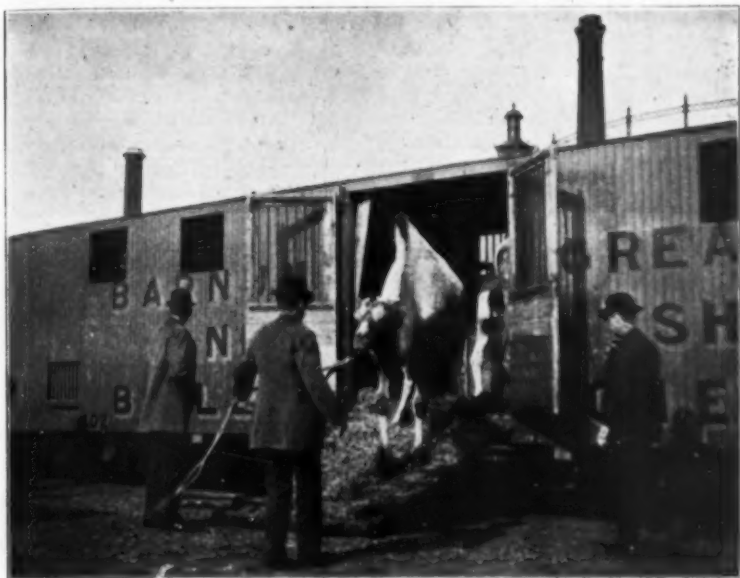
- 1 Midland third class brake carriage.
- 1 camel car.
- 1 trunk car.
- 10 flat cars.
- 1 Midland passenger brake van.

On Wednesday, June 8, 1898, the four days' visit of the Greatest Show to Leicester concluded, and it was advertised to be at Nottingham on the following day. The last performance at Leicester finished at 10 p.m.; between 7,000 and 8,000 people attended. When the band struck up "God Save the Queen," they poured out of the circus, astonished to find that the numerous tents passed on their way into the entertainment, had vanished, not a vestige remained. In fifteen minutes the menagerie had been dismantled, and teams of horses had been hitched on to the cages of animals and to the van-loads of materials, which were taken to the Midland Railway goods yard to be embarked on the first train due to leave Leicester at 11 p.m. Long before the last of the visitors had left



WATER BUFFALO WAITING TO BE LOADED UP

the
men
to
"bo
of b
cont
ticular
how
driv
out
of t
cont
whe
The
rope
and
wou
man
of se
mov
sides
wait
supp
away
whol
grou
poles
Gan
und
into



UNLOADING CAMELS

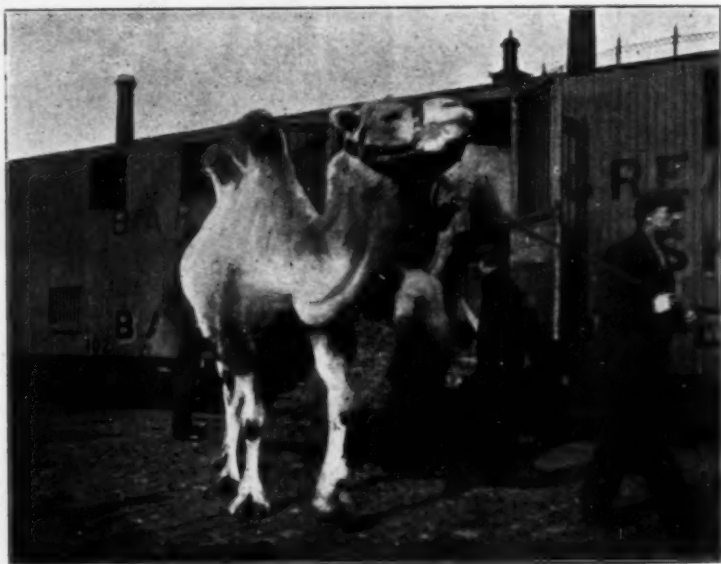
the "big top" circus tent, hundreds of men were actively engaged pulling it to pieces, working in gangs with a "boss" over each. There was plenty of bustle and energy on all sides, but no confusion; every one had his own particular task allotted to him, and he knew how to go about it. The 3in. tent pegs, driven 4ft. into the ground, were drawn out with wonderful rapidity by the aid of the "stake-puller," an ingeniously-contrived portable lever, 12ft. long, the wheels of which form the fulcrum. The agility displayed in swarming up ropes, and pulling down the trapeze and netting depending from the roof would have excited the admiration of a man-of-war's man. The rows and rows of seats all round the circus were removed, and the canvas stripped off the sides of the tent and carried to the carts waiting outside. The intermediate poles supporting the roof having been knocked away, the ropes were unloosed, and the whole of the roof-canvas dropped to the ground in one immense sheet, the side-poles falling away at the same moment. Gangs of men promptly set to work to undo the lacings and divide the canvas into sections, which were methodically

rolled up and stowed away in the vans. The six masts left standing erect in the centre were all that remained of the "big top" tent; in a few minutes they too were lowered to the ground. Road-vans were constantly arriving on the scene, which, as fast as they could be loaded up with seats, poles, canvas, and other material, were galloped off to the railway, and between the show-ground and the railway there was one continuous stream of these vans with teams of two, four, six, or eight horses, according to the weight of the vehicle. An hour after midnight the last van had left the ground, all the elephants and camels had been marched off, and everything was cleared away; the Greatest Show on Earth left no trace behind except in the memory of those who had seen it.

At the Midland Railway goods yard an equally busy scene was being enacted. The four trains were drawn up in as many sidings in readiness to be loaded up. The low flat cars were marshalled together with sheet-iron plates to bridge over the gaps between them, and an inclined plane fixed at the rear end. In this manner a roadway was formed

on to the train and throughout its length. As the cages of wild animals and the road vans arrived, the horses which brought them from the ground were detached to give place to a pair of horses which dragged them one after another up the inclined plane towards the front end of the train until the whole train was loaded. These horses, hooked to the vehicles by a rope with whiffle-trees and crossbar, ran alongside the train, while two men guided the vehicles over the train by means of the carriage poles. About

they were loaded, were despatched to Nottingham; and being booked to run at a moderate speed, each arrived at its destination in due course about two hours and twenty minutes after starting. Attached to the third train were the sleeping-cars, which the workmen always occupy during their stay at the various towns and when travelling by night. The performers, freaks, and managers of the show travelled by special train made up of saloon carriages, which left Leicester at six o'clock in the



DETRAINING CAMELS

four ordinary road vehicles are loaded on each railroad car. The elephants, camels, alpacas, llamas, zebras, and other led stock, and all the horses, entered their box-vans through the doors at the side. The elephant cars hold four or five animals in each, and as the largest elephant weighs five and a-half tons, altogether they constitute a good load. The bulk of the horses embark on the third train, twenty horses in each car; they travel quite comfortably, supporting each other as they stand up, closely packed, side by side. The camels and dromedaries are very select, having a car all to themselves. The trains, as

morning, reaching Nottingham forty minutes later, by which time all the tents necessary for their personal comfort, including the canteen, had been pitched on the show-ground, in readiness for their reception.

When the great show was embarking at Birmingham on June 5th, a lively little scene took place in the Midland Railway yard at Lawley Street. One of the elephants broke away from his keeper, trumpeted, and bolted up the sidings with his tail cocked triumphantly. The small crowd of spectators who were present at that early hour did not take long to disperse; they



DETRAINING ELEPHANT

disappeared under the railway trucks and took shelter behind the engines. Old men were surprised to find how nimble they had suddenly become; but the keeper was, not at all disconcerted; he calmly led off another



DETRAINING ELEPHANT

and bigger elephant in the direction of the runaway, and soon succeeded in bringing him back, chained to his big companion, looking thoroughly ashamed of himself.

Although the first and second trains reached Nottingham two or three hours earlier, the operation of unloading did not commence until the arrival of the third train, as the transport manager travelled by that train with his staff of workers. When he appeared at about four a.m., the horses were got out, and

Messrs. Barnum and Bailey's advance representatives had completed all their preliminary preparations. The town was profusely placarded with big posters, arrangements made with the police, the route the procession should take decided upon, and the show-ground selected. The latter, 20 acres in extent, was near the Trent Bridge. The position of each tent had been mapped out and as the vans came up, the contents were deposited just where they would be wanted. The canteen, with its portable



DETRAINING ELEPHANT

as fast as the cages of animals and road vans could be drawn off the trains, they were trotted off to the show-ground. The elephants and camels, well accustomed to travelling, quietly stepped out of their cars and were led away in the same direction, so that in a very short space of time the whole show was disembarked and the empty trains disposed of in out-of-the-way sidings, there to remain until the following Saturday, when they would be again called into requisition to convey the show to Sheffield.

Some days before the exhibition made its appearance in Nottingham,

cooking range, was the first tent to be put up; forty minutes afterwards, 50 waiters were busy serving a substantial breakfast to 300 or 400 men. All connected with the show have access to the tent; officials, workpeople, and artists share the same fare. No intoxicants are allowed, but tea, coffee, and milk can be had *ad libitum*. It would be difficult to find anywhere such a motley crew messing together. Show-managers, jockeys, clowns, contortionists, aerialists, freaks, dervishes, giants and dwarfs are there; all nations are represented. One sees a Cuban and a Spaniard sitting amicably together

shar
tlem
ent
chop
thin
the
iced
W
thus
comm
are
of
lbs.
cons
quali
To
"big
spect
unde
ment
quite
which
are f
feet
the f
let in
cross
one si
back



MASTS OF THE BIG TOP TENT IN READINESS TO BE LIFTED UP

sharing American hospitality. The gentleman whom we supposed to subsist entirely on needles, is enjoying a mutton chop; the sword swallower finds something more palatable than cold steel; the "fire king" quenches his thirst with iced water.

While the creature comforts are thus provided for the human beings connected with the show, the animals are not neglected. Every day 6 tons of hay, 160 bushels of oats, 700 lbs. of bran, and 340 lbs. of beef are consumed by them, all of the best quality that can be procured.

To the uninitiated, the erection of the "big top" circus tent, which seats 15,000 spectators, would appear a formidable undertaking; but under the skilful treatment of trained experts, it becomes quite a simple matter. The tall masts which run down the middle of the tent are first laid on the ground with their feet where they are intended to stand; the foot of the mast, instead of being let into the ground, rests upon a short crossbar; a few stakes are driven at one side to prevent the foot from slipping backwards; and then, at a given signal,

20 or 30 men seize hold of the top end of the mast and lift it, while 60 others pull away at a rope from the opposite side and raise the mast erect in its place, securing it by guy-ropes. The whole of the six central masts are put up in this way in a quarter of an hour. Between the masts are stout ropes forming the ridge of the tent. The roof canvas is all spread out and laced together as it lies on the ground, and then the whole of it is hauled up to the top of the masts by ropes running through pulley blocks. The 320 side poles (13 feet high) are next fixed, the curtains hung all round the tent, and the intermediate poles, which help to support the roof canvas, are pulled into position by teams of horses. The tent itself may then be said to be complete, and the men turn their attention to the interior arrangements. They erect the seats, form the circus rings, harrow the hippodrome track to make it level for the racing, and rig up the high stages, trapeze, and rope gearing, for the acrobats. Meanwhile, gangs of men have been actively engaged in fixing the wooden tent-pegs, about 1,200 of

which, 5 feet long and 3 inches in diameter, are required to secure the ropes of the "big top" tent alone. Eight men, working together in a gang, drive the pegs four feet into the ground with heavy sledge-hammers, each man striking in turn.

In placing wheeled cages in the positions they have to occupy in the Menagerie, the elephants are turned to useful account; with the greatest ease they push the heavy vehicles along with their heads and leave them just where they are required to stand.

Punctuality characterises all Messrs. Barnum and Bailey's proceedings; so at nine o'clock precisely, the circus parade files out of the show-ground headed by a military band in a coach drawn by forty magnificent bays, four abreast. One man drives this wonderful team, holding ten pairs of reins in his hands. Cages of lions, tigers, rhinoceroses, Polar bears, hippopotami, seals, gorillas, and other rare specimens of the animal creation, richly dressed horsemen and horsewomen riding in couples on prancing steeds, Roman chariots, more musicians

in gilded cars, a caravan of camels with Soudanese drivers, a troupe of Asiatic elephants, some with houdahs containing Oriental beauties, a series of models representing nursery tales drawn by pretty little ponies, a grand spectacle representing the return of Columbus after the discovery of America, and his reception in Barcelona by Ferdinand and Isabella, all follow each other in one long procession through the streets of the town, taking twenty minutes to pass any given point.

The amazing feats of the acrobats and equestrians, the humours of the clowns, and the peculiarities of the freaks, astonish and delight the thousands who witness them day after day; but what strikes one as being the most extraordinary, is the enormous proportions and the diversity of the entertainment, and the truly marvellous celerity with which the monster show is dismantled, transported, and erected. It is a high-sounding title, but there appears to be no exaggeration in Messrs. Barnum and Bailey's proud boast that theirs is "The Greatest Show on Earth."



DRIVING THE LAST PEG

Theatrical Make-up

BY GERTRUDE WARDEN (Mrs. WILTON JONES)



HERE is no excuse for a bad make-up." So runs the legend to be read weekly in the advertising columns of a leading theatrical newspaper. Yet bad make-ups abound both on and off the stage. Despite precepts and awful examples, it seems that women will not learn certain simple truths: as, for instance, that theatrical rouge "No. 18" should *not* be used in the open air by daylight; that the eyebrows should *never* be made more than a shade or two darker than the natural hair of the head at its darkest; that bright red lip-salve makes the teeth look abominably yellow unless they happen to be exceptionally white; that none but the blondest of blondes should ever wear dead-white powder; that liquid make-up of any kind should *never* be used by daylight, (and as sparingly as possible by night); that hair, if dyed at all, should be constantly watched less the roots "bewray one," and, last and most important of all, that the lower eyelid should *not* under any circumstances be darkened!

This last may sound to the uninitiated an astonishing admonition. To the absolute beginner on the stage the following sketch (Fig. 1) realises the ideal of lime-light loveliness. A well-smearing under-eyelid makes any woman look either disreputable or extremely ill, and usually both, and deprives the face of all expression. If, on the other hand, the *upper* eyelid be darkened (as in Fig. 2) and not with *black* but *blue* shading, and the *eyelashes* alone blackened, the black being carefully cleared away from the *lower* eyelid, an infinitely better effect will be produced, and increased expression (particularly of the languorous, Eastern order) be given to the eye.

Blue or grey eyes are more effec-

tive on the stage than very dark ones. A pair of blue eyes, delicately shaded on the upper lids, with the eyelashes carefully blackened and afterwards combed out, "get over the foot-lights" in a remarkable way; whereas large and naturally handsome black eyes are apt (unless blue or black make-up be practically eschewed and the complexion be most carefully toned) to look, in stage parlance, like "burnt holes in a blanket."

Undoubtedly fair skins, light hair, and light eyes are far better materials with which to produce stage beauty and effectiveness than brunette attractions. Very dark hair is apt to look like a wig "from the front," and a dark fringe, as long as set fringes held sway, was always a difficult thing to manipulate, as, once it became saturated with the grease and moisture of the face, it degenerated into coster "knockers." Then again, a dark woman's nose (especially if she be, as so many clever performers



FIGURE 1

are, of the tribe of Israel) continually stands in her light. If she makes it up with white powder, it shines as a pillar of salt, if she tones it down to suit the black eyes and hair, it is apt to look red and hilarious. Doubtless this fact partly accounts for the great run on peroxide of hydrogen, which has reached such a point on the stage that one gratefully welcomed Mrs. Patrick Campbell's dark head in Adelphi melodrama as likely to bring in a return to a tint less aggressive than that "motor-car yellow" dear to the ordinary chorus girl. Very few dark-haired actresses have, however, the courage to remain so. At least a dozen leading actresses have exchanged their dark tresses for gold during the past few years, and the results are in all cases successful and becoming, at least, by theatrical light. Many old playgoers, however, lament the fact that Lilian Adelaide Neilson "spoiled herself" when, with her naturally thick black eyebrows, she adopted golden hair, and, as it were, threw her entire face "out of tone"; and the late Sophie Eyre, always beautiful, was far more so, to my mind, in her early Torquay days, with her blue-black hair and thin, "intense" face, than during her later yellow-haired London career.

Ladies of the chorus in travelling comic operas are, alas! as a rule, deplorably careless in their use of golden-hair dyes, and a side view of their heads (as in Fig. 3) upon which the lustreless brown at the roots becomes merged with startling suddenness into vivid yellow at the ends, recalls nothing so much as a cocoanut-shell dressed with endive!

Another form of theatrical make-up, popular, but extremely difficult to manipulate with discretion, is the dark line at the outer edge of the eyelid, which is supposed to give length to the eye and to suggest a sweeping eyelash. Far too often, however (as in Fig. 4), eyes which would naturally be pretty and expressive are lengthened and narrowed in effect by this means until their charm is wholly destroyed; and not long ago I was worried during the entire performance of a farce by the make-up of the lady who played the heroine, and who, with cream-coloured hair and a strawberry ice complexion,



FIGURE 2

had adorned the outer edges of her blue eyes with what appeared at a distance to be realistic representations of the domestic blackbeetle!

A regular revolution has been effected in the dressing room by the now almost universal use of "wig-paste," or "grease-paint." Certain old school provincial actors and actresses still resent the substitution of grease-paints for the dry powdery make-ups of former years. A few old-time actors whom I have met in country theatres prided themselves upon their use of "dry colours"; but there is very little doubt that, if sparingly applied (upon an absolutely clean face, *bien entendu*) and carefully powdered over, there is nothing which produces so smooth and natural-looking a surface as grease-paint, nor is there anything I know of so little injurious to the skin.

A few years ago, while playing in a stock season in Southampton, I arrived late at the theatre, and, darting through a dark archway which had always been open, broke the bridge of my nose and cut my skin very severely against a closed door.

As the youngest woman in a company playing the "Lady of Lyons," I was, of course, cast for the Widow Melnotte: there was nobody to take my part, so I had to go on. Somebody dressed me,



FIGURE 3

somebody "made me up," while I screamed and cried with pain. Until that night I had looked preposterously young as the mother of a Claud at least fifteen years my senior. But that night, after the first cottage scene, the manager came round to compliment me on my "improved make-up" my features being so swollen that all trace of youth was lost—and upon my "natural and pathetic acting," his admiration being particularly excited by the howl of maternal tenderness which escaped me when my son kissed me on the bridge of my broken nose!

But to return to grease-paint. After my accident I was afraid of injuring the broken skin, and had the grease-paint analysed by a local chemist, with the result that he assured me it was "almost all tallow," and would rather tend to heal than to poison a cut in the skin.

Of course grease-paint, like every other form of make-up, can be overdone. In a passionate love scene the well-greased cheek of the lovely heroine has been known to stick to the equally well-greased cheek of her ardent (stage) lover; but then a desirable make-up for a realistic love scene has yet to be invented. The public, who are so exceedingly inquisitive on the subject of an emotional actress's feelings towards the actor with whom she habitually plays love scenes, might judge more clearly of their nature could they hear her in her dressing-room bewail the disastrous effects of such a stage direction as "*takes her in his arms and embraces her passionately*" upon the heroine's make-up.

"Look at my cheek! I shall have to make it up all over again! What in the world does he want to blacken his moustaches for? And that horrid red-brown he wears on his face is smeared all over my chin! And then he complains that my eyelashes come off like flies' legs all over his make-up! I do hate a leading man who can't play a love scene without spoiling one's complexion!"

On his side, the gentleman in question has another and more serious reason for complaint, and occasionally for bad language, when alone with his dresser. A love scene in evening dress is fatal to coat-sleeves and a godsend to tailors, for the liquid make-up used by all actresses on their hands and arms deals havoc with the actors' dress clothes. It comes off in smears which no benzoine will obliterate. As actors provide their own modern dress, it must be a serious thing to some who do not make great demands on the salary list when a new dress-coat is ruined the first time it is worn by the too literal illustration on the part of an



FIGURE 4

actress of some such stage direction as the following:

"Seizes his arm between both her hands, then clasps them suddenly round his neck and hides her face upon his breast."

I subjoin a rough sketch (Figs. 5 and 6), to show the disastrous results of a

love scene realistically played upon the beauty of the performers.

The public little knows indeed, "*ce qu'il faut souffrir pour être belle!*" On hot nights making up is a misery, the paint rolling off in pellets, while the liquid make-up for the hands, neck and arms, to which I have alluded, is always inclined to turn black upon the skin, and invariably ruins the dress of the lady who wears it, as well as the coat-sleeves of the male performers. I have tried all sorts of different prescriptions, cheap and dear, but I have never yet discovered one that was really satisfactory. No amount of washing ever keeps the skin really clean while these make-ups are in use; black smears appear by day about the nails, between the fingers, and around the throat; the villainous stuff is soap-and-water-proof, and I always welcome a part in which I can wear gloves and so keep my hands clean during the run of a piece. I have even, with a meanness which I am ashamed to own, done without neck and arms make-up altogether in cases where I have had to provide my dresses at my own expense, and contented myself with less dazzlingly white arms than my colleagues for the sake of keeping my frocks clean during the run. When, however, the management provided the costumes I have smeared myself (and my gowns) as gaily as the rest.

Masculine make-up is, if my sex will forgive me for saying so, an infinitely more elaborate and artistic thing than the pink and white and black and yellow ideal of beauty which most actresses strive to attain. What woman ever could or would equal Mr. Beerbohm Tree, for instance, in the versatility, the absolute perfection of his different stage appearances? Mr. Tree is young or old, handsome or ugly, stout or thin,

virtuous or absolutely diabolical in appearance at will. I have never seen any actor who can transform himself so thoroughly and yet look at a short distance so lifelike as he. How he contrives it I have not the least idea; in interviews he appears to make light of this very remarkable gift. He has light eyes and light hair in his favour to start with, but his results are marvellous.

Certain careful character-actors go about the world perpetually on the look-out for "good make-ups" in the streets, in trains and omnibuses, everywhere in fact, taking mental notes of curious and typical personalities, and in many instances making rough sketches of any such they may meet from memory, so that, when called upon to impersonate a fresh character, they can turn to their collection for a country clergyman, a book-maker, a hawker, a grocer, or a pick-pocket, as the case may be. The make-up box of a clever character-actor is usually a messy-looking concern, and a vast amount of mixing is necessary to produce the required



FIGURE 5

tones and tints, to differentiate between the aged and aristocratic father who dies of heart disease in the first act, and the chronic inebriate who supplies so much of the humour of popular melodrama.

Mr. Cyril Maude, who is extraordinarily clever in elderly make-ups, used to show with pride upon the glass door of his dressing-room at the Comedy Theatre pictures done entirely in grease-paints of various characters in a play which was being performed there, and, undoubtedly a knowledge of painting is of great use to an actor and assists him in the production of a good make-up.

Amateurs always make up badly: they fail to "join their flats," i.e., to

blend the complexion of the face into the whitened neck: if men, they wear moustaches in powder parts and invariably fail to conceal their own hair at the back of their wigs; if women, they over-rouge, bringing the colour right up to the lower eyelids instead of toning it off, as colour comes in real life; they also make the very great mistake of putting on too much paint and powder about the mouth, which should be left as free as possible, for two reasons: first, because paint is apt to turn black upon the upper lip; and second, because it is impossible to express emotion facially unless the muscles of the mouth have full play.

After Mme. Duse's first appearances in London, a good many of our actresses tried to imitate her by discarding make-ups altogether; but no skin, however brilliant, can stand the unnatural glare of the foot-lights and look anything but pallid, dirty, and unwholesome, and it is always a marvel

to me that, in these days of artistic mounting and setting, those villainous foot-lights, which distort nature and caricature beauty, cannot be done away with altogether.

The loveliest woman in evening dress, once she closely approaches those fatal foot-lights, becomes (unless she be abnormally stout) little better than a study in collar-bones; no natural beauty and no make-up, however artistic, is proof against them. They are, moreover, terribly injurious to the eyesight, and in cases where an actor or actress has to sit or stand for any length of time in close proximity to them throughout a lengthened run, they seldom fail to produce serious pain and injury to the sight. Only an actor-manager has the right to absolutely monopolise a position in the middle of the

stage and close to the "back-cloth;" but upon all and sundry I would impress the dictum: "Keep away from the foot-lights!"



FIGURE 6




COLONEL LANGDALE'S WIFE



A STORY OF THE INDIAN PLAGUE

WRITTEN BY MAJOR HAMLTON FAIRLEIGH. ILLUSTRATED BY DUAMOT

“ MAN married is a man marred” was the favourite axiom of Colonel Langdale, who, glorying in his reputation of being a confirmed woman-hater, made no secret of his prejudice against the fair sex, and openly avowed his contempt for all men who suffered themselves to be swayed by female influence.

Yet George Langdale had not always entertained such views. There had been a time when he was not insensible to the fascination of tender glances from beautiful eyes, when the sound of a soft, pleading voice could send a thrill to his heart. In the early seventies, when his figure was slim and upright, and his head covered with a thatch of thick, curly hair, when he possessed a neat, graceful seat on horseback, and was esteemed one of the best dancers in the station, he had won the heart of pretty Rosie Brayton, daughter of the General commanding at Haizapore. Rosie had promised to marry the handsome young officer, and their engagement had been announced, when Langdale's cup of happiness was dashed

cruelly from his lips ere he had time to taste its sweetness. A few weeks before the date fixed for the wedding, there arrived at Haizapore a certain Captain of Hussars, son of a wealthy Manchester cotton-spinner, who, regardless of the fact that Rosie was Langdale's affianced wife, commenced to pay assiduous court to her, and succeeded eventually in inducing her to jilt the penniless Native Infantry subaltern.

Langdale took the blow deeply to heart. From that time he became a changed man, eschewed women's society, and led the life of a recluse. Shortly after his arrival in India, a Brahmin fortune-teller had cast his horoscope, and certain words of the old soothsayer, little heeded at the time they were spoken, recurred to him later with bitter significance. “Beware of women, Sahib,” had said the Brahmin, “for they will bring you only bad luck.”

As time rolled by, Langdale's dislike and distrust of women increased; he judged them all by the standard of the one who had wronged him, and after the lapse of twenty years few would

have
misc
beyo
sion
hear
with
lead
men
Co
poin
Infan
mar
To
bene
pleas
Infan
do.
agre
on d
orde
class
obje
them
para
with
in th
short
upon
of th
nisi
one a
other
Th
was
unexp
bene
who,
hims
comm
to th
serve
siden
the
reser
cent
past
lieved
attach
the g
sing
Whet
ferent
to be
avoid
his lo
rides.
In

have recognised in the soured, cynical misogynist, with no thoughts or interest beyond the dull routine of his professional duties, the once gay, light-hearted subaltern, a great favourite with the ladies, ever ready to take a leading part in all pastimes and amusements.

Colonel Langdale, on being appointed Commandant of the 71st Native Infantry, resolved to weed out all the married officers serving with that corps. To this end, he made the lives of the benedicts extremely irksome and unpleasant, as a Colonel of a Native Infantry Regiment knows well how to do. He gave them all kinds of disagreeable duties to perform, sent them on detachment to unhealthy stations, ordered them to attend unnecessary classes of instruction with the sole object of annoying them and putting them to expense, abused them on parade and off parade, exerted himself with fiendish ingenuity to belittle them in the eyes of the native soldiers; in short, rendered their existence a hell upon earth. The unfortunate victims of this systematic persecution, recognising the hopelessness of their position, one and all applied to be transferred to other regiments.

The result of this wholesale clearance was that the bachelor officers received unexpected promotion. Of these none benefited more than Captain Tarver, who, at fifteen years' service, found himself suddenly gazetted second in command of the corps, and promoted to the rank of major. Tarver, who had served most of his time in another presidency, had only lately exchanged into the 71st Native Infantry. He was a reserved, taciturn man, extremely reticent regarding his private affairs and past history, and it was generally believed that there was some mystery attaching to his life. He had gained the goodwill of the Colonel by professing to share his aversion for women. Whether or not Tarver was so indifferent to female charms as he pretended to be, certain it was that he studiously avoided all social functions, and passed his leisure time in solitary walks or rides.

In due course the 71st Native In-

fantry were ordered to Haizapore, the principal military station of the presidency, whereupon Colonel Langdale, perhaps on account of the painful memories associated in his mind with that place, took a year's furlough to England. It was generally understood that the Colonel would apply for an extension of leave, and would remain in England until the regiment's term of service at Haizapore should have expired; but he had not been home more than nine months when he wrote to Tarver informing him that he was about to be married, and that after a short honeymoon on the Continent, he should bring his bride out to India with him. "You will think me inconsistent," he explained, "but circumstances alter cases; and when you know Gwendoline you will, I am sure, admit that I have acted wisely," and so on to the end of four closely-written pages.

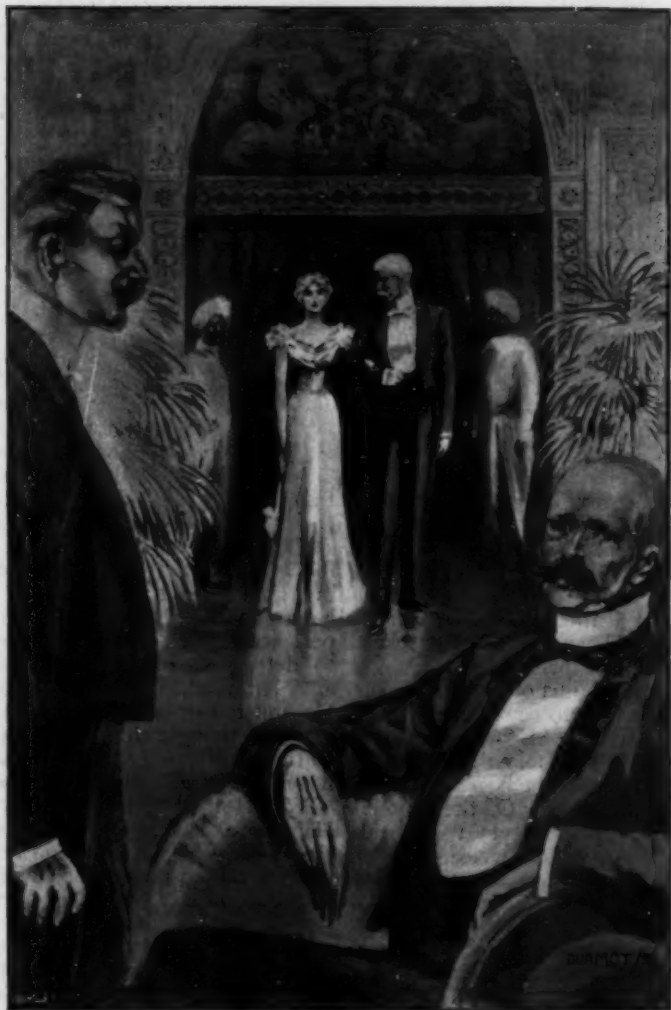
"Bah! there's no fool like an old fool!" exclaimed Tarver, savagely tearing the letter to pieces. "I should have thought that Langdale's first experience ought to have proved sufficient to deter him from entering the toils again. Well, it's no affair of mine. He must just dree his own weird. Strange, though, that the name should be the same! Gwendoline what? He has not told me what her surname is."

When the Langdales arrived at Haizapore, Tarver was absent on leave. On the evening of his return, he was told by his brother-officers at mess that there was to be a ball that night at the Gymkhana Club, at which the Colonel and Mrs. Langdale were to be present. Curious to see this female paragon of whom the Colonel had written in such enthusiastic terms, he determined to go to the ball. An hour later he was standing among a group of officers in the verandah of the Gymkhana Club, when one of his companions remarked:

"Mrs. Langdale has just arrived. Such a pretty woman, by Jove! No wonder the Colonel has changed his views upon matrimony."

Tarver stationed himself at one of the doorways of the ball-room, and began to watch the dancers with idle interest.

"That's Mrs. Langdale! Isn't she a



"WHAT TARVER SAW WAS A TALL WOMAN IN AN EXQUISITE WHITE DRESS"

ripper?" said Wilkinson of the 71st, drawing his attention to a lady who, leaning on her partner's arm, was entering the room from the opposite doorway.

What Tarver saw was a tall woman in an exquisite white and silver dress, who carried herself with queenly dignity. He turned pale to the lips, while he riveted his eyes in a searching, intense scrutiny on Mrs. Langdale's

face, which seemed strangely familiar to him.

"I cannot be mistaken," he muttered under his breath. "There's not another woman like that in the whole world. Gwendoline—of course it is she! But how on earth . . ."

He went to the refreshment bar, swallowed a glass of brandy neat, and then sat down to collect his thoughts.

The sight of Mrs. Langdale had

s
n
a
o
E
h
sh
A
d
o
w
as
co
th
bl
fo
th
pi
an
he
do
on
las
wa
reg
the
fir
of
fig
me
me
stra
con
suc
—s
love
to
ens
ble
ask
S
prom
eve
an
the
he v
dece
she
ried
beli
rica
once
own
Gwe
the
weep
him

stirred in his breast a chord of strange memories. His thoughts went back to a summer, fifteen years ago, spent at an obscure watering-place in the South of England, whither he had been sent by his medical adviser to recruit his health, shattered by two years' campaigning in Afghanistan. There he had met Gwendoline Fyers (so she styled herself), the orphan daughter of an army surgeon, who was earning a miserable livelihood as a daily governess. How well he recollected the trivial chance that led to their acquaintanceship! Her hat had blown into the sea; he had recovered it for her at the cost of a wetting. After that he had met her frequently, on the pier, on the sands, at the band-stand; and she had allowed him to accompany her on long walks over the breezy downs. Their friendship had ripened, on his side at least, into a deep and lasting attachment. How beautiful she was! The oval face, with the delicate, regular features, the ivory complexion, the glorious brown eyes full of latent fire, the small head covered with masses of thick chestnut hair, the *svelte*, lissom figure, with subtle grace in every movement—how every detail dwelt in his memory! How he had marvelled what strange perversity of fate could have condemned this queen among women to such a sordid lot. How he had resolved—should she deem him worthy of her love—to fight the battle of life for her, to save her from care and trouble, to enshrine her in his heart, to—he trembled at the audacity of the thought—ask her to marry him.

She had told him she loved him, had promised to be his wife—when, on the eve of their wedding, he had received an anonymous letter informing him that the woman on whose truth and purity he would have staked his life had been deceiving him, that she was not what she seemed, that she was already married to another man. He would not believe this vile thing, this wicked fabrication; he would take the letter at once to Gwendoline, and hear from her own lips that it was a calumny. Alas! Gwendoline had been unable to refute the cruel allegation. She had fallen, weeping, at her lover's feet, imploring him to forgive her for the wrong she

had done him, and had told him the miserable story of her life; how, when a girl of fifteen at a boarding-school in London, she had made a runaway marriage with the singing-master, Signor Ardalossi; how her family had disowned her in consequence; and how her husband, a tyrant and drunkard, after a vain attempt to extort money from her friends, had ill-treated her and finally deserted her. It was many years, she said, since she had heard news of her husband, and she had believed him dead, she had been carried away by her love for Tarver, and had feared to imperil her chance of happiness in life by confessing the truth.

Thus they had parted, and now, after the lapse of fifteen years, Tarver was once more to meet the woman he had loved so devotedly, for whose sake he had never married, whose memory was still fresh in his heart. How would she receive him? She must know, of course, that he was in her husband's regiment. Had she retained any of her old feeling for him? How much of her history had she confided to her husband?

Tarver was given no time for further reflection, for at that moment he saw Colonel and Mrs. Langdale approaching.

"You and Tarver are old acquaintances, Gwendoline," said the Colonel, "so don't need a formal introduction."

"I had the pleasure of meeting Major Tarver many years ago," said Mrs. Langdale, with a slight tremor in her voice, proffering her hand; "but I expect he has forgotten me."

"I remember you perfectly, Mrs. Langdale," answered Tarver, quietly, striving to look unconcerned as their eyes met, though the touch of her hand sent a thrill through him, causing the blood to course like wildfire through his veins.

Colonel Langdale was very proud of his beautiful wife, and was much flattered by the admiration and attention so freely accorded to her. The Langdales soon became famous for their hospitality, and Tarver, who was a frequent guest at the house, found himself thrown constantly into Mrs. Langdale's society. Mrs. Langdale told Tarver that her first husband, Signor

Ardalossi, had died ten years ago, and that until she met Colonel Langdale she had continued to work as a governess.

Conscious that, in talking of the past, they were treading on dangerous ground, they mutually forbore from making any further allusion to their former intimacy. Mrs. Langdale kept her feelings under admirable control, and Tarver little suspected that this woman with the calm, grave countenance and studiously conventional manner, adored him with a wild, unreasoning love, exceeding in intensity his own; that deep down in her heart there smouldered a volcano of pent-up passion, in momentary peril of kindling into a blaze that nothing could extinguish. One word, one look, might have changed the current of their two lives. But Tarver kept his secret locked up within his breast; he would have deemed it sacrilegious and dishonourable to speak of love to his friend's wife.

* * *

The terrible Indian plague had found its way to Haizapore at last. All efforts to arrest its progress had proved inefficacious. In the Native City and surrounding villages, men, women, and children were dying like flies. The roll of victims was daily on the increase. Custom makes us familiar with and indifferent to danger, and the pestilence had come to be regarded as a matter of course—an unpleasant but necessary means of reducing the surplus population. The natives alone fell victims to it; the white men seemed, by a merciful dispensation of Providence, to be exempted from contagion. There was, consequently, no cessation of the usual round of gaieties at Haizapore. The cantonment roads were thronged daily with funeral processions on their way to the burning-grounds, but the bands at the Gymkhana and the public gardens played none the less cheerily, though the wail of Hindoo mourners rang loud in the air.

In the Native City, where infection passed rapidly from house to house, whole streets were being depopulated by the pestilence. Many of the inhabitants had fled, carrying death and de-

struction far and wide into the country; others, strong in their fatalistic creed, clung to their homes and refused to budge, comforting themselves with the philosophical reflection that a man can but die once, and that there is no escaping the hand of fate. It became clear to the authorities that unless strong repressive measures were adopted, every house in the city would become impregnated with the germs of disease, and form a death-trap for all future inmates.

The troops in garrison were detailed in turn for "plague duty," their work consisting in examining every house, and removing to the Segregation Hospital any inmate found suffering from the prevailing malady. When the turn of the 71st Native Infantry came, Major Tarver was ordered to superintend the unpleasant work of examining suspected sufferers, and removing from the houses and burning the clothes and effects of plague patients.

Tarver worked heroically at his uncongenial task, encouraging his men by his example. He was quite reckless of his life, and would fearlessly enter houses known to be infected, and carry poor plague-stricken wretches out in his own arms. One morning, while riding to the city, he was seized with a sudden faintness, but, throwing it off by sheer force of will, he applied himself to his work with his usual indefatigable zeal. On returning home in the evening, he had no sooner entered his bungalow than his head began to swim, his limbs to tremble; a deadly feeling of nausea crept over him; an indescribable numbing sensation pervaded his whole frame, stupefying and maddening him.

"A whisky and soda, quick!" he shouted to his servant, at the same time throwing himself down on his bed.

The man, returning, saw his master writhing in agony, swinging his arms wildly about, the light of madness in his eyes, his lips bubbling with green foam. He dropped the tray in abject fright, gasped "Mahamari,"* and ran to summon the regimental surgeon.

Dr. Mason, stripping off Tarver's

* The plague

shirt, discovered a blue, livid lump under his left arm. There could be no doubt about it; it was the sign of the plague.

"It's a bad business, I fear," said the doctor to Wilkinson of the 71st, whom he met outside the house. "If I had been called in twelve hours earlier, I might have saved his life, but now the disease has developed so far that I fear there is little chance of his recovery."

The next morning Colonel Langdale, stopping on his way back from parade at Tarver's bungalow, to enquire after the patient, was surprised to see his wife's pony-trap standing at the door. A greater surprise was in store for him, for, on silently entering the sick-room, he saw his wife kneeling, with her back towards him, at the bedside, clasping one of the sick man's hands in both her own, and heard her say, in heart-rending tones, as she covered it with kisses:

"Speak to me, Hubert, my darling—just one word. Tell me that you have forgiven me. You shall not die, dearest. They shall not take you from me again. Oh, Hubert, if you only knew how much I love you! My marriage has been a mockery and a farce. I only married for the sake of a home. Had it been you, dear, how happy my life would have been! Oh, why did I not tell you I was free? Speak, Hubert! it is you only I love. For your dear sake I would—I—"

But the cold lips of the dying man gave back no answer to her passionate appeal; her look of love found no responsive glance from the swiftly glazing eye.

The death-rattle was sounding in the dying man's throat, when, with an access of passion, almost savage in its intensity, Gwendoline Langdale threw her arms round her lover's neck, and strained him fiercely to her bosom in a last, long, lingering embrace.

"Let me die with you," she murmured, pressing her lips to his. "I am very, very weary of my life."

The unwilling spectator of the scene had stood motionless, tongue-tied and fascinated. He turned on his heel, and silently left the room.

"She told me she loved me," he muttered, "and I was fool enough to believe her. I am rightly served for my credulity. The Brahmin was a true prophet."



"LET ME DIE WITH YOU; I AM VERY, VERY TIRED OF MY LIFE"

The Palace Beautiful

WRITTEN BY JAMES CASSIDY. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



HE Great Exhibition of 1851 over, what was to be done with the Exhibition Buildings? The question exercised the minds of large numbers of her Majesty's subjects, and offered a stern conundrum to Messrs. Fox & Henderson, the builders and contractors. The first quarter-day of 1852 heard the Home Secretary's announcement that the Government had determined not to interfere in any way with the building; what then was to be done with it?

Amongst those who considered the question, was Mr. Leech, a partner in a well known firm of solicitors.

"It would be ten thousand pities," he thought, "to permit the destruction of the building; why not secure some appropriate spot, and there re-construct the edifice. A private company could assuredly be organised to carry out this plan." Mr. Leech mentioned the idea to his partner, Mr. Farquhar, who was delighted with it, and promised cordial co-operation. Soon a little band of business men set upon finding and securing a site for the new Palace, which was the outcome of Mr. Leech's enthusiasm to save to the people the Exhibition Buildings, then in Hyde Park.

The site was selected on the Brighton line, at a convenient distance from the Metropolis, and in the heart of the most enchanting scenery. There was no time wasted, all was most expeditiously done, The Managing Director of the London

and Brighton line was as eager as any one of the enterprising band to see Mr. Leech's plan carried out. To facilitate the conveyance of passengers—a consideration of supreme importance—the Brighton Railway Company undertook to lay down a new line of rails between London and Sydenham, to construct a branch from the Sydenham Station to the Crystal Palace Garden, and to build a number of engines sufficiently powerful to draw heavy trains up the steep incline to the Palace.

It was on the 24th May, 1852, that the purchase money was paid, and a few English gentlemen became the owners of the Crystal Palace, the Exhibition Buildings of 1851. It is just as well that the names of these original proprietors should here be given. They are appended in alphabetical order:—

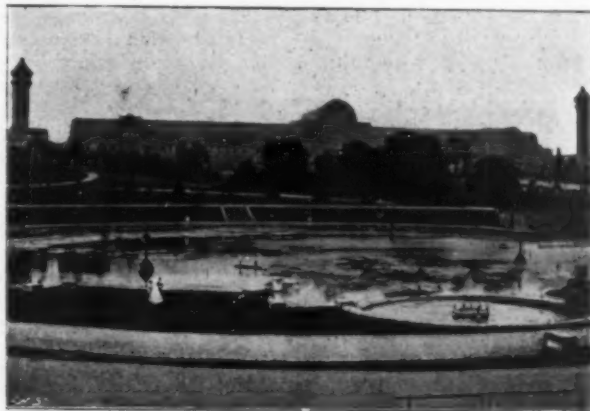
1. Mr. T. N. Farquhar.
2. Mr. Francis Fuller.
3. Mr. Robert Gill.
4. Mr. Harman Grisewood.
5. Mr. Samuel Laing.
6. Mr. Joseph Leech.
7. Mr. J. C. Morice.
8. Mr. Scott Russell.
9. Mr. Leo Schuster.

Nine in all.

In a very interesting old book, kindly placed at our disposal by the present Crystal Palace Management, we read of the high aspirations of the original company. "They decided," writes the author, Samuel Phillips, "that the building—the first wonderful example of a new style of architecture—should rise again greatly enhanced in grandeur and beauty; that it should form a Palace

for the multitude, where, at all times protected from the inclement varieties of our climate, healthful exercise and wholesome recreation should be easily attainable. To raise the enjoyments and amusements of the English people, and especially to afford to the inhabitants of London, in wholesome country air, amidst the beauties of nature, the elevating treasures of art and the instructive marvels of science, an accessible and inexpensive substitute for the injurious and debasing amusements of a crowded metropolis; to blend for them instruction and pleasure, to educate them by the eye, to quicken and purify

started with half a million, in one hundred thousand shares of five pounds each. To the credit of the English people the shares were rapidly taken up, and the Directors felt ample encouragement to proceed with their big undertaking. "In the prospectus," writes Mr. Phillips, "it was proposed to transfer the building to Sydenham, in Kent, and the site chosen was an irregular parallelogram of three hundred acres (some of this land has been disposed of) extending from the Brighton Railway to the road which forms the boundary of the Dulwich Wood at the top of the hill (alas! the greater part of the Dulwich woods



THE PALACE BEFORE THE FIRE

From Photo by NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA

their taste by the habit of recognising the beautiful, to place them amidst the trees, flowers, and plants of all countries and of all climates, and to attract them to the study of the natural sciences, by displaying their most interesting examples, and making known all the achievements of modern industry, and the marvels of mechanical manufactures." Certainly the first promoters of the undertaking were guileless of small and unworthy intentions.

It is interesting to find that Sir Joseph Paxton, the inventive architect of the Great Building in Hyde Park, was requested to accept the office of Director of the Winter Garden, Park, and Conservatory. The enterprising Company

have long since been converted into streets), the fall from which to the railway is two hundred feet."

The best, in fact the only position, in all the grounds for the great glass building, was the summit of this hill. On the one side this position commands a beautiful view of the fine counties of Surrey and Kent, and on the other a prospect of the great Metropolis. It would be difficult, we had almost said impossible, to find a finer site so close to London, and so easy of access by means of railway.

In locating the site of the Crystal Palace we may say that the structure itself stands in the county of Surrey, immediately on the confines of Kent;

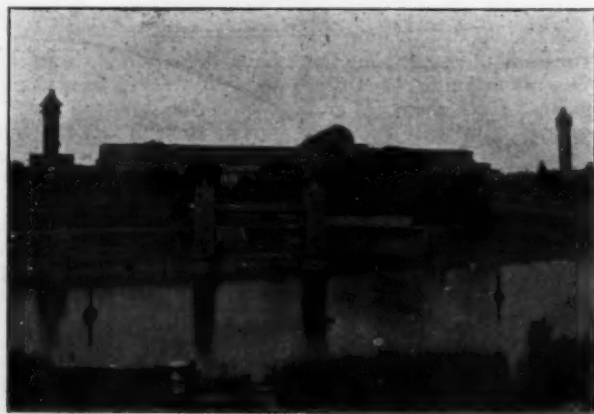
bordered on one side by Sydenham and on the other by Norwood and Anerley, whilst Penge lies at the foot of the hill, and Dulwich Wood at the top. The Crystal Palace Grounds are in three parishes and two counties. The original building was very much changed by the introduction of arched naves. Another storey was also added on the eastern side of the building. On the last Sunday in the year 1866 a fire broke out that destroyed over 150 feet of the north end of the building, or, as it was then called, the "tropical" end. The whole of the North Transept, which included the Byzantine Court and the Indian Art Gallery, were completely destroyed. Some idea may be formed of the extent of the fire by reference to the two illustrations showing the Crystal Palace as it appeared before the fire, and the Palace as it appears now.

"Ah!" exclaimed an eye-witness of the calamity to the writer, "that was a dreadful Sunday, the worst I ever knew. In the 'Tropical' end were rare and magnificent plants collected at great expense from all parts of the world. There were choice birds too, many fine parrots, and a number of monkeys. One poor creature, a chimpanzee, shrieked awfully; I shall never forget its piercing yells.

"On the Monday following it snowed hard, and lots of people came down from London to ravage about and take

away whatever they could lay hands on. At the time of the fire a huge screen separated the north end from the south, and a fancy fair was on at the time. A gigantic Christmas Tree, supplied by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and decked by the Palace Company, was in great danger of catching fire. In order to remove the danger it was necessary to destroy the tree, and ropes were attached to it and it was dragged away by horses. Fortunately the wind upon this fateful day was blowing from the south; had a north-east wind prevailed the entire Palace must have been destroyed."

The contents of the Palace are most varied. Art is worthily represented by Architecture and Sculpture. There exists a collection of specimens from the most remarkable edifices throughout the world, and these specimens present a grand architectural sequence; from the earliest dawn of the art of sculpture down to the latest times, casts of the most celebrated examples of the art have been procured. The question occurs, "How were all these artistic and valuable objects got together?" The original Palace Company commissioned certain qualified gentlemen to the Continent, and to these commissioners letters were granted from the British Government to the several ambassadors on their route. The object of the commissioners was to procure



PALACE AFTER THE FIRE

From Photo by NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA

examples of the principal works of art in Europe. Great courtesy and cordial co-operation met them in Paris, Germany, and Italy, also at Munich, but there were exceptions to the general courtesy at Rome, Padua, and Vienna.

The late Cardinal Wiseman was a great friend to the Company. Through his influence permission was obtained

and he spared no pains to secure an extensive and celebrated collection of palms and other plants, and was pre-eminently successful in his efforts. A large number of valuable plants, which it had taken a famous firm over a century to get together, were secured by Sir Joseph for the Palace.

It is impossible here to devote anything like adequate space to a considera-



FINE ART COURT—EGYPTIAN

From Photo by NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA

to take casts of most valuable works of art. The Company possesses casts of the Medici tombs, and these are almost of priceless value, being perfectly unique. South Kensington has endeavoured to obtain them, but the Palace authorities refuse to part with them, or to be tempted by any offers.

One of the most indefatigable members of the commission was Sir Joseph Paxton,

and he spared no pains to secure an extensive and celebrated collection of antique and mediæval statues, the varied examples of architecture supplied by the cloisters, tombs, gateways, &c., of the Fine Arts Courts, and the growing specimens of tropical and other vegetable life, besides the numberless studies scattered over two hundred acres of charming grounds; we can only envy the four hundred students of the Palace

School of Art, Science, and Literature, their unrivalled advantages.

Our illustration affords a view of a section of the Egyptian Fine Arts Court. A student entering this Court may see much of great educational value and interest, and as the individual capacity to see extends, the ideas in design and detail will be understood and appreciated. What serious student visiting the Egyptian Court could fail to note the character of the architecture, its

there are numerous examples of this artistic representation. The flowers of the papyrus were specially used as offerings in the temples. On the frieze above the noble columns, the student of hieroglyphics may decipher for himself an inscription stating that in the seventeenth year of the reign of Victoria, the ruler of the waves, this Palace was erected and finished with a thousand statues, a thousand plants, &c., like as a book for the use of the men of all countries.



STUDENTS' SCHOOL OF ART

From Photo by NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA

simplicity of construction, gigantic proportions, and massive solidity? The Egyptian buildings, as history reveals, were almost entirely of stone. The examples of architecture confronting the student in this Court are not taken from any one ruin, but are illustrations of various styles, from the earliest to the latest, and the gradual development of art may be followed. The representation of the palm and papyrus occurs frequently in Egyptian architecture, and

1660 B.C. is the date of the earliest piece of architecture in the Crystal Palace. It is seen in the dark tomb of Beni Hassan. Of course it is only a copy, the original being cut in the solid chain of rocks that separates the sandy desert from the fertile valley on the east of the river Nile. An authority upon the subject says, "Although architectural remains exist in Egypt of a much earlier date than this tomb, it still possesses great value to us, for it

may be considered as exhibiting the first order of Egyptian columns which was employed in constructing buildings at as remote a period as two thousand years B.C. This fluted column in another respect claims our attention, for there can be but little doubt that it supplied the Greeks with their early Doric.

Allusion has been made to the Crystal Palace School of Art, which is doing unostentatious but invaluable work. It is not known to all visitors that at the north end of the Palace are extensive lecture and class rooms, studios and every convenience for comfort and study. By the kindness of Mr. Hodson, the Superintendent of the Educational and Literary Departments, we were permitted to spend a short time in the school, visiting the class-rooms, and inspecting the work of the artists.

Miss Annie G. Gibbon, of Girton College, a lady who passed an examination equivalent to that passed by men for a B.A. degree, with the addition of honours in science, superintends daily the studies of the young ladies entering the school. The students go through a comprehensive course, which is arranged to cover a good deal of steady work, embracing (a) the first stage of the antique, (b) advanced antique, (c) life school, (d) painting.

The order of procedure for pupils is this:—A pupil is required to commence with sketches, hands, heads, figures, and parts of figures, and many sketches are required, to be followed by finished drawings. From the finished drawings the student passes to the advanced antique, the work being carried on in the Courts, say that of the Classical Renaissance. Then an advance is made to Life Work, always a much more difficult study. Living models are in attendance every day, and only such as have mastered the art of sitting are engaged. And here we may remark that 'sitting as models' runs in families, curious art that it is. Whole families we could name are employed daily as models. They are, of course, adepts at sitting still, a task which the unpractised find very hard, so hard that, in spite of the most generous consideration on the part of the artists, fainting is no uncommon occurrence with such. The

Art Students are all, more or less, modellers, it being wisely considered that drawing and modelling should go hand in hand. The majority find the working up of the clay a most fascinating operation, and a large proportion of very creditable work is the result of theory and practice. In one light and airy room we saw several selections of beautiful and freshly cut flowers, with which it is the head-gardener's care and pride to supply the young artists. We give a photograph of a group of students in the Palace School of Art.

An encouragement to the progress of the School is the annual exhibition of students' work. This takes place generally at the end of July, and the exhibits are well worth seeing. To the enterprise of the artists is due the initiation of a Sketch Club carried on amongst themselves, and entirely free from professional direction and control. Every month a subject is given for design, lately it was "Pursuit"; the members are entirely at liberty to work it out as their originality and individuality may suggest. Examples, for instance, may be chosen from bird life, animal life, or human life. It is easy to recognise the incentive to the free play of originality afforded by this system. Perhaps one of the best guarantees of the efficiency of the School is the fact that since 1894 seven students have been admitted to the schools of the Royal Academy, a privilege coveted by all young artists. In December last the highest prize awarded by the Royal Academy, £40, for a design for the decoration of a public building, was carried off by Miss E. F. Brickdale. "I received," says the examiner in his report, "a pleasing letter from the young lady, in which she attributes to her art-instruction at the Crystal Palace almost everything she ever learned about design." Her instructor in design and composition was Mr. H. Bone. The School has a very kind friend in the talented artist Onslow Ford, Esq., R.A., who on the occasion of one of his casual visits stayed an hour to give a class a lesson in modelling. We should like to particularise the work of individual students, but it would be out of place here, and we pass on to the mention of the Palace School of Prac-



BICYCLE POLO

From Photo by NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA

tical Engineering, commonly known amongst the students as the "South Tower."

This school is what it claims to be—a thoroughly practical technical institution. In its lecture-hall, workshops, foundry, drawing office, &c., the instruction is imparted by practical engineers. At the expiration of each term the general examination is conducted by engineers of eminence not connected with the School. The School can show a valuable record of former students now professionally employed in all parts of the world. As the young men pass out of the South Tower, upon their recommendations, new comers pass in to fill the vacant places, and fully ninety per cent. of the engineering pupils come by the advice of those who are able to speak for themselves of the facilities offered to students of mechanical, civil, and electrical engineering.

From time to time instructive and interesting exhibitions have taken place in the Palace. One of the most popular of these was that of 1895, when an East African village and eighty natives of Somaliland, together with African animals, birds, and reptiles attracted many thousands of visitors.

A favourite game played before large audiences, and notably before his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales on April 25th, upon the occasion of the opening of the International Photographic Ex-

hibition, is that of bicycle polo. This new and exciting game was first introduced into England at the Crystal Palace on August Bank Holiday by Captain W. H. Gorham, who brought a smart team of players from the United States for a two months' engagement; the enthusiasm evinced detained the team till mid-December, and a second appearance in the past Easter afforded another opportunity of witnessing the quick and dexterous manner in which these fearless riders shot the ball in every direction they chose with the front wheel of their machine, got mixed in a mêlée, mounted and dismounted, to avoid a seemingly unavoidable collision; manoeuvred for position, darting here, there, and everywhere, now absolutely picking the ball up and throwing it high in the air, always playing the ball while riding, and never touching it except with their wheels, and while in the saddle with their feet on the pedals. All this cannot be described to do justice to their exquisite skill and grace. The illustration shows the team playing in the arena.

It goes without saying that one of the most brilliant attractions of the Palace is Brock's weekly pyrotechnic display costing £10 or more per minute. These Thursday evening displays are witnessed by a "sea of upturned faces stretching the whole length of the terraces, occupying every coign of vantage, every seat

on every gallery and uttering a prolonged "Oh-h-h-h."

The variety entertainments, which are so distinct a feature of the Crystal Palace, affording, as they do, wholesome amusement to countless thousands, are in progress from January to December. The progressive popularity of the Palace on a "big day" is attested by the fact that on April 11th (Easter Monday), 84,494 people passed the turnstiles between morning and evening, the highest number on record on any single day with but one exception, while the programme for the occasion was the most comprehensive ever put before the public. All day the bands of her Majesty's Guards kept up their thrilling music, the management having arranged for the presence of the bands of the First Life Guards, Royal Horse Guards (Blues), Grenadier Guards, Coldstream Guards, Scots Guards, and the drummers, fifers, and pipers of her Majesty's Scots Guards. In addition there were four or five other bands, and Mr. August Manns presiding over the Crystal Palace Orchestra.

For such as like quieter entertainments there are the library and reading-room. The library possesses innumerable books of unusual interest and great value, amongst them being the *Dictionair Encyclopedic*, published at the time of the French Revolution. The late Mr. John Murray was a great benefactor to the library, presenting it with many useful and desirable works. The reading-room is accessible to the general public—visitors to the Palace—and is comfortably fitted up with seats and baize-covered tables, and liberally supplied with the leading magazines and periodicals. Bound copies of the *Times*, from 1838, and bound indexes from that date are arranged on the lower shelves of the book-cases, and are available for use in the reading-room. There is probably no reading-room in the land equally well lighted, the light falling upon the reading tables from an entire wall of glass. The view from the windows presents an unbroken panorama of beauty and variety, stretching as far as the eye can see.

Very suggestive and interesting are the statistics given in an early account

of the building itself, which, by the way, is nearly three-quarters of a mile in length, the sky being visible for the entire distance.

"At one time," says our authority, "during the progress of the works, as many as 6,400 men were engaged in carrying out the designs of the directors. The total length of columns employed in the construction of the main building and wings would extend, if laid in a straight line, a distance of sixteen and a-quarter miles. The total weight of iron used in the main building and wings amounts to 9,641 tons 17 cwt.



THE MOURNERS

From Photo by NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA

1 qr. The superficial quantity of glass used is 25 acres, and if the panes were laid side by side they would extend to a distance of 48 miles; if end to end, to the almost incredible length of 242 miles. The quantity of bolts and rivets distributed over the main structure and wings weighs 175 tons 1 cwt. 1 qr., and the nails hammered into the Palace increase its weight by 103 tons 6 cwt., while the amount of brickwork in the main building and wings is 15,391 cubic yards. From the end of the South Wing to the Crystal Palace Railway



ANTEDILUVIAN ANIMALS.

From Photo by NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA

Station is a colonnade of 720 feet long, 17 feet wide, and 18 feet high. It possesses a superficial area of 15,500 feet, and the quantity of iron employed in this covered passage is 60 tons; of glass 30,000 superficial feet. The pipes for the conveyance of the hot water used in heating the building, and laid under the floor of the main building and around the wing would, if placed in a straight line and taken at an average circumference of 12 inches, stretch to a distance of more than 50 miles, and the water, in flowing from and returning to the boilers, travels one mile and three-quarters." It is estimated that the cost of "running" the Palace is £350 a day, of which £100 a week is spent on the 200 acres of gardens and park.

One of the most inspiring corners of the Palace is that containing the gallery devoted to the attractive series of pictures, illustrating various heroic actions for which the Victoria Cross was merited and bestowed.

In the Sculpture Gallery there are

several fine pieces of work which arrest attention. A general favourite is that by J. G. Lough, Esq., and named "The Mourners." This sculptor was born at Greenhead, Northumberland. He began by studying from the Elgin marbles. Then he went to Italy in 1843, where he remained for four years. He does not appear to have studied under any masters. His "Mourners," shown in our photograph, is a fair sample of modern English art. It appeals to all, and is suggestive of a sad phase of war.

Wandering through the beautiful grounds of the Crystal Palace, and crossing the rustic bridge, we arrive, in time, at the Lower Lake. Here are the monsters of the days before the Flood—gigantic creatures constructed by the scientific students of natural history.

We give an illustration of these remarkable models of extinct races, the forebears of the familiar creatures gathered in the Zoo.

We notice, during our walk, that the great fountains have disappeared, and

find, upon inquiry, that they were done away with, as they had become dilapidated. What is, perhaps, the finest sports ground in England now occupies the site, the sloping sides affording a capital chance of a good view. There are still some fine fountains scattered about the grounds, and these, when in full play, are very effective. See the last illustration.

In concluding this sketch of our National Crystal Palace, we can scarcely do better than invite those who read to visit it for themselves, with their eyes open and their minds alert.

That the Crystal Palace flourishes to-day as a national institution is due to the judicious policy of the management of the past few years, which has broadly interpreted the intentions of its founders,

by combining healthful exercise and wholesome recreation for the multitude, with the unrivalled educative artistic advantages afforded by the Palace, its unique and magnificent collections, and its spacious and beautiful grounds. There is scarcely a week-day in the whole year when the Palace does not offer some special form of musical, dramatical, industrial, or athletic entertainment, as we all know. The marvel is that a varying programme can be so admirably sustained.

It may seem to some that we are guilty of a grave omission in maintaining silence as to the music, past and present, of the Palace. To such we would say that we hope at no distant date to devote an entire paper to this engrossing subject.



VIEW OF THE GROUNDS—THE FOUNTAINS PLAYING

From Photo by NEGRET TI & ZAMBRA



WRITTEN BY A. MACNEILL BARBOUR

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR



O leave London, good old London, on a bright cheerful morning in May, with the parks crowded with smart people on foot and on the bike, the streets and thoroughfares thronged with well-dressed sightseers and well-appointed equipages, is one thing; and to leave dismal, gloomy, foggy, nasty old London in December, in a thick cold fog, for the bright sunny South, is another! And glad we were to reach Victoria Station in safety after a few necessary stoppages in the dense gloom, and draw away in the dismal night with the fog signals blowing, for Newhaven *viâ* Dieppe for Paris, *en route* to Monte Carlo. Paris was bright, sparkling and effervescent as ever, especially the Champs Elysée, where we had the opportunity of seeing some well-known faces and an exceptional crowd of well-dressed people. The lightness and airiness of the French is so strikingly apparent after a year or two of London. The very air seems

laden with an indescribable briskness and sparkle. Smiling happy faces on every side, and the gay chatter, meaningless, but all tending to make this dreary life seem brighter, if only *en passant*. How easy it is to forget life's dull care and trouble and assume the jaunty *débonnair* manner of the Boulevardier *routiné*, especially after dining well at either Maxim's or *chez* Cubat (the latter now closed). We left Paris by the afternoon train, *viâ* Marseilles, directly for Monte Carlo. The journey was rather monotonous and uneventful, but for the fact of a very eccentric old English gentleman who persisted in losing everything he possessed with remarkable persistency and immediately finding it again after disturbing everybody in the *coupé*. He commenced his journey by being pitched with some violence into our compartment by two exasperated guards, who tumbled his luggage, or rather what was left of it, after him. He had naturally lost his through ticket to Mentone, but being the happy possessor of three great-coats, two coats, and a combination of some seventy-two pockets, after a

search of half-an-hour, assisted materially by an elderly French lady, with whom he conversed in fluent but absolutely unintelligible French, he succeeded in finding the missing ticket. Of course, in the meantime, he had to buy another at the station before he could enter the train. At various periods of the long night's ride he slept, only to awaken at every station and descend from the train, imagining that he had arrived at Charing Cross, and vainly protesting at any interference to the contrary. We left him at Monte Carlo busily occupied in looking for his top hat, note-book, a pair of spectacles and a poodle (the latter evidently at the Gare de Lyon, in Paris). What a glimpse of Paradise, after a night's run from bright but cold Paris, to find oneself in warm sunshine, dense green foliage, with ripe, luscious oranges gleaming like spots of burnished gold in the yellow sun! The gardens and charming white villas, perched so picturesquely on the hillside, glistening from a lovely background of emerald green, with such variable tints of opal grey from the cactus and olive trees. The houses and streets so artistically perfect in colour. The dense russet shadows, vermilion and harmonious shades, all tending to complete a never-to-be-forgotten picture, especially when seen for the first time. As some people will have it, a den of iniquity, but with what a setting—a perfect jewel-box! If sin or vice was made less attractive, should we sin? Of course, Christmastide here is not what we should call the height of the season. The actual season at Monte Carlo really begins after the races at Nice. That is about the 15th January, or near the end of the month, but still, it is very gay and very full. Many well-known names and faces, and the *Tir au Pigeons* is in full blast, although the shooting for the big prizes begins later on. Still, we have some well-known English and foreign shots here at this time. Monte Carlo at any time of the year is heavenly, more especially so after a few nasty months of London's cold and fog. A glorious walk on a balmy morning is around the old fortifications of the Principality and the extremely interesting Palace of the present

Prince Albert of Monaco, who married the widow of the French Duc de Richelieu, and a daughter of Heine, the celebrated banker. The military force of the Principality is not exactly powerful enough to contend in a lengthened war with any outside nation of importance, without extreme doubts being entertained of its coming out second best. We viewed with great delight the changing of the guard at the Palace; all the ceremonies of a great Court were observed with an exactitude and precision worthy of a better cause. The soldiers, some six in number, with twelve officers, four drummers, and two buglers, were magnificent, the uniforms faultless, with spotless white spats, the whole scene—with the dense blue sky and the indescribable peacock blue of the Mediterranean, reminding one of a scene on some stage or a Gilbert and Sullivan opera; in fact, everything is stagey here, to a certain extent. I wish as far as possible to remedy a certain idea entertained far and wide by nearly everybody (not knowing the Riviera), that the expense of visiting this really charming spot is very great. At a comparatively moderate cost the average person with a slender purse can live here extremely well and cheaply. Monte Carlo or Monaco, to my idea, is the ideal spot of La Cote D'azur. Where such scenery? where such charm?—the grand stretch of coast on either side, the never-ending change of tone in sea and sky, with always that wonderful background of hills and the view of Cap Martin and Bordighera—to any one wishing to pass a few weeks here inexpensively without stopping at the Grand Hotel or the Métropole. I should certainly advise them to try one of the smaller hotels in the Condamine. The slight walk up the hill is a delightful exercise of a few moments only, and the difference in the prices amply repays any slight exertion of this kind. Naturally the chief and intense attraction of Monte Carlo is the Casino and the gaming tables. I don't suppose there is one person in a hundred who visit this lovely place that is not more or less imbued with a secret determination of winning, in a very short space of time, a fortune. The large sums that are carried away from here are very few



AT THE TABLES

and far between; generally what is won in one day is lost the next. There are no amusements of any kind. The Administration look after this detail with admirable judgment; everything is absolutely concentrated in the Casino. This is the magnet *par et simple*. You have delightful concerts free of charge, theatrical performances with the very best of talent at extremely moderate prices; but all within the walls of the all-absorbing Casino. Very few can resist the magnetism of play. If you win even a small sum you feel obliged to continue, if you lose you wish to regain, and so it goes on until in

the end you have dropped more than you can well afford, and are obliged to retire a sadder but wiser man, or woman, with the option of applying to the Casino authorities for the where-withal to return home (this request is never refused a player who has lost). An evening or even afternoon in the rooms is a study for a lifetime. The indescribable air of doubt, deathly stillness, pervades every apartment; the strained look of even the onlookers, the peculiar dense atmosphere, the sickening odour of scent (mingling with even worse), a queen of the *demi-monde* shoulder-to-shoulder with an English

duchess (Democratism prevails here to an excessive degree), is a never-to-be-forgotten picture. Watch the faces of the inveterate gamblers who pass their time between this den of vice and Ostend. Interested in nothing but the roll of the ball or the turn of the card, forgetting entirely beautiful Nature outside, having no other thought but of play and sleep, probably induced by artificial means; the haggard look and sunken eye, the trembling hand, all tell their tale. The pleased smile of the fair young English bride as she arises from her place at the table, the smile of congratulation from her immediate neighbour, the extremely friendly croupier, who only too well knows that she will return again and leave what she has gained, and more besides. It is all a study! The dense crush of humanity, the heat, the intense excitement, the magnificent jewels and costumes—one is more than satiated; for the outsider it becomes nauseous. You leave the rooms with a sense of oppression and glad to breathe the pure air of heaven again and gaze upon the beauties of nature which God has provided in such magnificent abundance. For the beauties of this spot are endless; sea and sky are constantly changing. Even on grey or gloomy days, which very rarely occur, there is always an interesting study in tone. Strange to say, one never has the feeling of being at a seaside place in Monte Carlo. There is an utter lack of the briny, or exhilarating effect of salt water, and, but for the boundless horizon of the Mediterranean, you might as easily imagine yourself at either Aix les Bains or Spa. But for the occasional visits of private yachts, there is scarcely ever a sail to be seen, and never passing steamers or other craft; but still, there is never a sense of isolation in any way, and the charming little place is always brimming over with gaiety, always crowded with the very *crème* of society of all countries—great celebrities jostle each other, and pretty and smart women predominate. The society in Monte Carlo this season has been very much as usual, as it generally is, the *haute ton* of nearly every country coming and going constantly. The *grande bataille*

de fleurs was not up to the usual mark, in fact it never does come up to the one at Nice, and very seldom to that at Mentone, but nevertheless there was plenty of fun and gaiety, and several of the really beautifully decorated carriages were superb. We had no difficulty in picking out the winner long before the prizes were given out. As everybody knows by this time, the first and second were taken by Lord Uxbridge and the Russian Prince, Troubetskoi. There was plenty of flower throwing, and universal good humour prevailed. I noticed old England was very much to the fore, and numerous parties placed in front of the Café de Paris, or Casino, continually assailed all passing carriages with heavy cannonades of violets and daisies. It is a really charming sight, and such good nature on all sides; it is so much prettier than the throwing of confetti at Nice during the Carnival,



WOM

although, as a rule, the crowd is exceedingly polite, and one is never molested, except in the usual carnivalistic sense. Since last year, Monte Carlo is richer in one more grand bar, or grill room—the *soi-disant* Palace bar, adjoining the Café de Paris. It was opened the end of January, and Baron, the celebrated French actor, was the first to have a grill. It is exceedingly beautiful, and crowded nightly by magnificently-dressed women of the *demi-monde* principally, although, occasionally,

in Monte Carlo are really few and far between. I believe, from long experience, that they really very seldom occur. Of course, one does hear now and again of somebody taking his own life, but I sincerely believe "Hell on a Rock" is generally painted a much deeper black than it deserves. The life in Monte Carlo is otherwise exceedingly delightful, and not more expensive than any other place on the Riviera. The great question is simply play, but only play. You are never requested to play,



LOST

ladies of the *beau-monde* will enter to see the fairy-like scene; the glitter of diamonds, the weird strains of the Czigán band, and the never-ceasing pop of the merry champagne cork, not at all reminding one of the reverse side of the medal—that is, the side generally placed before the public—the dreary lamp-lit gardens, the black, inky night, and the quiet gentleman in evening dress stretched at full length in the pathway, with the terrible little hole in his forehead and the inevitable rivulet of blood. Now, the absolute truth is that suicides

although, naturally, it is a terrible fascination, and very few can resist it. But how many people visit Monte Carlo who never even enter the rooms? and how many who nightly pass back and forth with the white card, who enjoy the concerts, the delightful promenades, and all the loveliness of this place, who never even think of risking a five-franc piece on the green cloth? One great advantage to Monte Carlo is that it is so protected, especially from disagreeable winds and dust, that one has so much of in Nice; and it has such a delightful

harbour for pleasure yachts, and one can generally count from five to ten nearly all the season through, the English and American flags predominating.

The yacht racing this year was particularly interesting, as the Temple Yacht Club had especially built a new boat to race the French "Cercle Nautique," but they were only partly successful. It was a lovely scene, the gleaming white sails, the blue placid sea, with hardly enough breeze to make a race an exciting event, but still of sufficient interest to all of us. Although the "Gloria" did not win this time, she did at first, and she was such a delight to look at. The Terrace this season has been unusually well crowded with distinguished people; say from three till five, one could enjoy such glimpses of beauty, such charming frocks and pretty faces, with occasional peeps at the very latest thing in *lingerie* and tiny *souliers*, the latter generally white or brown. Men, as a rule, in Monte Carlo, don't dress much, the lounge suit and easy russet shoes, white straw or grey felt hats being the usual costume worn during the day, evening dress at night being *de rigueur*, although one sees hundreds of French, Germans, and Russians who never think of changing for the evening; but of course this is the

Continental style, as you seldom see Germans or French dress for the theatre, unless it is the Grand Opera in Paris, or the larger theatres, and then only for certain places. I think, on the whole, Monte Carlo to be thoroughly appreciated and properly studied should be visited more than once, and then for a longer stay. The general public, who have a run over there for a week or ten days, and lose a hundred or two on which they expected to amuse themselves on their return to Paris, and then storm against the "Hell on a Rock," are not always to be considered. I one day overheard a guide to a party of exceedingly simple-looking Germans—the usual tourist lot, side-elastic boots, etc.—telling them, "Gentlemen, here is the celebrated Casino, the gambling hell of the world; daily men and women are ruined and duped at the tables. The most selected spot for suicide is just to your left, under the palm trees; although you will find no bodies there now, in the morning plenty will be carried away. If you wish to enter, gentlemen, do so, I shall await you at the Café opposite." It was all too comical for words, but such is the general idea conceived of one of the most charming and fascinating spots in the world.



IN SEPTEMBER

ALL the roses are wearied,
All the roses but you,
Rose in White of my noon and night,
Rose that is always new.
Summer tires of her green desires,
Skies are a colder blue,
All the roses are wearied,
All the roses but you.

All the summer we watched them
Bud, and blossom, and blow.
Heart, my heart, it is hard to part
With friends that were sweet to know.
Dear, my dear, but an end is near
When roses make ready to go.
All the summer we watched them
Bud, and blossom, and blow.


Lass, if I had not loved you,
Roses would count for nought;
Summer's death would be only a breath
Passing, and, passed, forgot.
Rain and rime of a wintry time
Never would stir a thought.
Lass, if I had not loved you,
Roses would count for nought.

Here is an end, my darling,
Here we begin again;
Come what may, we have seen to-day
Love made stronger by pain.
Sad our eyes, but our hearts are wise,
Knowing what hopes remain;
Here is an end, my darling,
Here we begin again.

All the roses are wearied,
All the roses but you;
Tears are shed for a season fled,
But gladness is born anew.
Rose in White of my noon and night,
I joy that this thought is true:
All the roses are wearied,
All the roses but you!

J. J. BELL

Curious Patents.

 IN 1794 Anthony Yeldall, surgeon, patented a magnetic belt which he calls "An acroamatic belt, which being applied to the human body has effected the most singular cures in gouty, rheumatic and other cases. . . . This belt is a metallic and chymical composition, acroamatically prepared, for the purpose of emitting as much magnetic effluvia as is possible that any composition (not a concentrated magnet) is capable of. This composition is very little attractive like unto common magnets, but is as much as possible deprived of that power, so that it may have its directive influence increased." Then follow elaborate instructions for the care of the belt and its mode of application to the body, after which it is stated that "it will greatly add to the strength of the belt if it be taken off one day before and kept until one day after the fall of the moon, placing it when off in the same manner in the paper as when it came." Of an allied nature is the following contrivance, of date 1876, whereby the inventor hopes to convey electrically the health of an animal or the virtues of a medicinal bath to the patient. He says: "I apply electricity to the human body by conveying it in the first instance through the bodies of healthy animals—say, for example, through the bodies of a series of cows or horses insulated on boards or otherwise. I also do the same through the bodies of healthy persons, substituting them for animals." These animals form part of the circuit of a current which passes through the patient, and their vitality is supposed to be transferred to him. The current may pass through medicinal baths besides or instead of animals, with equally efficacious results.

That virtue exists in the hair is a very

ancient idea, and Oliver Wendell Holmes comments on the peculiar pleasant scent of the hair of good women. A less romantic German—one Gustav Jaeger, of Stuttgart—obtained in 1884 a patent specified as follows: "Whereas by the method of analysis—known as 'neural analysis'—of the effect of inhalation and exhalation of the human body and of the different scents brought into contact therewith, I have discovered that the scent or smell of the hair of healthy females possessing good digestion possesses energising and animating influences, and is advantageous to the health. But the hair to be so used must be entirely free from oils, ointments and cosmetics. Now, the object of my invention is to utilise such discovery in a practical manner." After describing the mode of preparing the "hair-scent extract," which consists of a sort of homœopathic dilution containing hair in various proportions, from 1 part in 10,000 down to 1 part in 1,000,000,000,000,000, the inventor goes on to say: "The degree of dilution may be varied to any extent. As regards the hair to be used, it must be mentioned that not every kind of hair has an equally favourable effect upon all persons. The hair of a fair person is more successful on fair-haired persons than on dark-haired, and *vice versa*. In the same manner the difference of race is of importance. The selection of the hair requires great care and attention, as the hair of sick persons, or those who possess a bad digestion, is incapable of producing a healthy influence." The invention claimed is the use of the "hair-scent extract" as an addition to food and perfumery, and its preparation.

In 1795 a medicine called "The Reanimating Solar Tincture" was patented by a certain Ebenezer Sibby. It is difficult to say with regard to this which forms the more imposing list—the number of ingredients or the maladies

for which it is supposed to be a remedy. Amongst the latter are mentioned "gun-shot wounds, if not mortal."

The subject of marine propulsion is responsible for not a few curiosities of invention. Several aim at the utilisation of the motion of the waves. Amongst these may be mentioned a patent, of date 1827, by Sir William Congreve, the inventor of the rocket which bears his name. It consists in attaching to the vessel by pivoted arms, a floating wheel provided with buckets on its circumference, like an ordinary overshot water-wheel. The waves wash up into the buckets, filling those at one side of the wheel and causing it to revolve. The inventor calculates that a wheel 12 ft. in diameter and 6 ft. broad might be expected to develop 80-horse power, two of them being sufficient to propel a large vessel. The wheels may either themselves be furnished with propelling paddles, or may be used to drive propelling machinery of any suitable character. To the possible objection that such a machine would not work without waves, he replied that a similar objection might be urged against sailing vessels, which will not move without wind. Wherever there is wind there are waves, and his machine has the advantage that it will propel a ship in any direction, while the course of a sailing vessel is circumscribed by the direction of the wind.

In a more recent case, patented in 1885, the ship is divided transversely into two parts, which are held together by a shaft running longitudinally. This shaft is fixed rigidly in the forward part of the ship, but is mounted in bearings in the after part, which can thus turn upon it. The two parts are rocked independently by the waves, and the motion so given to the shaft actuates pumps for compressing air, which is then used for purposes of propulsion.

There have been several suggestions for increasing the buoyancy of ships. It has been proposed to fix wedges along the bottom of a vessel with their thin ends towards the bow. These wedges cause the vessel to be lifted by its forward movement, the resistance to its motion being diminished accordingly. Compressed air has also been proposed. The fact of a vessel floating being due

to the air within it, it is supposed that the more air it contains the better it will float. All that is needed, then, to secure any degree of buoyancy is to provide the vessel with air-tight chambers into which air can be pumped.

While on the subject of ships, a device patented in 1885 for illuminating submarine vessels is worthy of record. It consists of a bent tube furnished with a system of lenses, fixed reflectors, and rapidly-revolving prisms, which transfer light into the interior of the vessel. The light is supposed to be introduced more quickly than it can escape, and consequently accumulates inside the vessel, which is then submerged and can remain under water until its stock of light is exhausted, when it comes up for more. The inventor says, "The vessel having been, so to say, charged with light in the manner described, may then be lowered in the water and kept lighted for some time, or till the air has to be removed and charged with light." The crew, stores, &c., are introduced in waterproof bags. The inventor's exposition of the principles on which this contrivance is based is no less remarkable than the device itself. He says:

"The reasons why a long, enduring and strong light may be expected are as follows:

"1. Suppose yourself changed into an atom on which the sun shines at mid-day, then the light will appear enormous to you. But if the earth itself be supposed very large relatively to the sun, then the latter will appear proportionately dim. Hence, the smaller an object is, the greater will the light appear to be.

"2. The light shines infinitely far when the atmosphere through which it passes does not hinder it.

"3. All objects absorb light though not equally well, while some, such as mirrors, reflect it almost entirely.

"If therefore a prism is turned in the sunlight and the rays are caught by a mirror placed in a slanting position thereto, then the light of the sun will appear as seen by an atom. On the other hand, by the quick rotation we obtain a large surface acted upon, or we obtain approximately the same amount

of light as a surface of like area would receive.

"Dark objects absorb the light, while others throw it back. The light thrown into space appears to go to the infinite. If such a ray of light could be concentrated a strong light would be obtained. This takes place by a suitable position of the mirrors."

There are many patents of more or less value for neutralising the disturbing effect of the iron of which ships are built on the magnetic compass. One inventor, however, overcomes the difficulty by using a compass containing no magnetic needle whatever. The instrument is thus entirely independent of large masses of iron in the neighbourhood. Examples of such bodies are given in the specification, the most striking being "an iron-bound coast." The invention consists of a number of indicating hands geared together so that if one be moved the others follow suit. In order to steer a certain course all that is needed is to set one of the hands in the desired direction and the others will indicate where to go to. The specification does not say how the proper direction is originally discovered, the instrument being a substitute for and not merely an adjunct to a magnetic compass. The inventor, however, states that his invention is very valuable.

It is well known that gold is now extracted from materials which to the vulgar eye look unpromising, but it is not generally recognised what a mine of wealth still remains unworked, for there exists a patent for extracting gold from straw. The process consists in making a decoction of wheat grains and straw chopped fine. The liquor is allowed to stand and the scum accumulating on it is removed. This scum consists of "films of gold." The specification says, "That in the steeping of the mixture of half measure, the whole wheat straw cut into fine square snips the width of the straw and half the grains in a jar of ordinary cold water, I let the steep remain still for ten hours at a temperature of fifty-nine degrees Fahrenheit varying with temperature, and then straining off the liquor into a shallow pan of some such cool substance as china or earthenware; I leave this liquor to stand in this pan

for yet twenty-four hours at sixty degrees, also varying with temperature; these durations of times of ten hours and twenty-four hours speaking for a very inferior brown straw, much knocked about, and the grains, those of a very good quality of red wheat; and then catch up the skim on a cylinder of some such cool substance as china or earthenware, and then let this skim dry, so getting same results of films of gold."

In 1718 was patented a very curious weapon entitled "A Portable Gun or Machine called a Defence, that discharges soe often and soe many Bullets, and can be soe quickly Loaden as renders it next to Impossible to carry any Ship by Boarding."

In 1808, one John Dumbell patented an engine, distinguished by the name of the "Ess or George's Wain." It consists of an elaborate fan—a kind of glorified smoke-jack—driven by steam or by the explosion or ignition of some combustible. A list of appropriate substances is given, which is pretty exhaustive, as may be judged from the following extract: "The lacus asphaltites might furnish materials in one place, the bowels of Mount Etna in another. It may not be improper also to set forth that sometimes gas, bodies, or ingredients of different powers, may be used alternately (*sic*), and that hydrotics may have a value, but to describe each article or ingredient might embrace a large portion of the pharmacopœia. The composition, which was anciently called maltha, which is described by Pliny as a combustible mass, and which, when once set on fire, water makes it burn more fiercely; unslaked lime, wine, fat and oil, liquid brimstone, wildfire, the materials of which rockets are made, and those with which guns and bombs are loaded; these things, and all the materials which are included in the pyrotechnic art, present themselves *ad libitum*, as well as those which the servants of Nebuchadnezzar resorted to when, in his fury, he commanded that they should heat the furnace seven times hotter than it was wont to be heated, who "ceased not to make the oven hot with resin, pitch, tar, and small wood." Phosphorus, mixed or unmixed with sulphur, the oxy muriate of potass, the

powder of fusion—three parts of nitre, two of potass, and one part of sulphur—commonly called fulminating powder, exposed to a heat equal to that of a candle; fulminating silver, which will detonate without the contact of fire; fulminating mercury; the fuming acid of nitre, which, when mixed with oil of turpentine, instantly catches fire and bursts forth into a dreadful flame; the strong acid of nitre, invite an application." That the heat which the inventor proposes to develop is intense may be gathered from the fact that he expects to boil iron, whose melting-point he gives as 17,977 deg. F.!

"The Ess," he says, "may be applied to a number of valuable domestic and useful purposes—to the churn and to the poly (so called from 'polio,' to make smooth or even, to set off; *sed vulgo dictu*, a mangle.") The receptacle containing the fan and those in which combustion takes place are supplied with air by a large bellows, to which a bugle, French horn or organ-pipe may be attached to give the public due notice of the approach of the Ess. Somewhat drastic measures are proposed to induce the Ess to ascend a hill or to negotiate a bad piece of road. "A pistol or gun or any other species of ordnance might be discharged into the receptacle, or such methods as are used to make gun-powder take fire with an explosion may be resorted to, as well as such liquids or ingredients as may furnish aid or increase ignitable or ignivomous powers."

A specification of the year 1858 relating to telegraph cables indicates a method by which what the inventor describes as "invalid cables" may be rendered fit for service. When, however, they are too far gone to be devoted to their original purpose, the conducting wires may be withdrawn from their insulating coverings, which can then be used as tubes. The specification says: "Structures like the above-mentioned cables, not the most efficient for electric submarine telegraphy, may be used for exhausting and forcing fluids through;

for instance, the gutta-percha insulated conductors of the Gardiner telegraph cable, if cut with a sharp, strong knife (or otherwise) across into pieces the length of a 'straw,' such as those through which the Americans suck the beverages called 'gin sling,' 'brandy smash,' 'cocktail' and 'sherry cobbler,' these pieces may be applied for such purposes. About a pint of fluid per hour can be imbibed through every perfect piece of such conductors; therefore I propose to apply such cables for like purposes, unless they can be more profitably employed."

The following passage occurs in a specification of date 1860, for a carbon filter: "I will now state as briefly as I can what I know as to the novelty of my invention as hereinbefore specified."

"I first became aware of the purifying qualities of charcoal some twenty years ago in the course of my readings and practice as an operative chemist, but it never occurred to me to apply it to the purification of water until the early part of last summer, when I at once gave my whole soul to the subject, and have continued incessantly to pursue it with all my energy during eight months, strengthened by the hearty and efficient co-operation of my dear wife, and the support of our brother Sampson, the enthusiastic admiration of our dear friend Mr. Robert Noyes, and our brother-in-law, Mr. William Neeld, the cheerful assistance of our several women, particularly Martha Heath and Betsy Jebbs, and the warm smile of an enchanted public, particularly the dear little ones who clasp the cold sparkling crystal with both their tiny hands, and lifted (? lift it) to their sweet little quivering lips. To some this may appear irrelevant (*sic*), but I feel it a tribute of justice which gives me inexpressible pleasure to render, for without such aids it would have been a physical impossibility for me to have brought my invention to a successful issue."

(AN



stag
a su
sider
little
to w
man
with



MR. C. DUNDAS SLATER

From Photo by WALEY

The Making of a Music-Hall

(AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. C. DUNDAS SLATER, MANAGER OF THE ALHAMBRA.)

WRITTEN BY EDWARD VERNON. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



MUSIC-HALL, unlike a poet, is made, not born. You can have a magnificent building, electric-lighted, and with all the most modern improvements in decorations and stage machinery, and you can also have a sufficient number of *artistes* at considerable salaries, to say nothing of cosy little corners scattered about the house to which a man may retire to see another man on various matters mostly connected with the liquidation business, but still

you haven't got a music-hall in the modern sense of the term, and the odds are that you won't have much of an audience either unless you have got just the right sort of manager too.

Now the manager of a music-hall has to be a sort of Napoleon, an organiser of victory, artistic and financial, otherwise he will never be master of the big battalions of sight-seers with whom the ultimate verdict of success or failure, prosperity or ruin, ultimately rests.

It was for the purpose of finding out, as far as possible, how this is done, that I went to see Mr. Dundas Slater the other day, in his Moorish palace in Leicester Square. I went in by the new Charing Cross Road entrance, and found the palace aforesaid looking something like a beauty in curl-papers. But the curtain was up, the orchestra was

said something at the wrong moment. They were rehearsing the new Alhambra ballet. It was going on that night, and it had only been in preparation three weeks. This, I believe, is a record; the average time is thirteen weeks.

Mr. Slater was sitting on the back of one of the brown-holland-covered stalls, with his feet on the arms, saying nothing



MARISKA RECSEY, THE FAMOUS DANCER

From Photo by REUTLINGER, Paris.

at drill, and the big stage was full of life and movement, of queerly incongruous costumes, and vocal with many voices that would not be used in the regular performance. For instance, every now and then the conductor would suddenly crush the orchestra into silence with an imperious down-stroke of his *bâton* and shout across the footlights at some one who had done or

and missing nothing. The conductor was saying many things, but I don't think he was missing much either. There were several celebrities scattered about, and among them Signor Fregoli, who had come down to rehearse his burlesque of Miss Charmion's wonderfully piquant performance, about which, as you know, all London is talking. This over and duly laughed at, I at

length got Mr. Slater away to his private office and got him to talk.

"How did you come to be a music-hall manager?" I said, with an apparent abruptness due to consideration for the time of a very busy man.

"Well, I think I may say that it was through a game of tennis."

I didn't interrupt him to ask what connection there was between racquets and nets and balls and the organising of variety shows, and he went on:—

"You see, it was this way. There were three of us, and the other two were George Edwardes and his brother. George Edwardes is one of the very best friends that any man wants to have, especially if he has anything to do with theatres or music-halls. If I hadn't been playing that game of tennis I don't suppose I should have been acting-manager of the Empire when Sir Augustus Harris resigned his directorate, and, of course, if I hadn't gone there I shouldn't be here now, for I may say at once that whatever success I may have had here, my connection with George Edwardes, and his kindness to me, have had a good deal to do with it."

"But you didn't become acting-manager of the Empire all at once, did you?"

"Oh, no. I was his touring manager first. I took out 'Jack Sheppard' in '86, with Nelly Farren and Fred Leslie. It was an enormous success—one of the biggest that ever was. Then I was with Mr. Edwardes when 'Dorothy' was running at the Prince of Wales's, and after that I took his first company to America—or rather, I met them on their return from Australia, at San Francisco, and brought them through the States. That was in '88 and '89, and our *pièces de resistance* were 'Monte Christo' and 'Esmeralda.'"



CHARMION.

From Photo by HALL, New York

"And now, I suppose, it is the proper thing for me to ask you how you found American audiences?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, I found them very funny at first. They received us with absolute silence; nobody laughed, nobody applauded, and nobody wore evening dress. I also noticed that the women had a way of looking over the book of words, and then looking at each other and giggling behind their fans. It then came out that a lot of the little turns of speech which over here are perfectly innocent have quite different meanings in the American language. We altered these—got what we meant to say translated, and Fred Leslie worked in some clever localisms, and after that the things went with a rush. While we were there the epidemic of

Anglomania started, and when we left everybody came in evening dress, and on the last nights the audience stood up on the seats and shouted at us. American audiences, you know, like all others, need understanding."

"And when you came back?"

"I went straight to the Empire, on George Edwardes' nomination. That was on October 16th, 1889."

"Of course, the show was quite different then to what it is now?"

"In those days the public taste ran to dumb-show ballets—long ballets—acrobats, and that sort of thing. The great star *artiste* had scarcely arrived then—I mean such as Yvette Guilbert, Fregoli, Cinquevalli, and our present Miss Charmion—but they were coming. You see, those were really the days of the transition from the old music-hall—

I mean the music-hall of the acrobat and gymnast, and the *lion comique* whom people didn't generally take their wives to hear—to the show which Bishops may now patronise without reproach. Shortly after I went to the Empire the real development took place. They had been about a year and a-half at the old style of business, and then the transformation came. I think I may say that the Empire was the pioneer of the modern form of music-hall entertainment, with its splendid spectacles and lavish expenditure on the very finest *artistes* to be had."

"And which do you call the biggest success at the Empire—I mean in the way of spectacles?"

"'Round the Town,' undoubtedly. That was the first real English ballet as distinguished from the Italian or dumb-show style. It ran for fifteen months, and crowded the Empire all the time. The secret of its success was that it showed an English audience both the grave and gay sides of English life, and did it even more rapidly and more vividly than a play does. Since then ballets have gone on getting shorter and more splendid."

"And as regards individual turns?"

"Yvette Guilbert was easily the first. She 'took' tremendously. She had first forty, and then sixty, and then eighty pounds a night, but she increased the Empire takings twenty per cent., so she earned her money."

"And what about the dumb-show line? Who was your biggest success in that?"

"Cinquevalli, undoubtedly. He is not only the finest juggler in the world, he is almost the only one—in fact, he was the originator of the modern form of juggling."

"And then you had a big success with Louie Fuller, hadn't you?"

"Yes. You know, she took to that serpentine dancing



CHARMION

From Photo by HALL, New York

—I might almost say that she invented that and the flame dance—after she had made a complete failure as a songstress. We gave her £150 a week, and she earned it; but she's making a lot more even than that on the Continent now. Still, I am bound to say that, as far as my experience goes, Miss Charmion has been the

or the people would have broken them in."

"And then Fregoli, of course?"

"Oh, yes, there's only one Fregoli. He makes a lot of money—but he brings it. Consuelo Tortajada, too, is a great favourite, and then I never allow any turn that isn't absolutely good, and, if possible, the best of its sort."



CHARMION

From Photo by HALL, New York

biggest and most instantaneous success I've ever known. Every other manager in London was afraid of her. I took her because I saw, as you've seen, that there is absolutely nothing objectionable in the performance. Now every one wants her and all London is talking about her. Why, when she'd been performing a night or two, we had to open the doors half-an-hour earlier, VOL. VI, NEW SERIES.—SEPT., 1898

I had seen quite enough of the new Alhambra to fully agree with this, so I nodded and changed the subject.

"You were running the Empire during the so-called 'Purity Crusade,' weren't you? What did you think of that?"

"I have always considered it an absolutely dishonest agitation, and I think that's what the public came to

think of it afterwards. The Empire was attacked, not because there was anything especially wrong going on there—in fact, I took very good care that nothing wrong went on that I could stop—but simply because it was the wealthiest and most prosperous music-hall in England. In other words, it gave the agitators the best advertisement, and that advertise-

and managers to exclude everything objectionable, and raise the tone of the entertainments. The public has appreciated this, and responded. It is a perfectly natural process of growth, and the interference of people like that only hinders it.

“—And gets them bigger prices for their lectures?”



CHARMION

From Photo by HALL, New York

ment has paid some of them very well, I can tell you. Mind you, I don't think the County Council were to blame; in fact, I think the Council has done splendid work on the whole, especially in making theatres and music-halls much safer than they were. As for the Purity people—well, the music-hall has risen to its present high level through a determination on the part of proprietors

Mr. Slater smiled, and I changed the subject again.

“Well, now, as to future policy. Can you say anything about that? It's pretty obvious that you've pulled the Alhambra round the corner, if the last two or three audiences I've seen here are any criterion; and now you've got them, how do you propose to keep them?”

"Well, I can't altogether give the show away, you know; but, generally speaking, I'm going in for short, vivid ballets, the most novel and interesting "turns" to be had, the very best *artistes* that money can buy, and constant change of programme. That's the part where the worry comes in, you know."

"But, still, that's how you make a music-hall, I suppose?"

"Well, that's the only way you make

it pay. If your money is to come in fast it must go out fast. The modern public won't take anything below par in the way of amusement. They must have the best, and they won't stand even the very best of the same sort for long. Change on the stage means permanence in the audience—and that's what I hope is going to be the condition of things on both sides of the footlights at the Alhambra."



EMILENÉ D'ALENÇON

From Photo by REUTLINGER. P. 12.



WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY L JESSIE ALLEN

THE mirror of Classical Antiquity was a thin circular disk of bronze, highly polished, having the reverse side in most cases ornamented with incised designs, chiefly figure subjects, from Greek Mythology. The handles are rather long and flat, elegant in shape, and usually of bronze or sometimes of ivory. These mirrors of the Greeks may be ranked among some of the most beautiful specimens of their metal work that have come down to our times.

The bronze mirrors mounted on stands are usually composed of a figure supporting an oval mirror. There are several good specimens of these in the British Museum, a fine example is a figure of Aphrodite with a dove in her hand, attended by Eros and Anteros who support the mirror. This bronze mirror was found at Lochri, a celebrated Greek Colony in South Italy.

Pocket mirrors were small circular plaques of polished metal, engraved on the back, these were fitted into shallow bronze cases, the covers of which had very artistic designs carried out in high relief. They had elegant little handles, and were seemingly much carried about by their fair owners. Some of the

charming little Tanagra statuettes of female figures hold circular mirrors in their hands, showing this custom to have been general among Greek ladies.

These bronze cases are often of Greek work of about 400 B.C., and some of the most beautiful have come from Corinth. Aphrodite and Eros are still favourite subjects, or any of the favourite gods, Ganymede and the eagle, female heads, etc.

The most beautiful specimens have been found in Greece, but by far the greater number are Etruscan. These Etruscan mirrors follow the Greek designs and style, but some of the work is more archaic and not so elegant. They have been found in all parts of Etruria among ornaments in the graves, from the most elaborate specimens to the roughest, and from this we infer that they were considered articles of importance. They are also thought to have been used in religious ceremonies. Many of the mirrors discovered at Præneste, the modern Palestrina, were found among other articles of the toilet.

The Etruscan terra-cotta sarcophagus of Seiante Thanunia, in the British Museum, gives us a fine illustration of this custom and of both kinds of mirrors, for in the tomb was found, among other

articles, a long-handled silver mirror, and the reclining figure of Seiante Thanunia holds a circular mirror in one hand, while with the other she arranges her draperies. This tomb dates from 200 B.C. The figure is very life-like, representing a handsome woman of heroic proportions, in the prime of life.

The prototype of the metal mirror is no doubt to be found in Egypt. The specimens in the British Museum are of bronze, and of much the same shape as the Greek, but the handles have a distinct style; some are female figures, some birds, and the lotus form is noticeable; and they are, in some cases, of coloured wood and of ivory. These Egyptian mirrors must have been highly polished, as on some found at Thebes the polish had been partially regained, although buried in the earth so many centuries.

Wilkinson tells us that the mirror was called "Maa her" (see face) or "Un her" (show face). They were kept in leather cases, and the handle and back of the mirror was often engraved with the name of the owner. The same kind of mirrors were used by the Israelites, and they are mentioned in Exodus xxxviii. 8: "And he made the laver of brass and the foot of it of brass, of the looking-glasses of the women assembling, which assembled at the door of the tabernacle of the congregation." As the women who assembled at the door of the tabernacle are especially mentioned, it is very probable that they brought the custom back from Egypt, as the Egyptian women took their mirrors with them when they went to their temples. In the Book of Job it says: "Hast thou with Him spread out the sky, which is strong and as a molten looking-glass?" and an Apocryphal writer (Ecclesiasticus xii. 11) writes: "Thou shalt be unto him as if thou hadst wiped a looking-glass, and thou shalt know that his rust has not been altogether wiped away." In these passages it is evident that a metal mirror is meant, although the word looking-glass is used. Metal mirrors must have been made at a very early date, and we also hear of stone mirrors, but they were most likely large slabs of stone polished and used for wall decorations. Pliny mentions the obsidian



BRONZE MIRROR APHRODITE, ATTENDED BY EROS AND ANTROS

stone, which is a species of lava, and mirrors of this substance were found in use among the South Americans when the Spaniards arrived in that country; but they also used silver, copper and brass.

The Romans seem to have introduced the use of silver mirrors. Seneca exclaims against the extravagance of the Roman ladies in using them as high as themselves, and Pliny tells us that every young woman in her time must have a silver mirror. These specula formed no doubt a very important part in the toilet of the Roman ladies, for they were great *élégantes* and devoted

much time and care to their hair-dressing and general adornment. We find on many of the vases and even on the specula themselves, scenes from the toilets of the great ladies, and a female slave is often depicted kneeling, and holding up a mirror before her mistress.

Mirrors were dedicated to Aphrodite and offered in her temples, and they seem a fitting symbol for the Goddess of Beauty. Sophocles represents Aphrodite contemplating herself in a mirror, after bathing and perfuming, and Euripides says in *Hecuba*, "And I will arrange the long tresses of my hair in high knots, looking at myself among the infinite reflections of my mirrors of gold, and will then throw myself on my soft couch."

The word-pictures the poets give us of their goddesses and queens present a good idea of the luxury of their times. Homer quotes Penelope as using a golden mirror. Very small specula were sometimes set in coins, and tradition says that Nero had one made of an emerald.

The Greeks used mirrors for divination. They had a custom in Patras of letting a mirror down a well, attached to a cord, till it reached the water; when pulled up again it was expected to show the face of the sick person on whose behalf the ceremony had been performed. In Thessaly questions were written on mirrors, and the answers were to be read in the moon.



MIRROR CASE IN BRONZE, FOUND AT CORINTH



COVER OF MIRROR CASE, APHRODITE AND EROS

A clear pond or stream was no doubt Nature's earliest mirror, and we have the pretty legend of Narcissus. He is said to have been very beautiful, and it was once his fate to approach a clear stream where he laid himself down to rest, but, beholding his reflection in the water, he became so enamoured of his own beauty that he could not tear himself away from the spot, and remained still gazing at his own image, till he was turned into the flower which bears his name.

This sounds very poetical, yet a beautiful metal mirror must have been a much hailed invention. What more charming, flashing plaything could have been desired as a toilet accessory? And wherever the great Roman Empire spread its civilising influence these brilliant courtiers will have followed in its train, always ready to say "How beautiful!" to a charming mistress.

In the year 635 Queen Ethelberga, of Northumbria, had a silver mirror presented to her by Pope Boniface, sent across probably by a special messenger who may have been a priest or some churchman charged with a message and mission to her court. It is a curious fact that representations of mirrors and mirror-cases occur on the sculptured gravestones of Scotland of the Seventh and Eighth Centuries.

Pliny states that glass mirrors backed with metal were made at Sidon, but metal mirrors were not superseded by

glass in Europe till the Thirteenth Century when the method of backing glass with thin sheets of metal was used.

Venice was the first city that turned its attention to making glass mirrors, and in 1564 the mirror-makers of the city joined themselves into a large guild, and for more than a century and a-half enjoyed the monopoly of this trade. The secrets of the trade were very jealously guarded, and exceptional privileges were granted by the Republic to the glass-makers, who were strictly forbidden to introduce the art into any foreign State, or if they went themselves were liable to death on their return and the imprisonment of their relations. The Murano glass factories

French factory at the Faubourg St. Antoine soon rivalled, if not excelled, the Venetian mirrors made at Murano.

Mirrors probably reached their greatest popularity during the reign of Louis XIV., when the style of decoration embraced so much gilding, panelling and glitter. The great glass gallery at Versailles, built by Mansard in 1678, is an example of fine mirrors used in decoration. The gallery is 240 feet long, 34 feet wide, and 43 feet high. The side looking on to the gardens has 34 arches, 17 of which are fitted with windows and 17 with large mirrors. The gallery is also richly decorated with pictures and inscriptions, all to the glorification of "Le Roi Soleil."



TERRA COTTA SARCOPHAGUS, B.C. 200

were soon noted for the excellence of their work, the glass being exceptionally bright, and they produced mirrors with beautifully bevelled edges. Venetian mirrors of that time have been valued as high as 8,016 livres.

The art of mirror-making was practised in England in the Seventeenth Century, and the Duke of Buckingham was patron of glass works at Lambeth. The old mirrors made at that time, with bevelled edges, are now very valuable.

In 1664, the French Minister, Colbert, made great efforts to procure Italian workmen to come to France to instruct the French workers, and at last succeeded in inducing about twenty to do so; and the result was, that the

Before the Sixteenth Century, large mirrors had not become general articles of furniture and decoration, and from about the end of the Twelfth Century to that time small pocket mirrors were used in cases, or small mirrors with handles were worn hanging at the girdle, and considered quite an indispensable article of feminine attire. In the Middle Ages the cases of these mirrors were chiefly made of carved ivory. Quaint Biblical subjects, love scenes, figures among a landscape, are usually seen, and some of them are fairly grotesque. Gold, silver, and ebony covers were also used, and were enriched with much ornamentation.

Mirrors hanging from the girdle were

favourite ornaments in Shakspeare's time, and men wore them set as brooches or ornaments in their hats. Shakspeare is fond of using a mirror as a word of comparison or illustration, and his immortal words, "To hold as 'twere the *mirror* up to Nature," have probably been as often quoted as any of his sayings that have gradually become part and parcel of our daily mode and form of expression. We hear of "Bounteous Buckingham, who was a *mirror* of all courtesy," and Henry IV., "whose wisdom was a *mirror* to the wisest," and Richard III. says, "he will be at charges for a looking-glass."

Mirror, from the Latin word *miror* to wonder, to admire. How many curious things does a mirror reflect, which may well be to wonder at if not to admire! Magic mirrors, across whose surface come flashing shadows, to be read only by the initiated after due incantations, or sometimes clearer

reflections showing the things that are to come. The mirror is held up as the terror of old age and departing beauty, and has been held responsible for many an unpleasing truth remorselessly revealed by its too truthful face in the strong glare of the honest daylight.

*Un jour une glace fidèle,
Lui fit voir ses traits allongés
Oh! quelle horreur! s'écria-t-elle,
Comme les miroirs sont changés.*

And another cynic sings—

*Tous les hommes sont jous, et qui n'en
veut point voir
Doit rester dans sa chambre, et casser son
miroir.*

A severe sentence, but fortunately many people will not take it to heart; and after all our mirrors are on the whole very good company, always pleased to reflect a gay scene and smiling faces as soon as they have the opportunity.



ven
pre
dirt
all
only
qua
but
adv
can



From Photo by J. H. POWELL

Italy in London

WRITTEN BY PHILIP GIBBS

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. H. POWELL

MANY Londoners have heard about the Italian district which lies in the neighbourhood of Theobald's Road and Hatton Garden; and some with inquiring minds have strolled up Leather Lane and watched the Italian ice-cream vendors, and fortune-telling women with pretty love-birds, intermingled with the dirty, noisy street hawkers, common to all London slums. This, however, is only the border-land of the real Italian quarter which is *terra incognita* to all but the inhabitants themselves and a few adventurous spirits. Yet to people who cannot afford a trip to *La bella Italia* to

study the language and habits of one of the most picturesque peoples in the world, the next best thing would be an excursion into the neighbourhood of Theobald's Road, London. In this district, within the narrow limits of about a score of small courts and alleys, is an Italian population of several thousands of men, women, and children. It appears almost incredible, at first sight, that so many people could crowd into so small an area, but one can realise this better when one has explored the network of courts and passages which adjoin Great Bath Street and Leather Lane. An artist on the look-out for a subject would do well to peep into one

little court in this district. It is a queer place with tumble-down houses, and so narrow that three men could stretch across the street. Generally, on a week-day, a number of clothes-lines are hung across the court from opposite bedroom windows, and these are covered with all sorts and conditions of brightly-coloured garments; green, red, and yellow kerchiefs, gaudy sashes, ribbons, blouses, shawls, and skirts. At the extreme end of the court is a row of washing-tubs on wooden stools, and, on a week-day morning, a little group of women stand before them washing and scrubbing in seething soap-suds. Their skirts are tucked up, showing scarlet or blue petticoats, and the sleeves of the women's white blouses are rolled right up to the arm-pit exposing their stout brown arms with muscles which would put to shame many an Englishman of this nineteenth century. The women's heads are covered with loose red kerchiefs pinned to their hair, and which they often let fall over their shoulder or behind their backs. Through the open neck of their bodices one can see a little gilt crucifix, medal, or scapula. It is a pretty sight to see this little group of foreign women plunging their naked arms in the steaming water, rinsing their coloured garments and chattering and laughing to their companions in the melodious Italian language. Before each little doorway in the court is generally a group of *bambini*, little Pietros, Paolos, Giovannis, Stefanos, Carolinas, Madalenas, and Francescas, shouting, laughing, screaming, and kicking. Two or three old *padroni* with white hair and bent backs, whose life's work is done, sit on stools across the threshold of their doors, puffing at their clay pipes with quiet satisfaction, and watching their grandchildren at play. Some of the Italian *bambini* are the queerest little mortals it is possible to see. They are closely swathed in linen from chin to toe, so that only their faces appear, and their bodies are like miniature Egyptian mummies. Even the smallest girls generally wear the characteristic *fazzoletto*, or coloured handkerchief.

A very curious sight can often be seen in this court. On fine days, a group of old, old women, whose faces are as

seamed and wrinkled as walnut shells, and whose teeth have vanished with their youth, sit here before their doorways, spinning linen for the young *madri* and their babes with *distaff* and *flax*. *Per bacco!* In this age of machinery it gives one an agreeable shock to recognise these ancient and picturesque instruments of domestic use. One of the most industrious plyers of the distaff is an old woman named Raimunda, who lives at the top of one of the houses in the court. Her advice in matters domestic and otherwise is much sought after by the younger women, who look upon her as quite an oracle. She is also a great favourite with the children, and one can often see her sitting on the doorstep busily spinning with a circle of dark-eyed *bambini* sitting round her listening to many a tale of sunny Italy. Her daughter, Giulia, is a very pretty girl, with laughing, roguish



From Photo by J. H. POWELL

eyes, dimpled cheeks, and a pink and white complexion. She is the belle of the neighbourhood, and has many admirers among the Paolos and Carlos who reside in the quarter.

On a week-day these little Italian courts are comparatively quiet because three-quarters of the population—the men, boys, and a large number of women—are absent, on their various professions of organ-grinders, ice-cream vendors, concertina-boys, fortune tellers, plaster-image sellers, &c. It is a more interesting experience to saunter round this neighbourhood on a Sunday morning. The women and children and some of the men have been to early Mass at the Italian Church in Hatton Garden, and now they lounge about the streets chattering to their friends with great gesticulation and energy. The women and children are in their Sunday clothes. Not a spot is to be found on their clean white blouses, their kerchiefs have been newly ironed, and their little store of "jewellery"—gilt crucifixes, heavy ear-rings, medals of Our Lady, St. Joseph, and various saints adorn their ears and breasts. On Sunday morning Leather Lane is a scene of much bustle and gaiety. The street is lined on each side with booths and stalls of butchers, greengrocers, second-hand clothes-dealers, china and glass merchants, sellers of sham jewellery, ribbons, kerchiefs, &c. It is amusing to watch the old *padri* making purchases of meat and vegetables for the Sunday's dinner, or a young Francesco and Madalena choosing a "gold" ring with which to plight their troth. "*O che allegrèzza! allegrèzza! allegrèzza!*" (oh, what joy!) cries the young girl as she slips the ring on her finger and gazes at it with admiration, surrounded by a little group of sympathising friends. Then she blushes and cries "*Oibo! O vergogna!*" (Oh, fie! for shame!) when Francesco slips his arm round her waist and gives her a hearty kiss, which the friends applaud with "*Bene! Bravo, bravissimo!*"

It is amazing to learn how these Italians crowd together in the poky little houses of the courts and alleys. Generally a house is hired by an old *padrone* who sublets it to as many of his country-

men as he can respectably squeeze in. The cellars are utilised as sleeping apartments, and in the morning as many as twenty, even thirty, men will emerge from the bowels of the earth, blinking and winking in the daylight after a night spent in the cellars under one small dwelling-house. A whole family, consisting of a husband and wife and eight or nine *fanciulli* of various ages, often sleep in one small garret or cellar. When one considers these circumstances it is a matter of surprise how many of the women can be so clean and well-



From Photo by J. H. POWELL

dressed. While strolling, one Sunday, through a narrow and dirty court, the writer saw an Italian girl who would have made a pretty figure at any fashionable fancy dress ball. She wore a handsome black satin skirt beneath a broad waistband or semi-corset of pink silk. Above this was a white muslin blouse, open at the throat and showing a little gold neck-chain and cross. A pink silk kerchief was pinned loosely to her hair and fell gracefully over one

shoulder. Altogether she was as pretty a little mortal as it is possible to see. Unfortunately this cleanliness is not common to all the inhabitants of the Italian quarter. The men are, as a rule very dirty, and make no attempt to clean their houses or courts. Old boxes, baskets, decayed vegetables, rags and

At the corner of one of the streets in this neighbourhood is a large baker's shop kept by a grizzly old Italian, who left his native country some thirty years ago. There is nothing particular about the shop itself, except that it is generally filled with a group of gossiping Italian women; but the worthy baker is a dealer



From Photo by J. H. POWELL

refuse, lie for weeks in front of their doorsteps before they trouble to clear them away. In Leather Lane especially there is always a very unpleasant smell, because it is lined with booths containing meat, fish, and vegetables, remnants of which lie putrifying in the gutters.

in something more interesting than quartern loaves. Down a flight of steps at the back of the shop is a large underground room, which is the sleeping apartment of about a dozen boys and an equal number of monkeys. These boys have been sent over from Italy by their parents to seek their fortune in the

street
is p
feed
sh
T
the
sent
rejo
and
mus
of t
close
large
bean
three
apar
orga
of e
ting
brok
to th
"pr
It is
and
pose
and
liac
othe

streets of London. The worthy baker is practically their proprietor, and he feeds and lodges them for the lion's share of their daily earnings.

This neighbourhood is the home of the piano-organ, and from here they are sent out to all parts of London to rejoice the hearts of the street arabs and people with not too fine an ear for music, and to rack the throbbing brain of the sick and nervous. In an alley close by the baker's shop, there is a large barn-like room into which a few beams of light filter through two or three dingy windows. In this gloomy apartment is a little army of piano-organs, and on certain days a number of experts are engaged upon them, fitting in new airs, tuning them, mending broken notes, or playing their *répertoire* to the criticising ears of certain Italian "professionals" proposing to hire them. It is a strange experience to stand here and listen to a medley of sounds composed of all sorts of music-hall ditties, and airs from "Il Trovatore," "Il Pagliacci," "Cavalleria Rusticana," and other Italian operas. A narrow wooden

staircase in this piano-organ warehouse leads up to a larger and lighter room, divided by glass partitions. This is the manufacturer's office, and a number of Italian clerks sit inside the partitions entering figures into large ledgers and doing other clerical business. Any enquiries, except from "professionals," are met by a polite but firm refusal to give any particulars whatever as to the price of hire, &c.

One of the most characteristic figures in this district is a handsome fellow who comes from the neighbourhood of the Pyrenees, and who earns his livelihood by exhibiting three tame bears, with the assistance of two comrades from the same part of France. Giraud, as the principal man is called, is a splendid fellow, with a broad chest and soldierly bearing. He wears a slouch hat, a short zouave jacket, and a red sash. He has recently married a pretty young Italian, who is very proud of her *galant'uomo*, but who does not yet feel at home with his three bears, in spite of their leather muzzles. Giraud, however, has his animals under perfect control, and at the sound of his clear voice singing out, "Tenez! marchez!" the bears stand on their hind legs, shoulder their poles, and march about with great gravity. They find a lodging in a large shed at the end of a yard off Great Bath Street, and passers-by often hear them growling for their food or rattling their chains.

Another feature of this neighbourhood is the manufacture of plaster images and statues. One of the principal shops of this class is at the top of Leather Lane. The proprietor is a fine old Italian, with grizzled hair, and he makes a picturesque figure as he stands with his hands in his pockets, covered by a fine white powder, and surrounded by a strange medley of statues of the Blessed Virgin, heathen gods and goddesses, Greek wrestlers, and busts of Queen Victoria, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, and other famous men and women. At one time he kept a staff of boys, whom he sent out to all parts of London with trays of plaster-cast, but that custom has gradually died out, and he is now only a wholesale manufacturer, and supplies schools of art, religious



From Photo by J. H. POWELL

institutions, &c., with statues, casts and busts. The old *padrone* has a large staff of art-craftsmen, who work in a well-lighted room over his shop. Here they sit moulding the casts, designing new models, dipping the figures into the plaster, or cleaning up old stock. When a customer enters the shop wishing to inspect the casts, the old *padrone* shouts out, "Elà, olà, éli!" Then one or two workmen clatter down the wooden stairs and hurry about at his command, bringing down specimens of their work, arranging them in a good light, dusting them, and generally exhibiting them to the best advantage. One of his workmen is a young fellow who would make a capital model for a picture of some young saint. He has a perfectly oval face and two large brown eyes, with an innocent expression like in those of a deer. His complexion is not sallow or mahogany, like many Italians, but has a light red tinge, which is very striking. It would be interesting to know whether this handsome young fellow has a disposition as refined as his appearance, or whether his dark eyes look out from a soul as coarse and worldly as most of his neighbours.

In this little colony of foreigners there

are almost as many grades of society as in a large town. The proprietor of the little restaurant in Leather Lane considers himself infinitely superior to any of the organ-grinders or ice-cream vendors, who in their turn look down with contempt upon the men with concertinas and monkeys or the knife-grinders. The *padroni* or landlords, who own many of the dwelling-places in the district are regarded with awe and trembling by the poorest classes, and with much respect by the restaurant proprietors and shopkeepers.

This is certainly one of the most interesting districts of London. Within a radius of a quarter of a mile lives a large population speaking a foreign tongue, wearing the picturesque costume of their native land, retaining their religion, and keeping apart from the people in the midst of whom they live. These little courts are full of bright colour, bustle, and gaiety, the chatter of Italian tongues, and snatches of Italian songs, and in spite of some dirt and many unpleasant odours it is well worth the while of any Londoner to stroll round the district, and to watch the vivid picture of Italian life in London.



From Photo by J. H. POWELL

A Simple Complication

WRITTEN BY SAMUEL REID, R.S.W. ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR



WHEN Major Jack Rutherford—invalided home on half-pay in consequence of the after-effects of an Afghan bullet in his knee—passed reluctantly between the lodge gates, and limped up the Avenue towards the Honourable Mrs. Chubb's charity garden-party, he did not know that, in his own person, he was about to illustrate the moral of the ancient fable of "Fortune and the Wanderer."

With the exception of his hostess, whom he had met but once, no one whom he knew would be likely to be present at this part-fête, part-bazaar, and semi-garden-party. He had purchased a ticket at a cost of two shillings and sixpence; which sum was, he understood, to go along with the other proceeds of the day's exertions towards building a new wing to the Parish Orphanage. When he had placed that sum in the palm of Mrs. Chubb's well-fitting, pearl-grey right-hand glove, and had received in exchange a square of magenta cardboard, he felt that he had done as much as could reasonably be expected of a stranger of limited means who had no prospective orphans of his own. But the lady had exacted an unwilling promise that on the date mentioned on the aniline-hued ticket he should attend in person to claim in temporal delights an equivalent for his charitably-given half-crown. Being a man of his word, he had come—if with something less than military punctuality.

It was well on in the afternoon of a perfect July day. The sky was blue,

and a gentle south-west wind fluttered the gay bunting of a marquee, flirted with the summer millinery of the ladies, and tempered the heat of an unclouded sun. The house was old and picturesque, the grounds and gardens charming and ablaze with roses. From everywhere at once came the sound of music and youthful voices, and each individual bird sang as if he felt himself responsible for the entertainment of the entire company.

In the cool, stone-paved hall of the mansion the Major found his hostess—a large lady with heavily-lidded eyes and a drowsily musical voice. When she spoke she had a disconcerting habit of seemingly falling asleep towards the middle of a sentence, and then just before the final word or two suddenly lifting her drooping lids and finishing with a vivacious little smile. This trick, or trait, had the effect of giving to her most commonplace remarks something of that elusive impression of a witticism, which was achieved in the old "Tom and Jerry" literature by a profusion of irresponsible italics and capital-letters. She shook hands with him dreamily; thanked him with drooping lashes for having come; seemed to drowse perilously near to unconsciousness, and then brightly introduced him to the lady who happened to be nearest at the moment.

This lady's name the Major did not catch, and a moment after he had reason to hope she had failed equally with respect to his own, for in turning round to bow to her he became nervously aware of the polished stone floor and his uncertain knee, and realised immediately thereafter that he had trodden somewhat heavily upon the toe of a shoe.

His apologies were, of course, profound and sincere, but the lady had been too severely pinched to be immediately forgiving, although he metaphorically bent his lame knee in the dust. A crowd of young people coming between them terminated a strained situation, and allowed the Major, with feelings more gloomily misanthropic than ever, to hobble towards the outer sunlight, where he found a vacant chair beside a broad gravelled walk.

"What an old bore and fogey I have become!" he muttered, "A few years ago I would have been at home in such a scene; now, with stiff and uncertain joints, I stumble like the veriest bumptkin over a lady's toes! 'Tis the unpardonable sin! Who is it says something about there being no fury like a woman's corns?"

Just then a little girl in a white dress and a turquoise Liberty sash asked him to buy a rose. When he had done so, and had stuck it in the buttonhole of his frock-coat, she thanked him very prettily, and when he refused a small handful of coppers proffered as "change" she thanked him again. This transaction had scarcely been completed when he was aware of a small boy in black velvet who offered peaches at a shilling each. He purchased two and presented one to the vendor, and the other to the little girl in the Liberty sash. Whereupon more boys and girls with further relays of merchandise becoming immediately apparent, it dawned on the gallant officer that he was seated in the direct line of fire, and he at once proceeded to execute a strategic movement towards a less exposed position. The gleam of white flannels and the *plack-plack* of tennis balls guided him to a leaf-shaded seat from whence he could view the players, while sufficiently remote from neighbours to allow of his smoking a cigar, and continuing, if need were, his melancholy musings undisturbed.

But how bright and animated the young people looked in those cool, light dresses and creamy flannels, which go so well with sunlit English grass! How deftly they intercepted the flying balls, with what airy badinage accompanied the varying fortunes of the game! Why had he grown so old all at once? Why

did he feel so out of it all? Surely a few years of foreign service, an interrupted career, and a shattered knee-cap could not account for the premature ageing of his whole nature! "That girl in white! What poetry of motion, what unconscious grace in every movement, how like she was to—ah, yes!" and the Major sighed as he cut the end off a cigar. Unconsciously he had recognised the fact that for him the past held the memory of more aching wounds than one.

Through the fragrant blue smoke he watched with continued enjoyment the graceful movements of the young girl who had aroused his languid interest. She was very well worth looking at. Tall and fair, a ruddy blonde with soft, brown eyes, of the "Pet Fawn by Landseer" type, she was dressed entirely in white with the exception of a small bow of black ribbon at her throat and in her hat, and a brooch and sleeve-links of jet. If these sombre touches might be taken to indicate some concession to a state of what is usually known as "mourning," it was evident that their influence did not extend to her spirits, which seemed of the brightest. With graceful abandonment to the physical enjoyment of the contest, she played the game with practised skill. The last rounds were in progress, and just then, by a brilliant stroke, she fielded a ball which a player on the other side struck wildly in the direction of the Major's chair. As she ran laughingly to reclaim it their eyes met. "By Jove," he muttered, "it is she herself!" and he rose to his feet.

As she continued running towards him she stooped and caught up the ball. When she held out her hand to him her face was rosy and her eyes danced with pleasure.

"Oh, Major Rutherford, can it *really* be you? This is an unexpected pleasure! Who could have hoped to see you here?"

He bent over her gloved fingers, bowing low with profoundest courtesy. "Miss Melrose, need I say how charmed I am to meet you again? I trust you are well—and your aunt?—and—and —" He stopped, seeing the girl's face grow suddenly grave.

"Aunt, Aunt Di? she said, "Oh, have you not heard? Oh, I am so sorry to be the first to tell you, but dear Aunt Di was killed in the accident to the Scotch express last Christmas?"

The Major expressed his sorrow. He did so somewhat confusedly. When he had met this young lady just three years previously she had been living at the house of an aunt—a neighbour of that married sister of his to whom his own presence there had been due. The aunt he remembered as a large-boned maiden lady of severe aspect and pronounced evangelical tendencies, with whom he had been on terms of distant and awe-inspired courtesy. He vaguely remembered having heard of her death, and his confusion was partly occasioned by the consciousness that he had forgotten this.

He looked up to meet a pair of pitying brown eyes fixed on his. "Dear Major Rutherford, I will finish the game," she indicated the disconcerted group of

players who were impatiently awaiting the conclusion of this interlude, "and then we will converse. I have so much to tell—and ask. And your poor knee and all. Oh! yes! yes! I'm coming!" she called to the others. "Please just wait here for me one moment," and she was off. The Major resumed his seat with a gasp.

There are moments in life so crammed with emotions that, like peas in an overfull pod they flatten each other. The Major's first sensation was one of profound thankfulness that she had left him, that he had at least a few moments in which to recover his self-possession. His next was one of puzzled surprise.

Was this the girl who three years ago had fooled him as surely no man of his age had been fooled before; who had made love to him by the tenderest reciprocity of eloquent act and wooing glance, who had led him on to conquer, doubt by doubt, the barriers that at first



"I AM MORE TRULY GLAD TO SEE YOU THAN I CAN SAY"

had seemed insuperably stretched between them, till at last he had believed her utterly his own; till he had poured out all his soul to her in that passionate letter in whose burning phrases, so unlike his sober self, he had offered his hand and his unsullied heart? How she had flirted with him! How she had led him on to forget the disparity of years between them, and the long trial of parting that must soon come. Thank God, he had been called away to active service on the very morrow of the day on which that heartless letter of hers had reached him. That letter—how could *she* have written it—that smiling soft-eyed girl who had just looked in his face with the old beautiful *meaningless* smile? What a living lie she was! One passage in her letter he remembered: “my affections are already bestowed on a member of a profession more serious and no less honourable than yours.” How could *she* have written like that? It was like a phrase, nay, the whole letter seemed like phrases, copied from a “Complete Letter Writer.” When first he had read these words they had called up the memory of a rabbit-mouthed curate who had haunted the aunt’s drawing-room, but anyhow the curate had evidently fared no better than himself. He had more than once heard the players call her Miss Melrose, so she was at all events still single. And here she came, a vision of flushed loveliness, to speak for herself.

“Dear Major,” said the girl, this time holding out both her hands and between them clasping one of his, “I am more truly glad to see you than I can say. Dear Aunt Vic was so distressed when she read your name among the list of wounded, we all were, and to think of her meeting her own fate so terribly soon! She never forgot you, Major, and if she had lived it—it might have been different.”

“Your aunt,” he answered, “was an estimable lady, and I am grieved to hear of her sudden and tragic end, but, pardon me, Miss Pansy, if I may call you by the old name, it is not of her I am most anxious to hear. How are you? I need not ask if you are well and happy, I need not tell you you are lovelier than ever, I understand you are still un-

married. How has it been with you, and what are your hopes for the future?”

They were strolling slowly along a secluded path and had reached a garden seat. Instinctively they paused beside it and then sat down. The girl turned to him a face of faultless beauty, and looked at him with her large, candid eyes.

“Yes,” she said, “I am well, and have many, many things to be grateful for. Dear Aunt Veronica has left me more than well provided for, her house is now mine, and I live there—alone. The world seems to me a very beautiful place, and life is brimming over with things to do. I have no other hopes for my future than to live a life that shall be worthy of the favours God has showered on me. Dear Aunt Di used to say——”

“Pardon me one moment,” said the Major, “but to how many aunts do you refer? If I mistake not, you have spoken of three—Di, Vic., and Veronica. Which of these was the lady whose acquaintance I had the pleasure of making at the time I met you?”

There was a moment of silence before she replied. A white butterfly with black spots on its wings had settled for a second on the arm of the seat, and he watched it flutter upwards against the blue. He did not glance at her; had he done so he would have seen a troubled look in her eyes, but he only heard her uneasy laugh as she answered:

“Why to be sure! How stupid of me! They are all three names for my one aunt. I never had but one—the one you—you knew.”

“It is a little confusing,” he began.

“She was christened Veronica,” she hastened to explain, “but at school they called her Di, because she stood as Diana in some tableaux, and looked the part. But her brother—poor Uncle Toby—Dick I mean—when he came home always called her Vic; so did others sometimes. Oh, it is all very simple and complicated.”

“Very,” said the Major, who had been thinking deeply. Was it possible there was a gleam of light breaking somewhere?

“Pardon me once more,” he said, “but, tell me, what is your own name?”

I use
flicke
he tu
“tha
On
laugh
it has
thoug
Recall
know
How
“N
anybo



"WHAT WOULD YOUR ANSWER HAVE BEEN?"

I used to call you Pansy," and his voice flickered a little for the first time, and he turned in his seat so as to face her; "that, of course, stands for Violet?"

Once more came the little, troubled laugh. "Oh, it seems all so silly, when it has to be explained like this! I never thought of things in this way before. Really, I was christened Fidelité, you know—or, of course, you don't know. How could you?"

"No," he said, "how—how could anybody?"

"It worked round like this. At school the girls shortened Fidelité into Fiddle. But Fiddle seemed flippant and lacking in dignity, so I insisted on Viola—romantic for Violin, you know. From Viola to Pansy was an easy step, and so 'the dewy pansy freaked with jet' became my flower."

"And a very appropriate one, too," said the Major. "But now listen to what this interesting hodge-podge of Christian and pet names has done for me. On the night of the thirteenth of

July—two days before I joined my regiment—I sent to your house a letter addressed to 'Miss V. Melrose' containing a proposal of marriage."

"Oh!"

It was only an interjection, gasped in breathless excitement, but when the Major heard it he knew that for him the shadow of a great sorrow had passed away.

The face with the radiant brown eyes was very near him now.

"And to think that I never guessed! She told me you had proposed to her

before you left, and that she had reluctantly declined. But I never knew it was by *letter*—she never mentioned a letter. And you did not know my handwriting, and—oh, what geese we have *all* been!"

"But tell me," he said, and his eyes had the light of gladness in them, "What would your answer have been if that letter had been opened by the person for whom it was meant?"

I do not know that she made any verbal reply, but the Major was very well satisfied with his answer.



Ge

TOLD

C

had ex
and I
being
cularly
well h
gested
some
secure
cook i
was a
sort th
Russia
soften
would
result,
tough

At
Decem
mand
panie
shortl
orders
Sir H
march
days—
chiefly
unless
idea
ravine
the p
an an
a swit
As
scouts
prove
carava
Mudin

General Sir Herbert Stewart's March Across the Desert.

FROM KORTI TO GUBAT

TOLD BY CORPORAL-OF-HORSE BROOKS, 1st Life Guards, one of the Heavy Camel Corps



ON 15th December, 1894, we arrived at Korti, from whence we were to start with stores to Gakdul, and return for the fighting column.

On Christmas Day we had extra rations served out. My chum and I tackled our portion of beef, which, being only freshly killed, was not particularly tender; in fact, one might as well have been chewing leather. I suggested that we should try and obtain some liver, and, having managed to secure a small quantity, proceeded to cook it; but how to fry it, with no fat, was a problem. The only fat of any sort that we could get hold of was some Russian tallow, which we used for softening our boots; so we thought we would try some, but, having tasted the result, we sorrowfully returned to our tough beef.

At about three o'clock on the 29th December, Major Kitchener, in command of the cavalry scouts, and accompanied by Arab guides, started, and shortly afterwards Lord Wolseley gave orders for the column, commanded by Sir Herbert Stewart, to advance. We marched almost continuously for four days—four days of hard work, consisting chiefly in trying to sit on a camel; and unless one has tried it, one can have no idea what it means—riding across ravines and over sand which reflected the pitiless glare of the sun all day on an animal travelling with the motion of a switchback railway.

As we neared Gakdul, we saw the scouts approaching with a prisoner, who proved to be Abu Loola, the famous caravan robber, for whose head the Mudir of Dongola had offered a large

reward. However, he was allowed to retain his head for the present, as the Intelligence Department thought that they would probably be able to get more out of it in its natural position. I believe he was ultimately taken to Lower Egypt, and there handed over to the authorities.

Having disposed of our stores at Gakdul—which was to be the base of operations for the march to Gubat—we returned to Korti for the remainder of the fighting column, having had one night's rest. On our return with the column, we halted two days at Gakdul, and then commenced the real work, as we expected to meet the enemy at any moment.

The first indication we had was a rifle found in the sand by the scouts, and on the following day we had the first sight of them. At midday we halted, and everyone was ordered to have his surgical bandage ready in the right hand pocket of his tunic. Twenty extra rounds were served out, and we were told to have dinner, which we proceeded to do on beef and biscuits, with a very limited supply of water.

Meanwhile the General, accompanied by Major Wardrop and the Earl of Airlie (adjutant), rode forward to reconnoitre, and we were soon moving forward to a more favourable position on the other side of a ridge, to form a zereba, as it was too late in the day to engage the enemy.

We immediately cut down brushwood and collected stones, the officers working with us. It was by no means pleasant work, as the enemy kept us reminded of their presence in a disagreeable manner, though a few shells from our screw guns, under Captain

Norton, kept them at a respectful distance.

Having completed the zereba with low, stone wall and brushwood, we set to work to make a hospital with biscuit boxes and sand bags, and then lay down in suspense all night, wondering who would be hit next, as the enemy kept



CORPORAL-OF-HORSE BROOKS

up a continuous fire from the scrub all round, causing several casualties.

Getting breakfast the next morning was a trying ordeal, as the enemy seemed to have chosen the camp kettle for a target, and the bullets were hopping all round it, so that one had to run the gauntlet off them to get one's water

for tea. I had to pass it to get my water bottle, and though Colonel Bing called out to me that I should get hit, I managed to fetch it without accident. Water is worth a little trouble to fetch in the desert, especially as the supply was now almost exhausted.

After breakfast we stood to arms, and the General tried a ruse to draw the enemy, who seemed inclined to fight.

They made a fine show with their different coloured banners flying in the morning breeze, and their spear heads flashing in the red light of the rising sun, as they kept appearing and disappearing over the ridges of sand, led by dervishes on small Arab horses.

We sent forward a detachment, with orders to retreat at a given signal, as if in panic, but the enemy were "not taking any," and only pursued a couple of hundred yards or so.

As they would not attack us we had to attack them, so we formed square and moved forward towards Abu Klea wells. The ground being very broken, it was extremely difficult to keep close formation, and the left face of the square was considerably lower than the right.

We had not gone far when the enemy, who had been partially hidden by the scrub, charged down on the front, but seemed to change their mind, and swept round to the left

rear face of the square, where the Naval Brigade was situated.

The Gardiner gun was brought into action at the corner where the attack was hottest, but the ammunition jammed after a few shots had been fired.

I was on the left face of the square, but towards the front, and we poured a

late
but
wit
ca
N
qua
cor
the
fact
sur
gal
lam
was
the
T
had
dire
we
wel
to h
as a
V
furt
than
spar
bein
O
Met
push
the
und
mar
V
with
cam
and
bug
whe
and
med
One
5th
whe
mad
he
kille
As
the
orde
We
sur
to cl
all r
pott
boxe
W
getti

lateral fire into the advancing dervishes, but often had to eject our empty cases with our cleaning rods, owing to the cartridges jamming.

None of the enemy came to close quarters where I was, but at the rear corner several were not cut down till they were actually inside the square—in fact, the now useless "Gardiner" was surrounded by them. Here many a gallant man went down, but none more lamented than Colonel Burnaby, who was assisting the stragglers to get into the square, and trying to rally the men.

The enemy suddenly realised that they had had enough of it, and fled in the direction of Berber and Metemneh, while we made our way painfully towards the wells, not even the wounded being able to have any water till we arrived there, as all our supply was exhausted.

We reached Abu Klea without any further resistance, and were indeed thankful for water, though we had to be sparing with it, owing to the supply being very small.

On the 18th January we started for Metemneh, the General being anxious to push on as rapidly as possible. Leaving the wounded in a zereba at the wells, under a small guard, we proceeded, marching day and night.

We were now so tired that it was with difficulty we could sit on our camels. I nearly fell off several times, and during the march we halted by bugle for the stragglers to come up, when we threw ourselves on the ground and were asleep instantly, but were immediately awakened to renew our march. One man, a brother of Sergeant Peters, 5th Lancers, was left behind asleep, and when he awoke and found himself alone, made his way towards Metemneh, where he expected to overtake us, but was killed by the natives.

As the sun rose we saw the enemy in the direction of Metemneh, and were ordered to dismount and form a zereba. We were now in a clear space of gravel, surrounded by scrub, but had no time to choose a better position, as the scrub all round was alive with dervishes, who potted us all the time we were piling up boxes to form the zereba.

When this was done we set about getting breakfast. I drank my last

drop of water and was trying to get down some "bully beef," when a bullet came between two boxes, took off the backsight of my companion's rifle, and hit me on the thigh. It was fortunate for me that it met the rifle first, or I might not be here to tell the tale. As it was, I felt as though I had been struck with a hammer, and was lame for some days. Mr. St. Leger Herbert, correspondent of the *Morning Post*, and Mr. J. A. Cameron, of the *Standard*, were killed, and General Stewart was wounded.

The command therefore devolved upon Lord Falmouth and Sir Charles Wilson, who decided to send on a small square, with camels carrying tanks to fetch water from the Nile.

I was left with the zereba, and assisted, under the Earl of Dundonald, to build a biscuit-box fort to protect the hospital.

All the time we were building the fort, which was to hold thirty men, we were peppered by the enemy from the surrounding scrub. Each biscuit-box, weighing 28lbs., had to be carried across the open several yards, and it is a wonderful fact that no one was hit, though I made up my mind I was done for when, crossing the space on one occasion, dragging a pile of brushwood, I saw a bullet strike the sand about a couple of yards in front of me. Involuntarily I closed my eyes, expecting to feel it; but it must have ricocheted to one side. The advance of the square was covered by the Gardiner gun, under Colonel Barrow; but in spite of this, many fell while it was being formed.

It now disappeared from view, and we could only tell whereabouts it was by the firing, till towards evening we saw the flames at Gubat, and knew it had reached the Nile. We were very thankful when it returned in the morning with water, most of us having been without for twenty-four hours.

Having buried the dead, over which Lord Charles Beresford read the Burial Service, we proceeded to Gubat, and on the following morning a small square made a reconnaissance towards Metemneh. I lighted them on their way with a lantern. However, we did not get very close, as the enemy had two or three Krupp guns, and knew how to use them; so we retired back to Gubat.



THE "HEAVIES" BUILDING BISCUIT-BOX FORT UNDER FIRE

It was on the field of the recent battle here that during picket duty I found several spears, one of which an officer wished to buy from me, as it was rather a rare pattern and particularly barbarous-looking; but I preferred to keep it. I also found a papyrus roll and book. The book was originally covered with crocodile skin, but I unfortunately had the cover stolen. Here we received the news of the fall of Khartoum, and the news that we were to return without avenging "Gordon" gave general dissatisfaction.

We left Gubat on the 12th February with the wounded, among them General Stewart. We were now marching on foot, the few remaining camels being used to convey the wounded.

Our boots by this time were not very serviceable. I had to strap mine to keep the remainder of the soles to the uppers, and even then it was painful work, as one could feel every stone through them.

On the morning of the 13th we came across the tail end of a column of the enemy going into Metemneh, and exchanged shots. We then noticed another column approaching, and fired several volleys, only to find as they came nearer that we were firing at the

Light Camel Corps. Fortunately no one was hit.

The evening before we reached Abu Klea I suggested that we should have as good a supper as possible, expecting to have some fighting the next morning. My two chums, Corporal of Horse Nicholson and Corporal Ryan, set to work to prepare the banquet. We inspected our saddle-bags, and produced several tins, some labelled "Pea flour," for soup. I had scraped the contents of several into the pot with my clasp-knife, and was going to do the same with another of different shape, and rather larger, when Nicholson said: "Let's have a look at that, Brooks; it looks different to the others." It was as well we did not use it, as after searching diligently by the light of the camp fire we come across a small piece of label still remaining, on which was inscribed: "For bugs and fleas." It was "Vermin killer." We were now almost bootless, and marching on a pound of biscuits and three pints of water a day; sometimes a pint of flour instead of the biscuits, which we had to bake in old beef tins, placed in the embers of the fire.

Shortly before reaching Gakdul General Stewart expired, and we carried

him to the wells, where he was buried. Our first variation of diet was when we reached Korti, where we were served with roz. of jam per man.

We marched from Korti to summer quarters at Haffir, where I had an unpleasant experience.

I was sent one evening to the camp at Abu Fatmeth with returns. I rode on my master's donkey down the river to a point opposite Abu Fatmeth, where

and get away; but they evidently were not to be put off so easily, as they again made a rush for me, so that I had to retire, holding my donkey with one hand and presenting my revolver at them with the other.

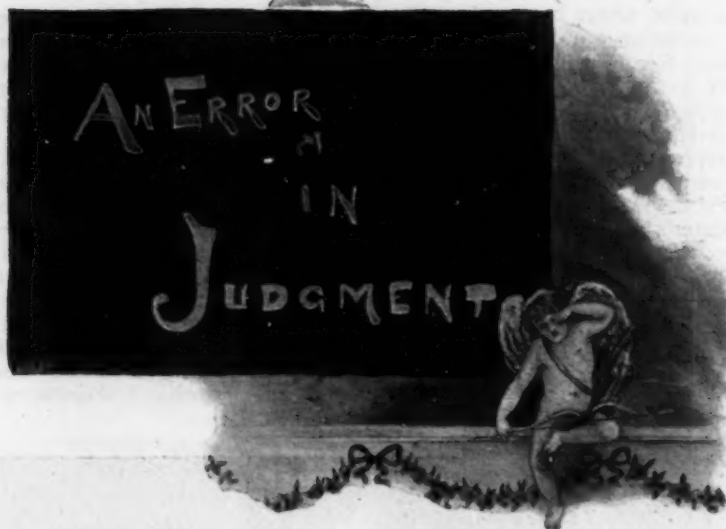
We left Haffir on the 4th June and proceeded down stream in whale-boats. We nearly had an upset on one occasion. Lord Rodney's boat ran on a rock, and the boat I was in ran into her. We saw a white helmet in the water, and feared that someone was overboard, but fortunately it was not so. After passing Shebau rapid I was sitting with a boat-hook as look-out, when I caught sight of what I thought was a



"I HOPPED OFF MY DONKEY AND DREW MY REVOLVER"

I left my steed in charge of a sergeant of the R.A., and proceeded across the river by the ferry boat. Having delivered my papers, I returned, and was riding through a small village when I saw several niggers making a rush for me; so I hopped off my donkey and drew my revolver, with which I threatened them, telling them to stay where they were or I would shoot. I called one of them to bring me some water, which he did, and having had a drink, he of course expected to be paid for it; but I found I had no small money, and not feeling inclined to give him a reheel, I proceeded to mount my donkey

sunken rock, but it proved to be one of the Black Watch, who had evidently been drowned, coming up. Major Bing ordered the corpse to be landed, which we managed to do with our oars, and he was buried in a sandy grave, like many another poor fellow had been. We continued by boat to Koseh, and marched from thence to Ambugoil, where we entrained for Cairo and home.



BY E. M. DAVY,

Author of "Jack Dudley's Wife," "A Daughter of Earth," "A Prince of Como," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY YORK SHUTER AND "GUY"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ASSASSIN.

ON Friday morning Nella awoke from an unrefreshing slumber.

She raised herself feeling cold and stiff; her limbs ached, her head throbbed painfully, but far and away beyond all sense of physical suffering was that of intense mental depression caused by a dream.

And yet the strangest part of it was, she strove in vain to remember the substance of that dream. All that remained of it was a vague idea that Philip had been calling to her and that she had been struggling vainly to go to him.

As the morning advanced the painful impression left by the forgotten dream wore off, but the feeling of dull silent apathy still lingered. In a slow mechanical sort of way, hardly knowing what she did, she put on her outdoor garments.

"Are ye ganin' oot, mistress?" Griffiths asked, "Mun aa gan' wiv ye?"

The woman looked surprised, but did not speak when Nella told her she would go alone.

Nella might—with even more reason—have been surprised herself, but she did not stop to inquire into motives; she descended the stairs and went out into the street. Her actions on this particular day seemed to have passed altogether out of her own control.

At first she walked leisurely, but with gradually increasing speed, as though some irresistible power were controlling her and drawing her onwards. She looked neither to right nor left, nor noticed the streets she threaded, but at length found herself in a crowd which effectually barred further progress.

The crowd was composed chiefly of roughs, from contact with whom ordinarily she would have shrunk; now, however, she simply watched them and the efforts of some policemen to keep them back.

"You here, Madam—alone?" said a voice close to her; and turning, she saw Major Hamilton Higgins,

"What are all these people here for?" she asked.

"To get into Court, I guess—only they can't. They'll fool around in hopes of catching a glimpse of prisoner coming out."

"What prisoner?"

"The man arrested for the murder on the cars, who is under examination for the second time."

"In there?"

"Why certainly. May I escort you in? I'm late, but was detained by other business. Here, you!" he said to a police officer at the door, "let me pass with this lady."

"Full, sir."

"Guess it'll be fuller by two in another half-quarter second."

"Impossible—"

"That word's out of date, my friend. See this?"

After reading what was written on the paper extended to him, the officer changed his tone.

"Pity you come so late. I'll get your honour admitted where you'll be able to hear, but I doubt you'll not see anything."

What possessed Mrs. Lorraine to enter this Court in company with this man, almost a stranger to her? What force controlled her to set off to walk there when it would have seemed a thousand times more natural to remain at Charing Cross Hotel waiting for Philip? These questions are unanswerable; neither is it possible to account for the strange, weird feeling that began to creep over her as she passed through the crowd and along the passage to the Court room. She could only have described it as similar to that which she experienced on awakening from her dream. A kind of wondering awe inspired her. Why had she come there? What was going to happen?

Even while marvelling thus she felt quite composed and calm, an unnatural calm, like that which occasionally precedes a storm.

The policeman had spoken truth, the place was so full it was scarcely possible to find standing room within the door.

It was the first time Nella had been inside a Court of Justice, therefore if she failed afterwards to give a strictly

accurate account of what actually transpired it may thus be partly accounted for, added to the fact that the chief incidents impressed her with such overwhelming force as to partially blot from her memory all else.

"Are you able to see the prisoner?" whispered the American.

"No."

"Nor I. We shall see nary a thing. But we will listen."

This last Nella felt impelled to do. A railway witness was under examination and she heard the following:

"It was my duty to see that the carriages were cleared and to close the doors. When I was in the act of closing one first class compartment, I thought I saw something inside. I put my lantern in, and looked. A lady was lying right back on the seat. She did not move when I spoke, and I brought the station-master, and he called Dr. Leck who happened to be on the platform. The Doctor said she was not yet cold but quite dead."

"Did you suspect any foul play?"

"There were signs of a scuffle having taken place. There was blood on the cushions and on the floor."

"Anything else?"

"I found a sovereign and some silver that appeared to have rolled into a corner; I also noticed that the lady's watch chain was hanging loose and broken as if the watch had been torn away by force. I made inquiries for any suspicious persons who might have escaped, but no one appeared to have got away without giving up his ticket. I am aware it transpired at the inquest that the deceased was travelling without a ticket, as none was found on her."

"Have you any previous knowledge of the prisoner?"

"No, your worship."

Dr. Leck, of the London—Hospital, was next called, and said:

"I was the first person to examine the unfortunate girl in the railway carriage. I should say she was sixteen years of age. She had not been dead more than half an hour, probably less. I saw evidence to lead me to believe she came to her death by strangulation. There were distinct marks on the throat as if a hand had gripped it tightly. These

marks, of course, were more visible when first seen."

The name of the next witness took Nella by surprise. It was Lieutenant George Waldy. There was a murmur of commiseration as he went into the witness box. His replies were almost inaudible, his voice choked with emotion:

"I am only brother to the deceased Bertha Waldy. Our father is a medical man and has gone abroad with a patient. At this moment I have not his address. My sister lived with him at Woodside House, near Grantham. They had not lived there long. My sister wrote to me complaining of being dull and wanted to join me in London. I wrote and told her she must not do so, but I would run down and see her again in a day or two. I did not expect her to come that night. Nothing was ever further from my thoughts. I suppose it was a girlish freak. She was high spirited and full of fun. I had no idea deceased was my sister until I read the account of the inquest."

"Did you ever see the prisoner before?"

"No. And yet——"

"You are not sure? This is most important evidence. Try and recollect."

"I am trying——"

"And you are still not sure?"

"Perhaps I may remember later on. But this awful——"

"Do you recognise the watch which was found in accused's possession?"

"I do. It was given by my father to my poor sister on her last birthday. The B.W. in small diamonds are her initials. I also recognise the bit of broken chain that attached it to a safety pin."

Elizabeth Dawson was next called. She said:

"I am housekeeper to Dr. Waldy, of Woodside House, Grantham. I did not attend the inquest on Tuesday, but I saw the body of deceased on Wednesday, and identified it as that of Miss Bertha Waldy, my young mistress. I last saw her alive on Saturday evening, when I accompanied her to the railway station. She said she was going to join her brother in London. I did not consider it my business to inquire if he expected her. She was a young lady with a will of her own. When we reached the

station it was late. Miss Bertha jumped out of the carriage, crying, 'I'll miss the train' and ran through towards the platform. I called a porter to take her portmanteau and followed him in with it; but as we did so the train was moving off. I went to the ticket-office expecting to meet Miss Waldy but it was closed, and she was not there. No one appeared to have noticed her. I concluded that by running fast she had managed to jump into the train when it was on the point of starting. I asked when the portmanteau could reach her in London, and was told not till Monday morning. There was nothing for me to do but to return, as the train Miss Waldy had gone by was the last from Grantham that night."

"Did you think it right for a young lady to go off alone?"

"It was no business of mine, your worship. I have not lived with Dr. Waldy long."

"When did you first suspect something was wrong?"

"I got a telegram from Mr. George Waldy on Monday afternoon, asking why Miss Waldy's portmanteau had been sent to him. Then I felt anxious, and set off to London, to Mr. George's rooms, on Monday evening, but we could make out nothing. It wasn't till I heard about the inquest that I thought the deceased was Miss Waldy."

"Did you ever see prisoner before?"

"Never, your worship."

"Have you any reason to think the deceased knew him?"

"None whatever."

Thomas Aldis, waiter:

"I was at the Crown restaurant in King's Road on the night in question, and perfectly recollect a gentleman coming in hurriedly, but did not take particular notice of him, as he went through to the lavatory, and I was serving a customer at the time. In coming out he asked me for a brandy and soda, and I remarked that he looked pale and flustered like. It was not until Monday morning that the handkerchief stained with blood and marked P.L. was discovered in the lavatory. On further search being made, stains were found on the towels with which he had dried his hands. I next saw prisoner on

the platform at King's Cross on Monday afternoon, and pointed him out to the detectives who were on the watch there."

"How did you recognise him again?"

"By his clean-shaven appearance, also, by his dark eyes which had a strange kind of look about them."

"Prisoner, have you any question to put to this witness?"

No answer.

Detective Nixon next gave evidence. He said:—"I and Detective Collins went up to the prisoner, and asked if

"Is there any further evidence?"

"No, your Worship."

The justice, addressing the accused asked, "Have you anything to say?"

No answer.

"Any witnesses?"

"None."

Then the magistrate said, "Having now heard the evidence, there is but one course open to me, and that is to commit the prisoner to take his trial at the Central Criminal Court, next session, for wilful murder."

During the momentary stillness that followed, Nella heard the accused speak for the first time.

"I admit the justice of the verdict according to the evidence given. I cannot prove my innocence."

That voice! great heaven! was it possible that another man could speak with the voice of Philip? The tones were so tender, so familiar, they might have been the very echo of his own. Who was he? What might be the appearance of the accused? Nella's interest was aroused to fever heat, and instantly the wild conviction seized her that the owner of that voice could not have done the deed.

A movement among the crowd enabled her

to advance a few steps, and then—

Would she ever forget the horror and agony of that terrible moment when she first caught sight of the accused?

Her eyes fixed themselves on his, and his on hers. Their gaze, so meeting, became intensified and seemed to cling together. What he read in hers she knew not, but his dear eyes spoke to her of dismay and wonder; of passionate love; then of despair. Staggering he fell back, pale as death. She made an effort to go to him, and struggled as she knew she had struggled in her dream.



"HIS EYES SPOKE TO HER OF DISMAY AND WONDER"

he remembered the night of the 25th, and a young lady in a railway carriage. He said, 'You are a police officer?' I answered, 'Yes.' He said, 'I was afraid of this. Must I go with you?'"

The magistrate interrupted with: "Well, you need not go over all that; you told us before that he went quietly. State what you found."

"I found in his possession the watch with a diamond monogram, and broken chain attached. These were in a waistcoat pocket. The corresponding clothes had stains of blood on them."

But she could not go, for the hand of the American was on her shoulder, and held her like a vice. He, too, had seen. He, too, knew now as much as she did.

"Only an *alibi* can save him," he whispered.

"What's that?"

"Proof that he was elsewhere at the time."

"Is this one?"

"What?"

"A telegram he sent between nine and ten on Saturday night," she gasped in breathless haste.

"Where from?"

"Oldcastle."

"Produce that telegram."

While these hurried words were being exchanged, Nella drew forth the now precious paper. Major Higgins snatched it from her hand, and, waving it above his head called out—

"Mr. Magistrate and gentlemen, if it lies in the power of an *alibi* to save a man, I say the thing is done. That killing took place between nine and ten o'clock p.m. Admitted? Well! Saturday night accused was not in the cars at all. At that time he was sending a telegram from Oldcastle to the lady he has since married. Here is that telegram, and I am Major Hamilton Higgins of the United States Army. That's all I've gotten to say."

The telegram was taken by a policeman and handed over to the magistrate. Meanwhile, Nella trembled with impatience. No longer able to see Philip, her only comfort was to grasp the strong hand of her companion who spoke to her in whispers, soothingly, as to a child: "Courage, my dear," said he; "they're only fooling around to keep up the dignity of the law. Your husband will lift his head and step out like a free-born Britisher, he will, in another five minutes."

"Can you swear, sir, that this message was sent in prisoner's own name?" asked the Magistrate, addressing the Major with—as it seemed to Nella—unnecessary severity.

"Why, certainly!" he answered, with the utmost confidence.

"How do you prove it?"

"Why, haven't I gotten it this minute

from his wife, who is standing by my side?"

"What is her married name?"

"Mrs. Philip Lorraine, to be sure. Why, what else could it be?"

"Then it matters little at what hour the message was dispatched. Your evidence, sir, goes *against* the man you desire to save. This telegram is from Philip Lorraine to Miss Elliot. The prisoner calls himself *Paul Lorrimer*."

"Great Scott! There's something here that licks creation!"

"Remove the prisoner."

"You'll accept bail?" asked the Major.

"No, sir."

"Oh, come! Name your figure now. A thousand dollars? I'm good for a hundred thousand!" cried the American excitedly. "I'll see you through this, or be shot for it," he whispered in Nella's ear.

"There is no question of bail. I never had less hesitation in sending a case for trial. Remove the prisoner at once."

After the committal of the prisoner by the magistrate, Nella made a vain attempt to say some words. From her white, quivering lips no sound would come; the people, the walls of the room, all swayed and whirled round her; the scene in the Court-house faded from her recollection.

CHAPTER IX.

HER FAITH IN HIM.

When Nella began to recover consciousness, she was lying on a couch in her sitting-room at Charing Cross Hotel. Slowly and by degrees came the recollection of the fearful tragedy in which she had become involved, and when this fully dawned on her in all its horrible reality, she raised herself and asked:

"Who is there?"

"Me, ma dear mistress," cried Griffiths, dropping on her knees and looking at Nella with streaming eyes.

At the same time the tall figure of the American stood beside the kneeling one of the old nurse.

"Mrs. Lorraine," said he, "you've not forgotten me, I reckon; nor have I forgotten the promise I made to see you through this tangle."

Here Griffiths insisted on administering what she called some "doctor's stuff," which Nella took readily.

"Now let me hear you say you believe my husband innocent of this hideous charge?"

She included both in the question, but looked at Griffiths first.

"Aye, mistress," she answered, simply and solemnly.

"That's so," said the major. "But you see you can't make the world believe it unless you prove it, and that will take both time and dollars."

"I have both."

"And so have I," he added, drily, "and mean to use them too. But, lest you should feel any qualms about accepting assistance from a stranger, I guess I'd best tell you something I discovered in that there courthouse. You are one of the Elliots, of Northshire. This good woman says your mother was a Musgrave. She was my sister, consequently I'm your uncle, who's thereby gotten the right to enact the *deus ex machina* of the fable. It's kind of curious how old families die out," he said, musingly, then continued with his usual manner: "Wall, I reckon you've plenty to think of now, without listening to a long yarn from me. I'll cut it short: I ran away to America when a lad of fourteen bent on a life of adventure, and I got it. I only wrote home once, and that was to say, 'I'm dead,' and I guess after a while they believed it. When the war broke out I volunteered, did some smart fighting, and might have been a colonel now; but colonels got to be kind of chestnuts in the States, thereupon I concluded to stop at major. But I made my pile, as all good Americans do, and this is my first visit to the old country since I gave it best. I meant to search out the family when I'd seen around a bit. That's so. But now to your affairs, niece, and to consider what's best to be done to pull your husband through. I'll engage the first counsel in the land. That must be done this night. We'll prove an *alibi*, sure as sure; I have it all in train. Why on earth he did not do it I'm at a loss to guess, unless he's lost his head. I'm just now awaiting further news from Oldcastle, and if it doesn't arrive

in an hour, I'll make tracks there myself."

He picked up "Bradshaw," and, after studying its pages, remarked coolly:

"Anything I can do for you before I start?"

"Procure me the papers containing the fullest account of —"

"Oh, mistress, mistress, spare yersel'," cried Griffiths.

"You shall have those papers," said the major, with decision.

"Also it will be necessary to have the address of George Waldy. I must see him —"

"Nay," he said, speaking with the greatest kindness, "that would only pain you and do no good."

"Uncle, for pity's sake don't thwart me. Listen!" she cried, standing up before him the better to enforce her words. "As I lay there—on that couch—I determined what to do, and nothing shall turn me from that resolve. Every instant of time this terrible stigma continues to rest on Philip's name cries shame to me that I don't clear it. There is some mystery—God alone knows what! But I have made this vow: I will not see my husband's face again until his dear name is cleared. His sensitive nature shrank from my knowing of this hideous accusation. He expected truth to prevail, so that I—his wife—need never hear of it. That was why he gave another name. Fate has been both cruel and kind—cruel to have afflicted him so sorely, but kind in revealing to me that he would have died rather than I should know. I am groping in darkness now towards the light, but I shall reach it—soon. Dear Uncle, do aid me in my own way. You will procure me George Waldy's address?"

"I've gotten it. Here it is. Great Caesar! A woman like you must have her way. The young man met me coming out of Court. He's true grit, he is. He told me he pitied you, and if he could do or say anything to comfort you, he would."

A waiter entered with a telegram.

The major, his countenance beaming with satisfaction, took it, and tore off the cover, but, as he read, his expression changed; he looked more and more troubled.

"Any reply?" inquired the waiter.

"None. You can go." Then Major Higgins returned to Nella.

"Tell you, my dear, what I've done. On quitting court, I wired the head clerk at the Oldcastle office to know at what hour the telegram was handed in on the night of the 25th. We know when it was sent out, but that's not the point. When it was handed in, and by whom, is what we must get at. Here's the reply received a good half-hour ago. When you've read that you shall see this other.

Giving the paper into her hand, he watched her while she read as follows:

"Telegram referred to was handed in at our office by messenger from County Hotel at 9.45 p.m. on 25th inst., and was despatched immediately."

"Stay," he said, "stay," grimly laying his hand impressively upon Nella's arm. "Don't exult too soon, as I did. Before reading the other listen here. I wired this to the manager of County Hotel: '*Can you inform me if Mr. Philip Lorraine passed the night of 25th at your hotel? Any particulars of his movements on said night and following days will*

oblige. Answer prepaid.' Now read this reply just received. Only first I warn you, niece, summon all the fortitude you've gotten."

Thus prepared and taking the paper, Nella read these fateful words:—

"Mr. Philip Lorraine did not pass night of 25th at County Hotel. He went south by 4 p.m. express, returning following morning, and left hotel finally on 27th, after paying his account."

As the terrible import of these words revealed itself, a slight giddiness seized Nella, but it passed off quickly.

"Cheer up, my dear," said her uncle, pressing her hand encouragingly, "I'm off now to seek legal advice. You read up the case while I'm gone. Black as it looks, if he's innocent, we'll save him. Remember, one reverse doesn't spell defeat."

"If he is innocent!" God! How those words rang in her ears.

It was too true, then, that Philip had travelled by that fatal train. It was equally true, alas, that he had endeavoured to conceal the fact. This was what lent the worst aspect to the case, and, no doubt, would go far in the minds of many people towards establishing his guilt.

The promised newspapers were brought; Nella bade Griffiths find her knitting, and asked her not to speak whilst she sat down to read them.

Then she read the whole tragic story—from the finding of the poor dead girl in the railway carriage on the Saturday night to the final scene in Court that afternoon—when Paul Lorrimer, *alias* Philip Lorraine, had been committed to take his trial for murder at the ensuing Sessions.

How long afterwards Nella remained sitting staring straight before her, her hands clasped on her lap, the papers lying at her feet, she knew not, but was aroused by Griffiths touching her.

"Ma bairn, are ye iv a trance? *Die ye see out?*" she asked, in an awe-struck whisper.

Nella looked at her for a moment as the woman afterwards related, 'quite dazed like,' then answered slowly,

"I am trying to see—light."

(To be continued.)



"NELLA REMAINED SITTING, STARING STRAIGHT BEFORE HER."

l this
warn
itude

aper,

pass
went
llow-
27th,

ords
eized

ncle,
'I'm
read
k as
him.
spell

How

had
was
dea-
was
case,
inds
his

were
her
peak

story
girl
rday
that
alias
itted
the

ined
her
ying
used

Dis
ruck

at as
quite



THE NECKLACE.

L



the
eve
san
dur
pri
the
soc
all
bat
7
Aft
the
a p
wel
tra
Ost
spe
ritz
the
v



THE OLD CITY OF LEGHORN

Lazy Leghorn: The Brighton of Italy

BY WILLIAM LE QUEUX. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

LEGHORN is the Brighton of Italy. If, however, you ask any Italian where Leghorn is, he will exhibit his palms and be unable to tell you. Only the English know it by that name. To every one else it is Livorno, the pleasantest town in Tuscany, and the gayest during the summer months, when the princes, marquises, and counts, with their families, which go to make up society in Rome, Florence, and Bologna, all flock hither for sea air and sea baths.

To know Leghorn is to love Italy. After twenty years of wandering on the Continent I think I have formed a pretty accurate opinion of most of the well-known health resorts. I have tramped the *plages* of Trouville, Dieppe, Ostend, and Scheveningen; I have spent summers at San Sebastian, Biarritz, and Arcachon; I have swallowed the more or less palatable waters at

Vichy, Royat, Spa, Wiesbaden, and Homburg, and have basked in the winter sunshine at Nice and at Algiers. All have their own particular attractions; yet at the outset I assert that none possess such distinct charm for the wanderer as lazy Leghorn. The town itself—or, at least, the commercial centre—is not without many beauties. The broad Piazza Vittorio Emanuele, one side of which is flanked by the imposing *façade* of the Cathedral, is surrounded by cool arcades, and at the further end, upon a huge old palace, the wandering Englishman's eyes will be rejoiced at seeing the Royal arms over the British Consulate. That is about all there is English in Leghorn. Everything else is purely Italian—Tuscan for the most part, and things Tuscan are of the very best.

In the quaint old streets and enormous piazzas there is a veritable phantasmagoria of colour from dawn to night,

save for the hours of the *siesta*, when the town, gasping beneath the sun-blaze, is a veritable city of the dead. Even the very dogs lie down and sleep until four, when, the sun's power being on the wane, all Leghorn is agog, and the real life of the place commences. It is then to the baths every one flocks, either by electric tram or in those smart swift cabs — little open conveyances — which take you miles for the modest sum of eightpence. Beyond the port, eastward, is the long and beautiful sea-front, unequalled in the whole of Italy.

To the Tuscan this esplanade is known by its ancient name, the *Passeggio*, but to the stranger it is the *Viale Regina Margherita*, a long line of high houses and palaces sun-blached and each with their green sun-shutters, which are kept carefully closed all day to shut out the glare reflected from the sapphire Mediterranean so lazily lapping the shore. This esplanade continues out of the town some four miles to the quaint little village of Antignano, all the way being flanked by ornamental gardens brilliant with those bright-coloured flowers only seen in hot-houses in England. At the baths, however, the life of the place is centred,



PIAZZA VITTORIO EMANUELE

a life unique throughout the length and breadth of Europe. The baths, of which there are several, Pancaldi's being the most fashionable, are really long concrete platforms built out upon the rocks into the sea, and upon them are erected rows of bathing tents where between the hours of four and six all Leghorn disports itself in the clear sunlit waters, afterwards lounging on chairs set in circles beneath the wide canvas awnings to smoke, gossip, drink vermouth, and enjoy the gentle breeze which never fails to spring up at sundown.

In summer no hostess receives at



THE SEA FRONT OF LEGHORN

home, because at Pancaldi's there is this daily reunion where one meets every one else informally either in the water or out of it. Bathing customs are different here to our rigid English ideas. There is no isolation of the sexes, and consequently much merriment in the water. Here, at Pancaldi's, one meets the best Italian society, bearers of names which were princely in bygone ages disporting themselves in the water, splashing each other and laughing that merry light-hearted laugh so peculiarly Italian.

The people of Leghorn, those handsome, dark-eyed, dark-haired, neat-ankled girls and women, poor though

The Brighton of Italy offers an entirely new field for the Briton, sick of the ghastly monotony of the average watering-place. In Leghorn he will find a panorama of life fresh and interesting, quaint scenes at every street corner, and change at every turn. If he desires to bathe he will enjoy absolutely the best bathing in Europe; if he is an enthusiast of opera he can hear at the Goldoni, the Politeama, or the open-air arena, the Alfieri, all the best works of the Italian masters, from Verdi's popular pieces to the last work of Mascagni—who, by the way, is a native and resident of Leghorn—and get a



BATHS AT ANTIGNANO

they may be, dress with a taste which would do credit to an English duchess. They affect the palest and most delicate of blues, pinks, and mauves, and around their heads twist a long silken scarf of black, or perhaps pale blue or rose, held in its place by a large ornamental pin of silver filigree. In the ears of some are great hoop rings, but in the faces of all is that dark, semi-tragic beauty which is so essentially Tuscan. Indeed, search Europe over and you will never find a town peopled by women so beautiful, or men so careless, lighthearted, and yet manly, as lazy Leghorn, the pearl of the Mediterranean.

comfortable seat for the not altogether ruinous sum of fivepence. At the Grand Opera, done as it can only be in Italy, it is my habit to pay four shillings for a box! Orchestra, singing, scenery, are all equal to that to which we are accustomed at Covent Garden, for, be it remembered, that artists who appear in Italy go afterwards for the opera season to London. To those to whom Italy is new ground Leghorn is an excellent centre, for Pisa, with its famed leaning tower is only ten miles distant, Florence is within easy reach, while Vallombrosa, the Baths of Lucca, Montecatini, and the various summer



THE PIAZZA CAVOUR

stations in the Apennines, are all within reach for a few francs.

Again, if any there be who collect old

turniture let them come to Leghorn, for they will find as much as they care to purchase at prices that are simply ridiculous. The Tuscan is glad to get rid of what he calls "old rubbish" and exchange it for new, hence bargains are to be had for the asking.

Leghorn, "the place where the hats come from"—although, truth to tell, no straw hat is made within sixty miles of the place—is essentially a city of violent contrasts, of life and colour, of movement and gaiety, of music, laughter, and pretty women. The stranger on his way across one of the great sunny piazzas will, perhaps, encounter a strange procession of men habited in long black cloaks from head to foot, with only two small slits for the eyes, and bearing between them a green-covered litter. Such a procession will strike the stranger as one which was an everyday scene back in the Middle Ages, and indeed it was, for they are a company of the Misericordia Brothers, the fraternity of pity of Leghorn, who, without payment or reward, veil themselves and transport the sick poor to and from the hospital. This fraternity numbers many of the most prominent residents, who take it in turn to attend

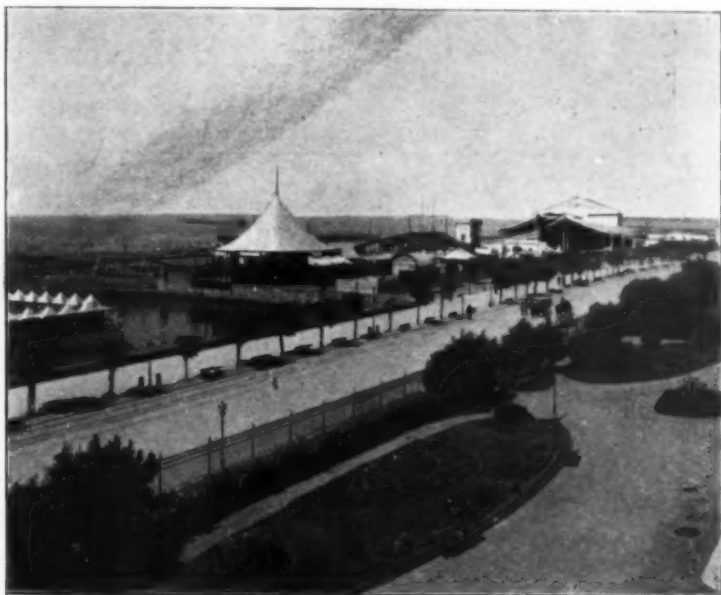


THE MARZOCCO TOWER

upon the poor. If an accident occurs a great bell is rung, and those on duty that week rush at once to headquarters, veil themselves, and start with their litter on their errand of mercy, to assist the injured, either by day or night, in shadow or in the sun-glare of the burning noon.

There is a charm about those quaint old streets, which are, perhaps, not without their odour of garlic when Leghorn takes her evening meal; a charm about the lazy, laughter-loving Livornesi as

sea. Such is the life at the Brighton of Italy. There are hotels, colossal places where charges are high, but the English family who wants a change from the eternal round of British watering-places would do well to rent a flat for the season. Flats at Leghorn are not as we know them in London, poky little places with rooms of box-like capacity, but great handsome suites in high, ponderous palaces, where the ceilings are gilded and the walls covered with wonderful frescoes. Prices for these flats vary



LEGHORN—THE OPEN-AIR CAFÉS

they stroll in the Piazza after sunset to listen to the music of the military band; a charm about their dress, their manners, their softness of speech, and their politeness to the foreigner, that the wandering Englishman cannot fail to appreciate. All is so different from the life we know in England. One rises with the dawn, swallows a cup of black coffee at six, breakfasts at noon, sleeps from two till four, bathes in the sea at five, dines at seven, and spends the remainder of the evening at the opera or at one or other of the open-air café-concerts beside the

from five to fifty pounds a month. Servants are absurdly cheap; living is excellent and much more moderate than in England, good wine only costing eightpence for a flask containing two bottles, and life is everywhere bright and happy. Indeed, to those of my countrymen who contemplate making a stay in this, one of the most beautiful watering-places in the world, I feel confident that my friend Mr. Montgomery Carmichael, the ever-courteous British Consul there, would furnish information, for up or down the Mediterranean there is no



MONTENERO, THE PILGRIMAGE VILLAGE

more popular representative of Her Britannic Majesty.

I have dubbed Leghorn "the Lazy," and have here given, by the courtesy of Signor Marzocchini, a few photographs

of the place. There is a sweet, restful laziness everywhere. It is essentially a place where one must drink vermouth and potter. To hurry would be thought a barbarism in Leghorn, for with a

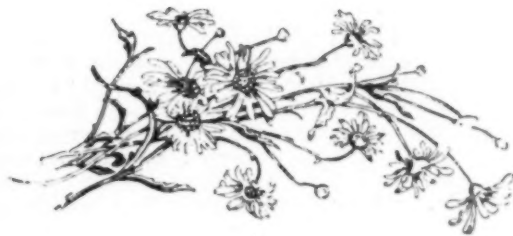


THE OLD FORTRESS, LEGHORN

dwindling commerce and neglected industries it is fortunately coming forward as an essentially holiday resort. Each year the number of people who spend the summer along that pretty coast where the distant islands loom purple in the sunset blaze rapidly increase, and "the season" is merrier each summer than it was in the summer preceding. One eats well at small cost and enjoys oneself in a manner impossible in our own land. There is a charm of spontaneous gaiety and utter irresponsibility among the persons one meets, and the contrast between Italian life and that in England is so violent that for a few months it cannot fail to prove interesting and healthful to the Briton. After the heat and burden of the sun-glare a drive in the balmy air of evening, to the seaside village of Antignano, or to the pilgrimage village of Montenero, is a most delightful experience, and one can dine there frugally on a terrace before the sea, and afterwards return home by electric tram, journeying at the ruinous cost of threepence. This sea road to Antignano is lit by electricity the whole way, and the


panorama of sea and mountain is one of the most picturesque in the whole of Tuscany.

As for myself, after years of wandering in Europe, I have made Leghorn my home. I can only say that after the busy turmoil of London and the whirl of Paris, it is delightful; hence I recommend it to readers as a new place of summer resort, having personally tested its advantages, which in my estimation equal those of any other watering-place in Europe. If there are any who want an entirely fresh experience as to diet, mode of life, and amusement, let them take the nightly Rome express from Paris, from which, after dining and sleeping they can alight at Pisa, and a further journey of only ten miles will bring them to Leghorn the Lazy. Only let them not fail to ask for Livorno, as no Italian knows it as Leghorn. Indeed, the other day in Genoa I entered the telegraph office, and thoughtlessly addressed a telegram to "Leghorn," whereupon the clerk, after consulting a geographical dictionary, politely informed me that no such place existed in the world!



Truth in Fiction

WRITTEN BY MARIE A. BEATTY-KINGSTON. ILLUSTRATED BY DUAMOT

ND so you are a journalist," said Captain John Denvers, looking intently upon the pale, delicate features of the girl whom he had taken in to dinner at Mrs. Dewbury's farewell party, given in his honour. "Do you know, I *do* admire a woman who works for her living; there is something grand, something ennobling about her."

"Sometimes necessity makes us work when we should otherwise be lazy," answered Silvia Clarke, with a wistful smile, "and writing is not always such a spontaneous operation as people imagine it to be. To-night, for instance, when I get home, I shall have to burn the midnight oil for many hours ere I may close my eyes."

John Denvers was looking incredulous, so the girl nodded her head, with a look of conviction on her features. "Yes," she continued, "I ought not to have come here to-night, as I have a whole story to write; but dear Mrs. Dewbury insisted, and would take no refusal, so I put my work aside to please her. I shall have to make up for lost time, since the printers will be waiting for copy to-morrow, that's all. Oh, I don't mind a bit, *really*," for Denvers muttered something about a "beastly shame"; "and I believe I've got part of my plot already, and then putting the story together is only half the battle."

"Brave little woman," said Silvia's companion, admiringly. "How long have you been doing this sort of work?"

"Since I lost my parents three years ago," she answered gravely, and there was a touch of pathos in her voice, "and although it was very hard at first to get accustomed to continued disappointments, I tried to be patient and not to lose heart. I am quite successful and

contented *now*"—she feared her foregoing words had implied a complaint, and was eager to dispel that impression—"so please don't pity me, for I have been very lucky on the whole."

"*Lucky*," repeated Denvers, with a curl of the lip, while it struck him that Fate had been monstrosly unkind to this lonely, beautiful girl. Lucky to have to fight her way in the world without a protecting arm to guard her from its bruising cares and vehement ills. *Lucky*, notwithstanding the daily struggle to keep body and soul together. *Lucky*; she had said it with a cheerful, hopeful smile, in spite of the heartache she must undoubtedly experience at times when literary adventurers and dishonest editors failed to keep their faith with her. He glanced with gentle pity at the delicate ungloved hand at his side, and longed to take it and press it tightly in his own.

"It's devilish hard on the little girl," he mused, "and she's awfully pretty, too. Why didn't I meet her before this? Just as I am leaving for India, and the next two years are mapped out for me, I meet a girl, charming, accomplished, interesting—yes, by Jove! extremely interesting—in fact, a woman after my own heart and taste. She fascinates me from the moment I set eyes on her, and I feel irresistibly drawn towards her. She is just the very girl I could have loved, although two hours ago I wasn't even aware of her existence. What a cursed awkward beggar Fate is, to be sure, she's always upsetting somebody's apple-cart." And, at that moment, there was a stir, the ladies were retiring from the dinner table, and Silvia vanished from John Denvers' side, not without a smile, however, from her adorable, upturned face, which sent a rush of blood to his heart, and made him wish, more than ever, that he might have postponed his

journey to India—indefinitely. Meanwhile, Mrs. Dewbury had marched Silvia into the conservatory, and was chaffing her about her evident conquest of Captain Denvers.

"Isn't he nice?" Mrs. Dewbury was asking. "What a pity it is that he is obliged to leave us so soon."

"When does he go?" enquired Silvia, absently. Nothing mattered much to her in her dull, loveless world, and this man's coming and going were surely synonymous, considering she, too, had never heard of his existence until the day before, when Mrs. Dewbury's hurried little note had asked her to "come and amuse a really charming soldier, who was just off to India." The invitation had roused her in the midst of her work, and she had rushed to her scanty wardrobe to see whether or not her clothes would permit of her accepting. A black silk skirt, somewhat the worse for wear, and a pale pink chiffon blouse came to the rescue, and after some local attention to these with the aid of a hot flat-iron, Silvia had thought fit to abandon her dreary work for a few hours' pleasant recreation at Mrs. Dewbury's. Of course, she would have to work into the small hours to make up for lost time. But that mattered little; the evening was sure to be a pleasant one, Mrs. Dewbury's parties generally were.

"He leaves to-morrow night," said Mrs. Dewbury, regretfully, "and we shall miss him more than I can tell, for he is always the life and soul of our gatherings. You seemed to get on famously together, Silvia, as he never turned his eyes from your direction during dinner, and it's your own fault," she added significantly, "if you didn't meet him ere this. On both the previous occasions of his dining here you were asked to join us, but you wrote each time that you couldn't leave your work. I wish, child, that you were not so horribly conscientious," Mrs. Dewbury continued, pinching Silvia's peach-like cheek; "you are too young to give up all the pleasures of life for that monotonous writing, writing, writing."

"But I have no pleasures in life that I prefer to my work," said Silvia, warming to her subject, "excepting, of

course, visiting a few old friends like yourselves—and, besides, dear Mrs. Dewbury, I have my living to earn; no one can do that but myself, and so I ought to be grateful for small mercies, and take what the gods give me and be content."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Mrs. Dewbury, emphatically, "you ought to marry. I call it perfectly disgraceful that a pretty, accomplished girl like you should not have been snapped up long ere this. How old are you? Twenty-two. Well, I call it *disgraceful*; I don't know what the men are about."

Silvia laughed in a pretty, amused way, and took her hostess's hands between her own. "You dear, kind, sweet enthusiast, I don't want to marry; I am quite content," she said. "I feel sure I'm destined to be an old maid."

"Why?"

"Oh, because I have never seen anybody I could like sufficiently to care for always."

"That's nonsense, my child; wait till Mr. Right comes. Good gracious! John, how you startled me," for Captain Denvers had walked up to the ladies so quietly that they had not heard him, and he stood looking at them without speaking.

"Aren't you going to smoke?" Mrs. Dewbury enquired, rather ruffled at having been taken unawares.

"Of course I am," he answered, complacently, after a pause; "and that's why I thought I would ask Miss Clarke to come for a stroll in the garden and keep me company. Will you?" he added, stooping over the girl until his cheek almost touched hers; "it's such a lovely night, and, if you put on a wrap, you can't possibly take cold."

"By all means, go," said Mrs. Dewbury, with alacrity, as she rose and answered for Silvia, who was hesitating. "Take her for a turn, John, but don't let her take cold."

Silvia rose in a half shy, half fearful way, and silently took the arm that was proffered her.

Since the year in which she had been robbed of both her parents, and had existed under the immediate guardianship of a deaf old maiden aunt, Silvia Clarke's life had been one long stage of



"THAT'S NONSENSE; WAIT TILL MR. RIGHT COMES"

inanimate indifference. She had tried with passionate vehemence to bury her grief in her work, and had so far succeeded, inasmuch as her life had become a calm, uneventful one, neither joyful nor sorrowful, but just impassive.

Her daily occupations did not permit of her overstepping the confining poverty and narrowness of her surroundings, and so she just plodded on, trying to cheer the old lady with whom she lived

from her state of muteness and lethargy, and working with might and main to keep her tiny household from actual want.

But to-night it seemed as though, for the first time, she was living again purely for the sake of living. The warm night air out in the garden fanned her cheeks, the sweet scent of the flowers instilled her with a new thankfulness, and her senses seemed to have become pos-

ses
An
not
com
stro
frie
T
the
trai
to t
gro
sha
mo
form
the
inte
Den
He
drif
won
he
mo
one
as s
gene
hope
char
indis
and
force
fasci
his a
look
"De
Miss
Si
at th
from
for a
"
prese
wher
you
her
brow
full i
turn
was
girl's
natu
will
tinue
night
two
that
to he
too,

sessed of an unknown, unexpected joy. And yet there was nothing strange, nothing unusual in a man, whose dining companion she had been, asking her to stroll with him round the grounds of a friend's house while he smoked a cigar.

They were seated below a verandah, the roofing of which was festooned by trailing vines which hung down almost to their feet. Silvia sat against a background of huge vine leaves, and the shadows between her and a brilliant moon cast great patterns over her delicate form. Her head was uplifted, and the dark, luminous eyes, mysterious, intent, and searching, impressed John Denvers with marvellous possibilities. He watched her carefully through the drifting smoke of his Havana, and again wondered why, in the name of Fortune, he had never met her before. Silvia's mood alternated between enthusiasm on one point and seriousness on the other, as she chatted on from subject to subject, generally dealing with her work, her hopes, her aspirations—but with all that charm of gentle docility which a man so indisputably likes. Her simple frankness and naturalness was fast adding new forces to her power of thrilling and fascinating him. Presently Denvers laid his arm on the back of the seat, and, looking at the girl intently, he said, "Do you believe in love at first sight, Miss Clarke?"

Silvia was not in the least taken aback at the strange abruptness of the question from a comparative stranger, and mused for a while, collecting her thoughts.

"Curiously enough," she answered, presently, "I myself was wondering whether such a thing really exists, when you asked the question." She turned her well-poised head with its wealth of brown hair towards him, and looked him full in the face. It was Captain Denvers' turn to be surprised; and yet that there was not one iota of *arrière pensée* in the girl's mind was obvious by her perfectly natural way of expressing herself. "I will tell you why I wondered," she continued. "I have a story to write to-night, and am rather fluctuating between two plots. The one embodies the idea that a girl loves the man who is engaged to her sister, and that he, although he, too, has ceased to care for his fiancée, is

too much of a moral coward to confess to both girls; and the other—well, the story of a wonderful reciprocity of love at first sight. Now which suggestion do you prefer? I don't believe I could make a hero out of a coward. A man must be noble, honourable, straight, reliable—in fact, everything that is upholding good, and worthy of reverence in a woman's eyes." . . . These confidences were spoken in a low voice, broken by swift catching of the breath, with her hands characteristically clasped across her bosom—it was a way of her's in moments of intentness—and an eagerness of purpose which was augmented by the subject of their discussion.

"I like the suggestion of love at first sight best," said John, letting his eyes feast longingly upon the lovely, idealistic face, "and I do honestly believe that it exists. Come, will you let me help you with your story? Let us put our heads together, metaphorically speaking, and see what we can concoct."

"Will you really?" The girl flushed, and her eyes shone mysteriously. "You are very kind, considering we have only just met."

"Don't say that, Miss Clarke. I feel as if I had known you a life-time. The moments have been weeks, the hours years. You interest me. Your work, your life, your pluck, everything about you appeals to me tremendously, and makes me wish—you'll think me mad for talking like this—that I were not going away, or that, at least, I were not leaving to-morrow."

"To-morrow?" echoed Silvia, vaguely.

"I, too, wish that you could stay."

"Do you?" cried John, clasping her trembling hand in his, but *only* for a moment, for the girl withdrew it and turned away. "Ah, forgive me, I have offended you. I have no right to speak like this, and you have every reason to be vexed."

The tender face, with uplifted brow, was full of forgiveness as she turned to him again. The deep shadows of the rustling vine leaves played over them, and the moonlight filtered gently through the tendrils of her dark warm hair, as she held out her hand in gentle remission.

"There is nothing to forgive," she

said, almost in a whisper, "and I'm sorry you are going away." She spoke her words with great simplicity, while John Denvers pressed her fingers to his lips and then released them.

Then Silvia started up from her reverie and came back with a rebound to the matter-of-fact realities of the situation. "It is getting late," she said, almost regretfully, looking down upon John. He was very handsome. The magnificently bronzed face with a slight curving moustache of brown hue, which softened without hiding the fine mouth beneath, and the strong, dark glance, which embodied a look of splendid resolve, took her fancy.

"I like him, but he is going away," is what she thought. "But still, I shall remember that he kissed my hand, and told me he wished we had met before. No matter what happens, nothing can rob us of this perfect night, these few happy moments spent in absolute harmony and sympathy together."

"Don't go yet," he pleaded, anxiously, "there is still our story to finish," he added, "and you know we agreed to compose it together."

"It is not yet begun," the girl answered with a tender smile, "but I think now that I know how it will end." Then a new firmness of manner

took possession of her, and she said with decision, "Will you take me back to the house, Captain Denvers? I must go. Remember, I have a long task before me, and—it is getting late."

Reluctantly John Denvers wrapped the shawl tighter round the girl's shoulders, letting his arms rest for one brief minute close to her white, bare throat, and then slowly they walked towards the house.

"One thing you must promise me,"



"IT IS GETTING LATE," SHE SAID"

said John, as they approached the illuminated hall, "that you will send me the magazine containing your story. Will you?"

"If you really wish it, I will," said Silvia; "but you will have forgotten that I ever wrote it long before it reaches you."

"Ah, don't say that," said John, turning with a fierce supplication in his eyes, "you *know* that I shall never forget you—or our story."

It was pleasant to hear him say "our story." To Silvia it seemed as though, at least, one undeniable fact formed a tiny bond between them.

"Where shall I send it to?" she asked, presently; and then John wrote on a card, "The Orient Club, Calcutta."

Once they had entered the house there was no further reason for delay, and Silvia, having informed Mrs. Dewbury that her aunt was sitting up for her, and that she was obliged to hurry away, threw her cloak over her shoulders, enveloped her flaming cheeks in a lace mantilla, and hurried downstairs.

In the hall John Denvers stood waiting to say good night and—good-bye.

She placed her hand in his, and let her eyes rest on his face. It was to be a long good-bye—a good-bye like the story, that had hardly had a beginning, and yet the hands were terribly firmly clasped, and the two faces bore an intense look of tender longing, which betokened the emotion of a great and sudden passion. It was the result of love, pure and unadulterated—love at first sight!

Denvers clenched his lips tightly together, and Silvia agitatedly drew her cloak closely to her. The cab stood at the door, and Silvia tore herself away.

"You'll not forget," he called to her, straining to catch a last glimpse of her face, and she answered back, with trembling lips, "No, you shall read our story. Good-bye."

That night, in her lonely little room, Silvia Clarke wrote the story of her first and only love. It was the simplest little plot imaginable. Her heroine was called Sophia, and her hero James. It was the old old story of love at first sight, while the lovers had to part and pass their

lives in vain regret and longing for that which could not be.

But Silvia broke her word to Captain Denvers. When, after some weeks, the *Fenwick Magazine* appeared containing her story, and she read it through for the first time in print, she was horrified at its realism, and almost regretted having written it.

"What would he think, after the lapse of time, were I to send it to him now. It would be impossible. I *can't*. That night he may have fancied that he liked me, but now he has probably forgotten my name. We must let our little story die its natural death; that memory is just a passing gleam of sunshine in my gloomy life."

But John Denvers had not forgotten Silvia's name, or even the slightest detail about her personality. He had stolen a photograph of Silvia from Mrs. Dewbury's drawing-room mantel-piece with a *sang-froid* that defied competition, and he had pored over it every day since he had met and left her, until her face had become engraven on the tablet of his mind. He remembered everything; that mole on her left cheek, the pink, shell-like ears; that wayward black lock of hair which would curl insinuatingly round the nape of her neck; the tiny foot, the dainty ankle, her sweet perfect figure, her general delicacy and refinement of manner, and above all—what charmed him most—her incomparable naturalness in saying things which, coming from the lips of any other woman, would sound inharmonious, impossible. "Oh, Silvia, what a havoc you have wrought in this poor mortal's brain," he said often to himself, and "Child, I am coming back to fetch you, never fear; there is only one woman in God's world for me, and she is Silvia Clarke!"

John Denvers had written to Mrs. Dewbury after his return to India, begging her to keep him *au courant* as to all home news, at the same time asking her to look out for the *Fenwick Magazine* containing Silvia's story. He feared that she, woman-like, might feel reluctant to send it at the last moment, so in order to be on the safe side he begged Mrs. Dewbury to forward it to him, at the same time asking her not to let Silvia

know of his request. He somehow felt that a great deal depended on that little story, and he awaited its arrival with feverish impatience.

The *Fenwick Magazine* was brought to John Denvers one mail day just as he was sitting down to tiffin in his bungalow at Calcutta.

The simple unaffected style of the girl's narrative, told tenderly and romantically, went straight to his heart. The blood rushed to his brain as he realised how she had taken her plot word for word from their own slender romance, how she had even named her hero and heroine after their own initials, and how the thread of the story faithfully followed its lead up to the time of John Denvers' departure from India.

John was crazy with joy when he had read the story. "She meant it for me, and has loved me ever since I left her." He cried gladly, "Oh! my sweet, brave darling, you were not ashamed to take the theme of our story; but why didn't you send it to me as you promised to do?" And then a sudden fear beset him. "Perhaps, since the writing of that story, she has fallen in love with some one else. Great heavens! how am I to know—to find out the truth? I can't remain in suspense for weeks; I must know at once." . . . Off he rushed

to the telegraph office, and wrote out a cable addressed to "Clarke, care of Dewbury, London." The message was laconic, but to the point. "Have just read story. Did you mean me, Silvia? If so, will you come out and marry me at once? Wire.—John."

Silvia was at her writing table thinking out some new plots, when, several hours afterwards, Mrs. Dewbury rushed into the room and thrust the telegram into her hand.

"There! What do you say to that?" cried Mrs. Dewbury triumphantly, and in high glee.

Silvia, flushing to the roots of her hair, hid her face in the motherly breast of her friend, and shed thankful, happy tears. "I can't believe it after only one meeting," she said between her ecstatic sobs; "does he really mean it?"

"Well, what do you suppose," answered Mrs. Dewbury, "you simpleton;



"OFF HE RUSHED TO THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE

do you think he would have cabled if he hadn't been serious? But don't lose a moment in answering, because you may be sure he is in a pretty fume of excitement."

"What shall I say?" said Silvia, sitting bolt upright and looking perplexed.

"Why simply say, 'Yes, I'm coming. Love.—Silvia,'" said Mrs. Dewbury in a matter-of-fact tone. "And now put that blessed writing away. It has served its purpose, anyway, but now you won't need to do another stroke, and if I were you I should turn my attention to my wardrobe."

And so the writing was put aside for a new life, a new world, a new kingdom, of which John Denvers was to be the supreme ruler, and Silvia Clarke, happy, radiant, and almost intoxicated with her new-found joy, prepared to go and join her future husband at Calcutta,

The Case for the Defence

BEING AN ATTEMPT TO THROW LIGHT UPON THE QUESTION OF THE PHYSICAL CAPACITIES OF WOMEN

WRITTEN BY A. DE BURGH. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

"A woman, a woman, there is no one who knows what a woman can do."—*Ibsen*.

THE nineteenth century has shown such progress in science, knowledge, and the practical appliance of the same to everyday life, that it stands far ahead of any other past century, and the strides made in every grade of society towards a higher standard are immense. Not of the least importance is the fact that at last that antiquated idea of superiority of men over women has been utterly refuted and destroyed as far as reasonable, logical, observing, and unbiased beings are concerned. It is impossible for men to-day to ignore the actual state of things, and if we find here and there men who are reluctant to admit stern facts, it can only be due to a childish and ignoble desire to suppress the truth with the obvious aim of keeping woman still their toy and slave.

Are we not all compelled to acknowledge that even in days when woman-kind was hardly considered fit to be allowed the most common educational advantages, there came forward from time to time women who must always stand as shining examples of all that was great minded, heroic, and beautiful in the truest sense of the word. We cannot peruse the history of any country without finding the pages filled with glorious deeds performed by women! Their genius could never be entirely suppressed however cruel and almost fiendish the means were employed to accomplish such an illogical and senseless task. Whatever the sphere we look into, there we find instances of their greatness, and the evidence of their equality with men is written clearly on the pages of history for those who have eyes to see.

And now, when at last we see equal facilities offered for the mental develop-

ment of both sexes, can any doubt be entertained, even in the heart of the most biased and narrow-minded individual, as to whether there rests any superiority or inferiority on a sexual basis.*

It is not our object to write a panegyric of womankind. Everyone is familiar with names of world-wide renown in every branch of science and art belonging to women, names which are ornaments of infinite value to the present century.

The question whether the mental capacities of womankind are lower than those of men has been decided negatively by such an overwhelming number of instances that we intend to touch it in future but slightly.

The purpose of our article is to disprove certain accepted assertions, viz.: that the physical condition of women, and those mental qualities chiefly associated with it, are so deficient as to make rare those admirable qualities of endurance, staunchness, and fearlessness which are especially considered attributes of the male sex.

To go back for a few instances into ancient history after referring briefly to the thousands of examples of undeniable heroism of the early Christian women, who so frequently encouraged wavering men, we select as two of many that of Læna, who in order not to disclose certain secrets under torture bit out her own tongue, and to whose heroic memory the statue of a tongueless lioness was erected at Athens, and

* Since the establishments of Girton and Newnham were opened for women students the former had 600 on their books, and out of this number 344 have obtained honours according to the Cambridge University standard. How does this compare with colleges for men?

Artemisia was consulted by the leaders of war, and her galley was the last to fly in at least one celebrated sea-fight.

The Latin language possessed the words *Equitissæ* and *Militissæ* (from *Equites* and *Milites*) which applied to women, recognising thereby that both sexes equally deserve the attributes of strength and swiftness. However, we see in history, that women among the Romans were thought worthy of enjoying public marks of respect for their bravery and endurance, being given special privileges and favours, and to particularise (owing to the great honour in which was held the mother of Marcus Coriolanus) the liberty of wearing the *segmenta aurea*, or borders of gold and purple on their garments, was permitted to the Roman matrons.

It is perhaps little known that there actually existed in the twelfth century an order of knighthood, a military order of women — "the feminine cavaliers" of the "Torch of Tortosa."

We will give a short history of the feminine valour which led to the institution of this noble order (resembling that of the Amazons of old, whose fame in arms is so generally known), and how some of that sex, having acquired honour and renown by their personal courage and valiant exploits, have had bestowed on them the privilege of living after the manner and in the esteem of knights.

Don Raymond, last Count of Barcelona, having in the year 1149 gained the

city of Tortosa from the Moors, they on the 31st of December following laid a new siege to that place, for the recovery of it. The inhabitants being at length reduced to great straits desired relief from the Count; he, however, being not in a position to give them any, they entertained some thoughts of surrendering. But the women hearing of it went out in men's clothes, and by a resolute and brave sally forced the Moors to raise the siege.



THE EX-QUEEN OF NAPLES

The Count, in consideration of the gallantry of this action, felt impelled to make a fit acknowledgment thereof by granting several privileges and immunities; and to perpetuate the memory of so signal an action, instituted an order somewhat like a military order, into which were admitted those brave women and their descendants. The order was called the Torch of Tortosa. He also ordained that at all public meetings the women should have precedence of the men, and gave them various other privileges.

These women, having thus acquired this honour by their personal valour, carried themselves after the manner of military knights.*

That education and custom of the present day still prevent women from developing fully their physical strength

* In the middle ages numberless women of spirit followed their husbands and lovers to the wars, in the guise of pages and squires, and also took part in the Crusades, thus figuring largely in the romantic pages of mediæval history.

and power is true; however, that they are capable of the same amount of endurance is undeniable.

The more modern instances of cases in which women served successfully in the army are by no means isolated, and some of these female soldiers have greatly distinguished themselves. As far back as 1745 we read of Hannah Snell, who, when deserted by her husband, joined an English regiment; and her biographer tells us that when, on account of some jealousy of the sergeant, she was tied to the Castle gate at Carlisle, and received (according to the brutal custom of those days) five hundred lashes, being beaten pretty nearly to death, she never uttered a cry. Later she joined the Marines, and went on foreign service. She is reported to have maintained her wonted intrepidity, and to have behaved as a hero. She received six shots in her right and five in her left leg before she abandoned her place in the front. These are only few of the many instances of her heroism and the strength with which she bore the great hardships of the warfare of that time.

The sisters Fering entered Dumouriez' army as privates in an Hussar regiment at the breaking out of the French Revolution. They shared in many of the French victories of the period. Their bravery in the field soon obtained them commissions. The younger was killed at the battle of Valmy (1792). One or them received a sword of

honour for her gallant conduct before the enemy. The surviving young lady married afterwards General Count de Guilleminot, who had served with great distinction under Napoleon I. It was this general's division that began the battle of Waterloo by the attack on our Guards at Hougoumont.

In Hart's "Annual Army List" for 1865 the name of James Barry, M.D., stands at the head of the list of Inspectors-General of Hospitals. In the same year (in July) the *Times* announced the death of Dr. Barry, and the next day it was officially reported to the Horse Guards that the doctor was a woman. It is remarkable that neither the landlady of her lodgings nor her black servant, who had been with her for years, had any suspicion of her sex. Dr. James Barry acted in her youth for some time as staff-surgeon at the Cape. Lord Charles Somerset, the then Governor (1819), described her as a most skilful physician, but somewhat eccentric.

She appeared then like a beardless lad of an unmistakably Scotch type of face, red hair, and high cheekbones. Her professional career extended over more than half a century. While at the Cape she fought a duel; she was of a very quarrelsome disposition, and frequently guilty of breaches of discipline, but her offences were always condoned at head-quarters.*



THE DUCHESS D'ALENÇON

* Earl of Albemarle's Memoirs.

Let these instances suffice on this point.

The young ex-Queen of Naples, when her husband's realm was attacked by Garibaldi's army, personally conducted the defence of the fortress of Gaeta, and was ever in front encouraging the soldiers and setting them a fine example of endurance and courage.

In mentioning the name of Grace Darling, we can surely recall deeds not surpassed by any man.

Is it not only a few years ago that we were called upon to admire the intrepidity and heroism of Mrs. Grimwood, after the traitorous murder of her husband in Manipur? *

What epics might we compose on the subject of the unselfish devotion to duty, of the unflinching courage, of nursing sisters and hospital nurses, be it whether when sacrificing themselves to the arduous and often dangerous service at the sick-bed, in the field of battle, or amongst the victims of an epidemic?

And how many are the occasions on which we have seen the highest ladies in the land visit the hospitals filled with those struck down by the most contagious diseases, like cholera, &c., in order to bring sympathy and comfort to the sufferers, never considering their own exposure to danger? †

Towards the end of the last century what a grand picture of dignity and calm endurance of atrocious injury is afforded us by the sight of an innocent Queen ascending the guillotine on the Place de la Concorde in Paris? What pluck and enthusiastic patriotism is displayed by young Charlotte Corday when she freed the earth of a monster in human form, willingly sacrificing her own life to this noble purpose!

Coming to the present time, we cannot do better than refer to the "Women's Roll of Honour," compiled and edited as a Jubilee exhibit by Mr. F. Donald MacKenzie, containing the names of no

fewer than 518 heroines of Great Britain of the Victorian era.

What may be the sum of heroines outside our own country is not in our power to even guess. We can only bring before our readers a very few brilliant instances. In looking back to one of the great dramas of the century—the execution of the Emperor Max of Mexico—we find the cruelly-deceived Prince at last forsaken by all except a woman—the Princess Felix of Salm-Salm,* who, to the very end, tried to effect his escape, which she would have successfully carried out on the eve of his death, risking her own life, had the Imperial prisoner not refused to avail himself of the opportunity offered, feeling that he could not forsake his two trusted Marshals, who awaited their execution with him, it being impossible to effect their escape also. Therefore the rising sun shone on the riddled bodies of the Emperor, Medjea, and Miramon.

What words could tell adequately the noble action of the late Duchesse d'Alençon, who perished in the terrible bazaar fire in Paris, refusing to attempt her own escape as long as her young friends remained in danger!

One of the most remarkable acts of gallantry ever performed was that of the Archduchess Marie Theresa, sister-in-law of the Austrian Emperor and step-mother to the heir to the throne. A fire broke out in a village close to her country residence, and she instantly insisted upon being driven to the scene of the conflagration. There she learned that in one of the burning houses a little child was imprisoned. Leaving her brougham, before anybody had time to prevent her, she dashed up the burning staircase, returning some few minutes later with the child practically unhurt in her arms. The brave Princess's hair was scorched and burnt and her hands were terribly injured, but she refused to receive medical aid until the doctor had thoroughly satisfied her that the little one was unhurt. The Central Association of Fire Brigades elected the Archduchess honorary captain.

The wife of Prince Waldemar of

* Prince Felix of Salm-Salm acted as Equerry to the Emperor.

* It was thought that she should receive the Victoria Cross.

† The Queen of Italy visited the cholera hospitals in Naples almost daily during the severe outbreak of the epidemic a few years ago; and the Empress of Austria did the same in Hungary. These are only a few of many authenticated instances.

Denmark also showed a short time ago extraordinary courage at a great fire in Copenhagen. She borrowed a fireman's helmet and tunic, and took a most prominent position in the rank of those who devoted themselves to the saving of life, always being in the most dangerous situation, and displaying a coolness and intrepidity which won the admiration of all who saw her.

We cannot but think that we have said enough to silence those who deny that heroism is an attribute belonging equally to both sexes. And we also maintain that we have refuted completely all those absurd assertions as to the physical deficiency of the gentler sex which are brought forward as arguments against the entire equality of the sexes. We entertain no doubt at all that, given opportunities and training absolutely equal, women would soon rival men in their physical powers when in normal health.

Let us look at some of the devotees of sport of our day. On the cycle women have shown themselves in every respect equal to their so-called stronger brethren. On horseback the instances of great feats carried out by lady riders are of world-wide renown. In shooting* and fishing† they outdo average men wherever they take up the sport. As sailors we see yachswomen in the front rank; The late Lady Brassey could manage her yacht, the "Sunbeam," as a master, and only a few months ago did Lady Ernestine Brudenell-Bruce, eldest daughter of the present Marquis of Aylesbury, apply to the Board of Trade

* The Prince of Wales, Lord Walsingham, and Lord de Grey are often described as our best small game shots. It is questionable whether they will not before long have a formidable rival as far as rabbits, hares, and rocketing pheasants are concerned, in the person of one of the most graceful ladies of the land—the Duchess of Bedford. She shoots, not only with nerve and precision, but also with great care, &c.—*Daily Press*.

† The Duchess of Fife is one of the most successful fly-fishers in Scotland.



PRINCESS WALDEMAR OF DENMARK

From Photo by E. HOHLENBERG

at Liverpool for leave to undergo the customary examination for a yacht-master's certificate, so that she might hold the proper qualification to command her own yacht. Has not the late Czar of Russia appointed the Queen of Greece an honorary admiral of his fleet in recognition of her knowledge of seamanship? In short, women succeed and come to the front in all they undertake, whether of work or play, and this in spite of the many impediments placed in their way.*

Regarding the steady march of the Women's Rights movement, we find that it started in the United States, where, in 1871, Mrs. Woodhull fought a battle for her sex. She "stood" for the Presidency, and received enough votes

* Lady Samuel Baker's adventures on the Nile are well known, and Miss Kingsley has just returned from a most dangerous and hazardous journey in Africa.

to show that there was a formidable and earnest movement in favour of equal rights. What enormous changes are visible to-day in comparing those times with the present! The Universities have been thrown open almost universally to men and women equally, and amongst the best known physicians there are many women.* We cannot pass by a widely known and successful woman-pastor in America, the Rev. Caroline Bartlett-Crane of the People's Church of Kalamazoo, Michigan. As a representative Western woman, and as the embodiment of all womanly virtues, Mrs. Bartlett-Crane holds a warm place in the hearts of the people. When quite young she entered the field of journalism, and claims to have gained her theological training in newspaper work. She studied a short year theology under her pastor in Minneapolis, and was immediately called to the pastorate of a church in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, from whence she removed to her present charge, where she has achieved unprecedented success.

From China we are informed that Li-Hung-Chang has appointed a native woman as his chief physician, namely Miss Hu-King-Eng, M.D., who has graduated from an American medical

* It is an interesting fact that the Queen of Portugal has studied medicine and taken the degree of M.D.

college (The Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia), where she captured several prizes. She is highly esteemed in her own country, even by those so much opposed to women's emancipation. She will be the only delegate from China to the Women's Medical Congress to be held in London next June.

In speaking of the near and far East, we may mention that a very wrong impression exists as to the rights and privileges of the fair sex in those distant parts. It may perhaps astonish our readers when we state that the rights of women are in some respects and localities more fully acknowledged there than in the Western countries, which boast so much of their high state of civilisation, but nevertheless retain laws in their statute books which are illogical, unjust, and markedly one-sided. The Turkish woman, for instance, is competent to manage her

property, and dispose of one-third of her fortune as soon as she is married (at the age of nine she is considered marriageable). The law allows her to abandon her husband's house for just cause, and will protect her in so doing.

Mrs. Ernest Hart, in "Picturesque Burmah, Past and Present," writes:—"Women in Burmah are probably freer and happier than they are anywhere else in the world. Women have there achieved for themselves, and have been



MRS. WOODHULL MARTIN

From Photo by ELLIOTT & FRY



THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL

From Photo by REUTLINGER

permitted by the men to attain, a freedom of life and action that has no parallel among Oriental people. The secret lies, perhaps, in the fact that the Burmese woman is active and industrious, while the Burmese man is indolent, and often a recluse. Becoming therefore, both by taste and habit, the money-earner, the bargainer, and the financier of the household, she has asserted and obtained for herself the right to hold what she wins, and the respect due to one who can and does direct and control. Things are strangely reversed in Burmah, for here we see the man as the religious soul of the nation and woman its brain. Burmese women are born traders, and it is more often the wife than the husband who drives the bargain with the English buyer for the paddy harvest, or, at any rate, she is present on the occasion and helps her easy-going husband to stand firm. So

highly is trading esteemed that a daughter of well-to-do parents, and even a young married woman, will set up a booth in the bazaar, &c., and will push a brisk trade all through the short and sunny day. The earnings thus made are the woman's own, and cannot be touched by her husband. English officials told me that contracts for army forage and for timber were often made with women traders, and that they well understood the art of 'holding up the market.'"

But to return to our own islands and to the continent of Europe, and to turn over the pages of modern history, again we are confronted by facts proving the strong capacities of women to fill every position, be it the most exalted, the most difficult, the most exposed to danger. Is the long and glorious reign of our beloved Sovereign not a proof of our statement? Has the Queen-Regent of

Spain not maintained a most arduous position by her great and wonderful tact and her high spirit? Has there ever been one accusation launched against the Queen-Mother of Holland? Does history contain more illustrious names than that of Queen Elizabeth, or nobler than that of the Empress Maria Theresa?

The power of women as helpers, counsellors, and advisers has again and again been demonstrated.

Napoleon I. was obliged to confess himself afraid of a woman, the daughter of one of his ministers, M. Necker, Madame de Staël. Her power of speech, her spirit, her wit, her intrepid candour compelled the world's conqueror to take measures both drastic and base to free himself from her.

But to compile a catalogue of instances of various kinds to show that there is no difference in the clay of which both men and women are composed, would take unlimited time and patience, and surely no more is needed to show that any assertion to the contrary comes from the mouth of those who, although calling themselves observers, are entirely carried away by inherited bias, and allow the wish to be father to the conviction. There is not one profession in which women have not at least reached the standard of men, and this in spite of the odious preachings against them of fanatics, and the prejudices difficult to comprehend, which have prevailed for so long a time against the recognition of equality of the sexes.



MADAME DE STAËL

From Photo by E. LINDE & Co.

cinna
and
transi
Th
level,
clean
siden
appea
Th
dedic



VIEW LOOKING NORTH

Indianapolis: The Most Beautiful Inland City in America

WRITTEN BY CHARLES TEST DALTON

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY VAN TREES,
PHOTOGRAPHER, INDIANAPOLIS,

INDIANAPOLIS, the capital of Indiana, is situated in the centre of the State, and is almost the same distance from Louisville (Kentucky), Cincinnati (Ohio), St. Louis (Missouri), and Chicago (Illinois), thus gathering transient trade from all of these cities.

The land in and about the city is very level, the streets are asphalt, wide and clean, the trees are abundant, the residences handsome, and the general appearance imposing.

The Soldiers' and Sailors' monument, dedicated to the heroes of Indiana, is the

finest structure of the kind in America; as a monument it is a work of art, and only exceeded in height by the Washington monument, while the grandeur of its appearance gives one the impression of an European city.

The State Library is artistic on account of the simple and pure style of architecture, while Christ Church, adjacent to it, rises gracefully upwards.

Meridian Street, the most fashionable residential portion of the city, is lined on both sides for several miles with handsome residences forming an agreeable picture to the eye.

THE LUDGATE

The State House, more properly called the Capitol, of Indiana is a large, magnificent structure, and the view from the canal reminds one strangely of the outline of St. Paul's. Another public building of importance is the Blind Asylum, which stands to-day as an admirable example of the Colonial

Aside from the beauty of the capital of Indiana, she has furnished her score of well-known men—William Henry Harrison, Gen. Lew Wallace, James Whitcomb Riley, Oliver P. Morton, and the Hon. Benjamin Harrison.

In the early days the representatives in Congress were often placed in curious



SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT

architecture so well known in Virginia and Massachusetts.

The view of part of the grounds of a country villa gives one an idea of the natural rugged scenery, perhaps not so soft and graceful as the English cultivation of centuries, but impressive by its grandeur and wild aspect.

positions on account of the ignorance of the masses at that time. It is said that the Hon. David Wallace, afterwards Governor of Indiana, while in Congress gave his vote to an important affair of the day, and this vote lost him a seat in Congress for the second term. It was the Morse Telegraph Bill. Congress

wished to appropriate 30,000 dollars for a trial of this telegraph, and Wallace was in favour of it. When his constituents heard of the affair they were decidedly angered, for they considered that such an idea was childish, and scorned to take his view of the matter.

"What," they said, "talk to one another across a wire? You might as well hang a durn rope between two poles and then talk!"

When the result was satisfactory they changed their opinion, and the father of Lew Wallace became Governor on account of his foresightedness.

The stand of Indiana in regard to slavery is an example of conviction which will be remembered for years.

The most infamous conspiracy to steal and convey into slavery a free man of which we have ever heard was attempted in Indiana; for unprecedented audacity it is unequalled, but by perseverance it was defeated.

Pleasant E. Ellington, a slave-holder of Missouri, in the early part of June, 1853, came to Indianapolis and claimed that John Freeman, a man highly esteemed in his community, was his slave who had escaped from him when he was living in Kentucky. John Robinson, the marshal, arrested Freeman and threw him into jail. The friends of Freeman employed the firm of Barbour, Ketcham and Coburn, to defend him. Mr. Coburn went to Kentucky and met many people who knew Ellington and his runaway slave; but when Freeman was described to them they said that he was not the slave who had escaped from Ellington, and that a Methodist preacher named Adams had seen the real runaway slave somewhere in Ohio. Coburn found out that the daughter of the preacher lived near by in the mountains, and from her he learned that her father was at that time living in Jackson City, Ohio.

By stage and river—a long journey in the fifties—Coburn at last arrived at Jackson, Ohio, and met Mr. Adams, the clergyman.

He found that the real slave had escaped from Ellington and fled to Salem, Ohio, where he had lived a few years; then Ellington traced him up, and had him arrested, but the slave had

been rescued by his friends, and had escaped to Canada.

Mr. Coburn then went to Salem, and likewise met people who had known the slave there, and he saw a letter which the slave had written from Canada to his friends in Salem. Returning to Indianapolis, Coburn offered to take the opposing counsel to Canada and satisfy them that the slave of Ellington was living there and out of all danger from his master; if he failed, he offered to pay all expenses, but if he succeeded, Ellington was to pay them. The offer was refused.

Finally, a writ of *habeas corpus* was issued, and the trial began. The attendance was so large that the case was moved from the Court-house to the Hall of Representatives in the Capitol. Outside, the streets were crowded with armed men needing but small encouragement to form an infuriated mob. For three days the trial continued, and the arguments were concluded, when there occurred one of the most remarkable scenes ever witnessed in a court of justice, a scene which will never be forgotten, and which made the name of slavery a curse, and strengthened the cause of Lincoln.

Probably the best record of this scene, and one which, from its rarity and obscurity, has not been used, is to be found in the old files of the *St. Lawrence Plaindealer* of 1853:—

"During the latter part of the argument, there was sitting in the Court-room Joseph P. Marshall (or Joe Marshall, as he was called) of Madison, one of the Marshall family of Kentucky, noted for their eloquence. He was not engaged in the case, but had come upon other business, and he had seemingly taken no interest in what was going on around him, but had sat with his head bowed upon a desk in front of him. This was a habit with him, and his listless, abstracted manner, when thus occupied, contrasted with his vehement eloquence when speaking, had given him the name of the 'Sleeping Lion.' He was thus sitting when Judge Majors began delivering his opinion. He said: 'How can I presume that any coloured man is free?'

"Marshall's frame began to tremble,



VIEW IN THE MERIDIAN STREET

as if stirred by some emotion. The Court paused and then slowly repeated: 'How can I, in view of the Constitution and the laws, presume that any coloured man is free?' At this Marshall's hands were seen to grasp the sides of the desk in front of him, and with his body shaking like an aspen leaf he pushed himself upward until he towered in front of the Judge, his broad Scotch-Irish face all aglow, and with his eyes flashing out indignant flame he thundered out: 'I will answer that question!'

"Then without a moment's pause, the Court being too astonished at the interruption to interfere, he launched out into a torrent of logic and eloquence. He claimed that it was a fundamental question, going back to the foundation of the Government; it was in fact the first principle upon which it was founded. It was essential to State sovereignty. He showed that under the Constitution and the laws the presumption was that every man, made in the image of his Maker, was free until the contrary was

established, and that slavery could only be established by positive proof. He contended that the writ of *habeas corpus* had not been suspended by the Fugitive Slave law, that it was an inalienable right of every citizen, white or black, bond or free. The State, he said, was not bound to give up a person to bondage until she knew whether he was a slave or not.

"In this case slavery was denied, and there was no power in the world that had a right to determine the question, but the sovereign State of Indiana to whom the man belonged.

"The words leaped from his mouth like hot shot from a cannon's muzzle, and he piled up his citations of law and precedents one after another, and closed with a tremendous appeal for the downtrodden and the oppressed, and for the rights of man.

"His voice, peculiar at all times, was more peculiar under the intensity of the passions which swayed him, and in its keen piercing treble seemed to cut into the very marrow of his listeners, and

when
upon
system
score
like
and
hurrie
form
stand
trified
his se
one c
ever l
the b
opini
not e
had b
impas
listen
hush
with
had
Again
rent t
Bu

when he turned and hurled his invectives upon the slave-hunters, and the whole system of human bondage, it seemed to scorch and burn. His eloquence was like a torrent, his logic like an avalanche, and his invective like a devastating hurricane. For an hour he spoke, his form swaying to and fro, his long hair standing out from his head as if electrified. When he stopped and sank into his seat, for a while it seemed as if no one could breathe. No such scene had ever before been witnessed. A Judge on the bench, in the act of delivering his opinion, had been interrupted by one not engaged in the case, and for an hour had been compelled by the very force of impassioned eloquence of the speaker to listen. For a moment or two all was hushed as death, then the room shook with the shouts of the people. They had found a champion of their rights. Again, and again, and again, the shouts rent the air"

But this pleading was in vain, and

Freeman was again placed in jail pending his next trial.

Mr. Coburn now travelled to Colchester, in Canada, to see the real fugitive slave, and having satisfied himself as to his identity, he returned to Kentucky, and took back to Canada with him Captain Nicholas, and one Squire Mead, who was a relative of Ellington's.

Both of these men were slave-holders, but well known, and bearing irreproachable characters, and they identified the fugitive, who in no way resembled Freeman.

One was short, bow-legged, and black, while the other was tall and light, proving conclusively that this was not a case of mistaken identity but an outrageous attempt to steal a free man and make a slave of him. Coburn and his witnesses returned to Indianapolis and issued a warrant to arrest Ellington for conspiracy and perjury, but unfortunately he made his escape to



GROUPS OF A COUNTRY VILLA

Missouri, dying several years after this event. Freeman was released and the plot was foiled.

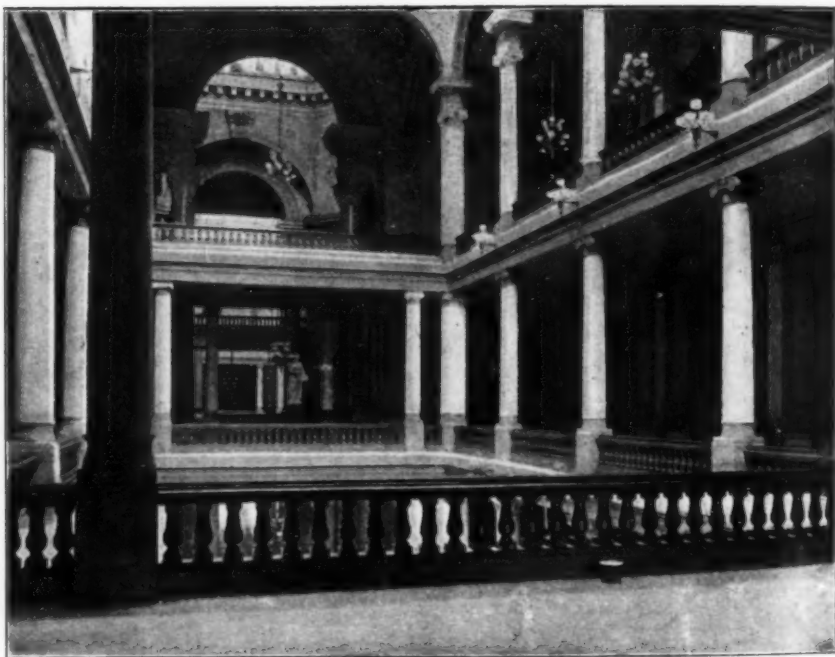
This is only one of the many deeds contributed by Indiana to the honour and growth of the Commonwealth. To consider her full contributions one would need to review the history of the whole country of which she is but a component part, and that Indianapolis is the most beautiful inland city in America is so obvious a fact that there is no room for denial.

as follows :—" Mr. Ray, the self-offered candidate for Governor, has been elected to the office he solicited by the people of the State."

Unfortunately, the Governorship at this time was more of an honour than a lucrative office, and, as no opponent appeared, Mr. Ray was unanimously elected.

This same Mr. Ray was decidedly peculiar in his ideas, as will be seen by a portion of his inauguration speech.

A speech of inauguration is com-



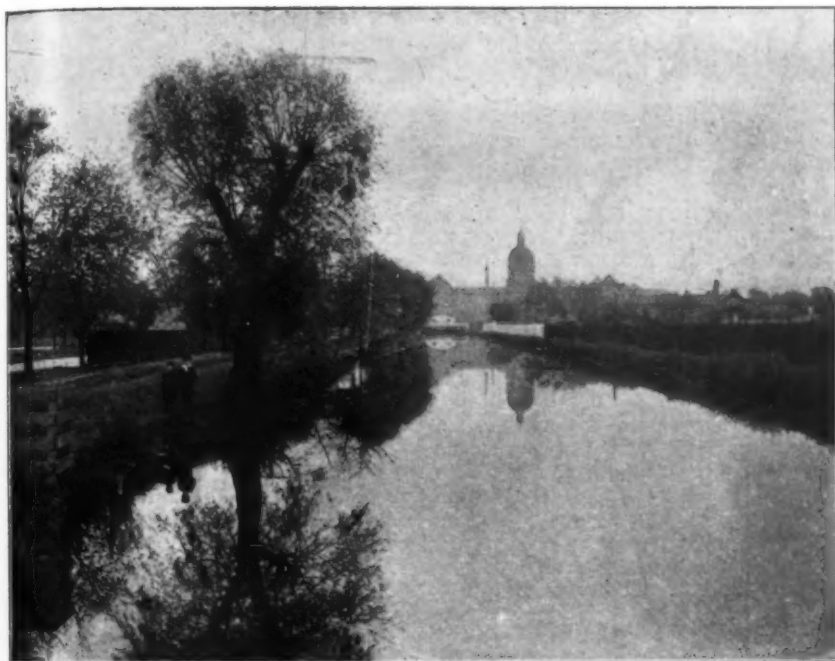
INTERIOR OF THE STATE HOUSE

Turning from the beauties of Indianapolis, of which the illustrations give a far better idea than any description can convey to the eye, let us glance back a moment to one or two peculiar points in Indiana history.

It is customary to elect the Governor of the State by public ballot. In the year 1825 a peculiar exception was made to this rule, of which affair *Nile's Register*, September 10th, 1825, speaks

monly supposed to be a very serious, practical speech, and such, we conceive, it should be; but Mr. Ray, in his sublime egotism, deems this an occasion to display his poor wit, and, as a relic of the early days, it is of interest. The quotation is from the *Olive Branch*, of Danville, Kentucky, in the early twenties, and Mr. Ray is speaking of the accusations his enemies bring against him :—" Only think, fellow-citizens, they have

had t
to the
appro
or of
that i
I visi
of re
being
able
on t
aroun
house
decla
jure
I spit
side
serva
gaze
box,
take
I'll s
can
thou
now,
and



VIEW FROM CANAL LOOKING TOWARDS THE STATE HOUSE

had the temerity to assert and publish to the world that I was ignorant of the appropriate function either of a carpet or of a spit-box. I have been informed that it has been asserted that at the time I visited Jeffersonville for the purpose of receiving General La Fayette, on being invited into the house of a respectable citizen, and seeing a carpet spread on the floor, I insisted on walking around it, and when the owner of the house pressed me to walk over it, I declared I would not for the world injure his quilt by treading on it, and that I spit my tobacco-juice on the floor outside of the carpet, and when a negro servant stared at me, kept fixing his gaze first on me and then on the spit-box, that I sang out, 'You black rascal, take that box away, or by the powers I'll spit in it!' Now, fellow-citizens, I can assure you that this is untrue; that, though I was roughly raised, I know now, and knew then, what was a carpet and what was a spit-box."

Indiana is known as the Hoosier State, and there are many conjectures as to the origin of this name; but they are worthless, unless supported by substantial proof. Nearly sixty years ago *The Pittsburgh Statesman* answered this question in a satisfactory manner:—"The good citizens of our sister State (Indiana) have been called Hoosiers for some time past at home and abroad; sometimes honourably and sometimes the reverse. As the term has become general it is high time that its origin and definition should be as generally known. Before that section of the public lands was surveyed, many families located and were called squatters. The surveyors, on finding one of these, would ask, 'Who's here?' and place the name on their map. The question became so familiar that on the first view of the smoke of a cabin the exclamation of another, 'Who's here?' became equally so, until it eventuated in the general term 'Hoosier.'"

In speaking of the history of Indiana it will not be amiss to state a few facts in regard to the State Library of Indiana, which is situated in the capital, and is supposed to contain that which is best upon the early history of the State. The books are poorly arranged, therefore hardly accessible for use, and by moving and negligence many have been lost.

Political intrigue has placed a few people in charge of the library who have no regard for the monuments of the past of Indiana, and who have not sufficient intelligence to appreciate what they have lost and are continually losing, day by day. Their ignorance of Indiana history is something remarkable, and is only exceeded by their apathy in doing nothing to increase this knowledge. A lamentable, but a true, fact is that no autograph of J. B. Dillon, the historian of Indiana, is in the library. He was the man who wrote the only history of the State, and to whom the reflected glory of Dunn is but as a candle to the luminous light which Dillon has shed on the name of Indiana.

The most valuable collection of portraits in Indiana are hung about the walls of her State Library, they are paintings of her Governors. The portrait of Governor David Wallace has a peculiar story connected with it. Years ago, when the set was still incomplete, a competition-list was opened for a painting of David Wallace. Among the many paintings submitted by artists, one far excelled in trueness and in expression. Under no conditions would the artist disclose his name. This picture was accepted, and it was afterwards discovered that the son had painted the father, for the artist was Lew Wallace, the well-known author of "Ben Hur." This painting is undoubtedly his masterpiece.

Indiana, besides her contribution to history, may rightly lay claim to an

old city famous in its early days, for Vincennes is the oldest city, except Philadelphia, in America, and many quaint relics of the past are still found here.

Before Indianapolis was made the capital of the State, a little place called Corydon was the seat of government.

At Corydon, in the year 1816, the first Legislature of Indiana met, and of all names in history the founders' are the most important. The salaries paid to these men, when compared to the amount paid to holders of these offices to-day, seem very ludicrous. The officers elected for the new State of Indiana were—Jonathan Jennings (Governor), \$1,000 per annum; Christopher Harrison (Lieutenant-Governor), Robert A. Neu (Secretary of State), each received \$400; William H. Lilly (Auditor of State), Thomas C. Lane (Treasurer of State), \$400; Isaac Blackford (Speaker of the House of Representatives), Jesse R. Holman, James Scott, and John Johnson (Judges' Supreme Court of Indiana), \$700 each.

Benjamin Parke, afterwards resigning in favour of William Prince, was appointed Circuit Judge of the first district of Indiana, for the second district David Raymond, and the Judge of the third district was John Test.

In 1821 Indianapolis was selected as the capital of Indiana. At that time the population of the whole State was only 147,102. Considering that this was only seventy-seven years ago, and that to-day the census of Indianapolis alone exceeds this number, it is truly a marvellous growth.

This was the beginning of Indiana, and since then advancing Civilisation, with her nimble-fingered friend, Commerce, has built up the beautiful city of Indianapolis, which, from its culture and refinement, may well be designated the City of Clubs.



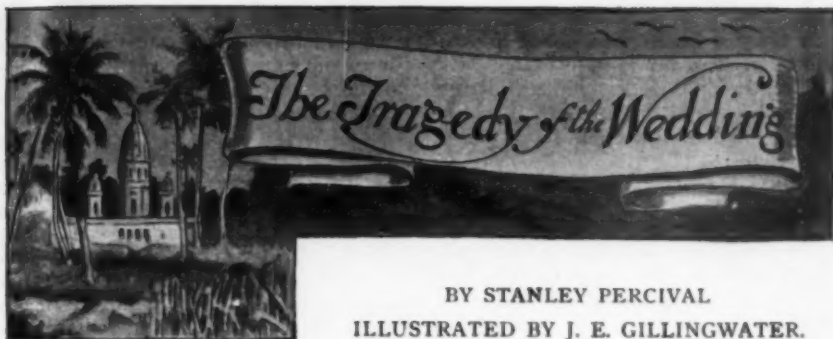
AUTHOR

to me
hast s
thy u
not p
not
hands
the T

The
Indian
garment
piece
its fol
"I
secret
now v
great
open i
is for
not th
he has
trust l
thee."

Her
docum
and s
voice:
"I

VOL. V



BY STANLEY PERCIVAL
ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. GILLINGWATER.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—The main incidents narrated in this story are based on scientific investigations, and apparent improbabilities do but portend what might be accomplished by an intellectual and unscrupulous man, who sought to commit crimes with the aid of Hypnotism.

I.
NAY, Sahib, thy medicine availleth naught; my time is at hand. Even now can I hear the voices calling to me. Ever hast thou been to me as a father and mother. Thou hast shown naught but kindness to me, thy unworthy servant. Sahib! I am not poor as thou thinkest. Nay, smile not! Ere I go, I would leave in thy hands the key of the hidden treasure of the Temple of Sūrya."

The bony, withered hand of the old Indian woman, wandered over her loose garment and nervously clutched a small piece of parchment, concealed within its folds.

"I have neither kith nor kin, and the secret would have died with me, but now will I show my gratitude for thy great goodness. Quick, Sahib, quick! open it, that I may read. This treasure is for you alone, Sahib Makyne. Trust not thy friend, the Sahib Belmont, for he has the eye of evil. And if thou dost trust him, surely then will harm befall thee."

Her eyes wandered over the yellow document which Makyne had unfolded, and she translated in a low, broken voice:—

"In the Temple of Sūrya, in the

plain of Seebpore, when the Queen of Night trailed her sable robes across the face of Varuna, the treasure of the Sonārs was offered. Within the sweep of the arm is it hidden, guarded by the Sign of the Star."

"Sahib—I am going—trust him not. I have spoken true talk—it is dark."

The eyelids closed, and her breath came in quick, short gasps, and, ere the next few minutes had passed, the old native woman, Nana, had crossed the "threshold of the world."

"Sorry she's gone," murmured Makyne; "I knew she couldn't last very long, when I saw her. Rather curious, this yarn of hers." And he looked at the parchment with its faded characters. "I can't read it. I'll show it to Belmont, he's rather keen on this sort of thing. Wonder if there's anything in it."

"This is curious," said Belmont, a couple of hours later, as he sat examining the document. "It's very old, in fact, I can hardly make it out. Now let's see," and he commenced reading word by word, translating into English as he proceeded.

"In the Temple of Sūrya'—that's the Hindu Sun God, one of the Navagrahāh, their planet gods—in the plain of Seeb-

pore'—that's probably outside the town of Seebpore, which lies about fifteen miles N.N.W. from here.

"The next phrase is evidently their way of meaning the moon, and 'the sable robes across Varuna's face' might be the shadows passing over an idol."

"Who the deuce was Varuna?" interrupted Makyne.

"That's the God of the Ocean, and probably there's an idol of the old chap in this temple."

"You seem to know all about it. But go on."

"Well, what I make out of the rest of it, is, that some treasure was hidden by the Sonārs—they were goldsmiths, you know—but what the 'sweep of the arm' or the 'Sign of the Star' may be, we can't possibly guess until we see the place; but I should think it indicates the actual spot where the treasure was hidden. Anyhow we'll follow it up. I shouldn't be at all surprised if it's genuine. These old Hindus believed in offerings to their gods, and this one may have taken the form of jewels and gold, or something of that sort. I certainly propose that we go in search. What do you say?"

"Oh," laughed Makyne, "I'm game for a few days in the country, but as for making any wonderful discovery, I don't place much reliance on *that*."

"Right. Then we'll go. By the bye, its yours of course, I've nothing to do with it; but I'm a bit hard up, as you know, and if you *do* strike it rich, you might lend me a bit to go on with."

"If we do find anything, we'll go halves, of course," said Makyne promptly.

"Halves!" repeated Belmont, "that's awfully good of you, old man, but we'll find it first, and—then we can settle the division."

A hard look passed over his face, as a sudden thought came to his mind, and he strolled on to the verandah, and, settling himself in a lounge chair, lit his pipe.

"No, it's not enough," he said to himself, "not enough. I must have money, aye, and plenty of it, too. If there's anything in this old hag's tale, it'll take more than a simple fool like Makyne to keep me from getting it. Since the wife died, I've been going the

pace pretty smart, and it'll be eternal smash if I don't ease up a bit. But there, she's dead now, and I've only my boy Arthur to think about, and by God, for his sake, I'd go to any ends—yes, any ends. How I hate that Makyne, he's always lucky. If I get hold of this money—and if it's there, I'm going to have it—I shall go over to the old country, and look after the youngster. I must get it, even if —" but the remainder of the sentence was left unfinished. He sat motionless. His hands were tightly clenched and the hard lines on his face assumed an expression of fierce determination.

On the morning of the expedition, Belmont was moody and preoccupied, replying only in monosyllables to Makyne's remarks.

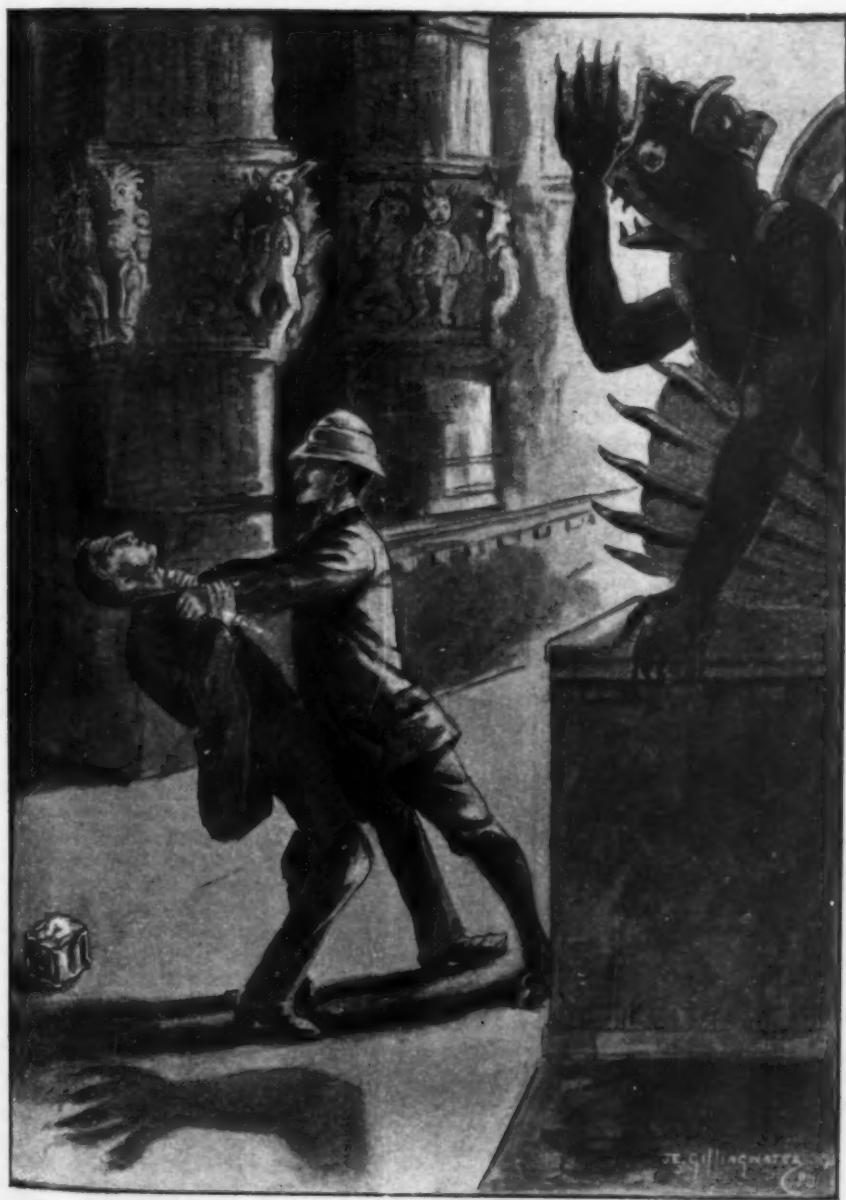
Towards evening they arrived at the ruined temple, and, too tired to commence exploring at once, threw themselves on the grass, and enjoyed a quite pipe.

They smoked for some time in silence. Miles away from the haunts of man, with the stillness of an Indian night coming on, the weird fantasies which wove themselves around the old ruin, seemed to Makyne to ring out, as a ghostly warning, Nana's last words, "Trust him not! Trust him not!" The words rang through his mind again and again, with such persistent reiteration, that at length it appeared to him as if Nana's spirit were hovering overhead in the rapidly approaching darkness. He tried to put the fancy away, but still it clung to him. At last he roused himself with an effort, and walked to the entrance of the temple. As he did so, the first faint streaks of the moon's pale light became visible, and Belmont exclaimed,

"At last she's come! We shall have enough light to work by directly."

The two men entered the temple, and Belmont, with his intimate knowledge of idols, soon discovered the one he sought.

"Here we are, here's Varuna, this with an arm raised, and by all that's holy we've struck it! I tell you, we've struck it! Here—look here," and he dragged his companion to the front of the idol. "Here's the shadow of the arm, and as



"WITH A SAVAGE CRY, BELMONT SPRANG AT HIS COMPANION"

the moon climbs higher and westward, it will move across the floor. 'The sweep of the arm,' see? It ought to fall in this direction, look out for anything like a star, within ten feet or so. Somewhere about here."

He was excited and flung himself on his hands and knees, minutely examining the rough floor, partly overgrown with grass and weeds, Makyne assisting, but still not thinking much of their prospect of securing anything of any value. After a long search they discovered a small slab in the shape of a star, let into the pavement.

"Got it!" shouted Belmont.

"Perhaps," returned Makyne; "wait until we see what's underneath, before we shout."

They removed the stone, and found a ring of iron, let into another and larger slab. They set to work with a will, Makyne's interest now thoroughly aroused, and after digging away the earth and stones, they managed to lift it away. Underneath was a rude cell, containing a curiously carved box or casket, with hinges and lock of pure gold.

"Well, I'm damned!" said Makyne.

"So am I," returned Belmont laconically.

They forced open the lid, and there, carefully wrapped in pieces of the finest silk, were jewels and precious stones of priceless value.

"Good luck!" said Makyne; "half of that little lot for each of us will make us rich men." He turned to place the casket on a marble ledge at his side, preparatory to replacing the slab.

With a savage cry, Belmont sprang at his companion, and gripped him by the throat.

"You'll give me half, will you?" he hissed. "But I'll have the lot."

Makyne struggled to free himself, but the grasp on his throat tightened, his eyes started from his head, his face became livid, until at last, with a frantic effort, he wrenched himself free.

He was too exhausted to offer further resistance, and Belmont, with an oath, drew a knife, and plunged it in Makyne's breast, who fell forward, gasping, "Nana was right, she warned me—Ah-h!" And he too, "crossed the threshold."

II.

Dr. Camro Makyne sat in his study at his house in Harley Street. In front of him was spread a collection of old newspaper cuttings, memoranda, and letters.

He turned them over, reading a line here and there, and, pausing over a slip from an Indian paper dated June 17th, 1864, he re-read the faded type:

"The body of Mr. John Makyne was found yesterday by some natives, lying in the ruined temple of Sūrya, on the plain of Seebpore. The unfortunate man had a severe knife wound in the left breast. No motive can be assigned for the crime. Mr. Makyne's personal property appearing to have been untouched. A small carved box was found close to the body, but whether it belonged to the victim, or was left by his murderer, it is not possible to determine. It has been suggested that Mr. Makyne had been decoyed by some means to the place by a native who stabbed him for the sake of what money and jewellery the deceased was carrying at the time, but who, alarmed immediately after striking the fatal blow, fled without securing his booty."

"Possibly," murmured the Doctor, "but they don't mention the fact that his friend, Belmont, went with him to the temple, and what they went there for. The poor old dad entered that in his diary the night before they started, and lucky it was he did so, and that his papers were sent home undisturbed, otherwise I might never have had a clue to work upon."

"I've been upon Belmont's track ever since I unearthed that entry. Strange that it escaped the notice of the authorities at the time. But now I think I've brought affairs to a climax. For the sake of clearness let me tabulate the data I have secured up to the present."

He jotted down a brief *résumé* of the various papers that lay before him.

"June 16th, 1864. J. M. murdered by party unknown, in Temple of Sūrya at Seebpore. Personal property untouched."

"Entry in J. M.'s diary, June 14th, to the effect that he and friend, Fred. Belmont, had become possessed of secret information regarding jewels hidden in a

temple, and that they proposed to take a week's leave, with the intention of searching, and, if found, sharing treasure equally.

"Then comes a gap of nearly four years, till I finished with the hospital work, and had time to look round me. Then we go on:—

"Traced out movements of F. B. at time of murder. Found through agents that he had left district some time during the autumn of '64. Nothing known of his movements."

"Let's see, next comes this cutting from a local paper in the North of England, Aug. 3rd, '84:—

"It is with great regret' . . . H'm, we'll skip all the conventional editorial lies . . . death of Mr. Frederic R. Belmont, late of India, who passed away after a lingering illness . . . His son, Mr. Arthur Belmont, inherits the whole of his father's fortune."

"A. B. leaves England shortly after father's death, for tour through the U.S."

"And I should have had him at New York, if my agents hadn't made fools of themselves, and let him slip through their fingers."

"That brings me up to the present moment," and he took up and glanced over a note he had that morning received from one of his confidential agents:—

"Mr. Arthur Belmont, living at 'The Chase,' Kneston, near Leicester. Father been in India, been dead some years. Son has good position in county. Has money. Am returning by first train to-morrow, and will give further details."

"Good man, Collins,"

said the Doctor. "He has the makings of an excellent detective in him. He ought to be here by now if he came by that train. I'll give him half-an-hour longer."

He lit a cigar, and sat musing over the papers, until the page announced that Mr. Collins wished to see him.

"Show him in. Well, Collins," the Doctor went on, as a neat, dapper little man entered the room. "I have your letter; what else have you to report, and how did you gather your information?"

"Went down as a stable-help, out of a job, Sir, and hung about the stables of



"'I HAVE YOUR LETTER, WHAT ELSE HAVE YOU TO REPORT?'"

'The Chase,' doing odd jobs, and chatting to the men. Groom told me as how his master was coming up to town at the end of the month, but he didn't know where he was going to stay. So I loafed about for a few days, and came across Mr. Belmont's personal servant doing the grand one night, at a free and easy in the village pub. He wasn't above being treated by me though, but he was very close about his master's affairs at first, until I got him on a bit, and then he told me all I wanted to know.

"He said Mr. Belmont was coming up to town to be married to the Hon. Miss Shafton. Was going to stay at the Seeton Hotel until the wedding. Found out the names of several people Mr. Belmont knows in London—one of them's Major Dennis in Jermyn Street, where I've often been to take messages for you, Sir."

"Ah, yes, I remember," replied the Doctor. "Go on."

"I saw Mr. Belmont himself once, Sir," continued Collins. "He came into the stables one day when I was helping. He's a thin, fair-haired man of about forty, I should say. Light moustache, and looks delicate. That's all I could find out, Sir. I stayed there a week, and got back to town this morning."

"All right, Collins, you seem to have got all the particulars you could, but it's a matter of no consequence. I don't think it's the man I want, after all. That's all just now; I'll let you know when I want you again."

"Now," he said to himself, after the man had quitted the room. "It's just possible that this Arthur Belmont is the son of the man who murdered my father. It's probable he doesn't know anything of it himself, or how his father became suddenly rich. He must have been a child of barely ten, at the time Belmont, senior, came home directly after securing the jewels, thinking that the only two people in the world who knew of their existence were dead. Any tale he chose to concoct of having made a fortune would naturally be believed. Probably he gave liberally to the local charities, and was a 'pillar' of the particular church or chapel which he favoured

with his patronage. That generally whitewashes a man, and makes people believe in him, whatever his past may have been.

"That's all perfectly clear, so far. I'd better see Major Dennis. He's a gossip sort of fool, and I ought to get any further information I may want out of him, together with an introduction to this Arthur Belmont, and we'll see him, and make sure of the facts. And if he is the man who has had the use of the money which ought to have come to me, and the son of my father's murderer—well—God help him, that's all."

The man who was so interested in Arthur Belmont's history was a dark, keen looking man of about forty-four. More than twenty years before he had been left an orphan, with barely sufficient means to complete his education and to enable him to take his doctor's degree. As a youth he had been looked upon by his fellow-students as "Deuced clever, but infernally hard up, don't 'cher know!" And when, shortly after passing his final, he announced his intention of setting up as a fashionable doctor in the West End, their astonishment as to how he had procured the necessary capital was naturally great.

He explained that he had unexpectedly come into some money, but would give no further particulars.

A man of intense brain-power, he had, in his student days been attracted to the study of hypnotism. The fascination of the science had so grown upon him that he had devoted some years to its special study, and had become intensely skilled in its practice. He had an intimate knowledge of all the various schools of hypnotism that were in vogue on the Continent, his own system being that of suggestion, as taught in the School of Nancy.

His iron will, his strong self-control, the strength with which he had fought the battle of life against the heavy odds of poverty, all tended to make him cold-blooded and heartless. Friends he had none; acquaintances by the score. And though he despised the men who courted his society, and the women who flattered him, he invariably met them with the polish of a man of the world, bland, suave and genial.

In spite of adverse public opinion he practised hypnotism in his profession, using it with great success in various cases of functional neurosis.

In most instances, however, he merely adopted it with a view to an ulterior end, which end he carefully cloaked under an assumed sympathetic interest in the subject.

But deep in his keen, calculating brain was a tiny flaw—a flaw that had descended to him by the relentless law of heredity. His great-grandfather on the maternal side had been afflicted in early life with a slight trace of insanity, and the disease, latent during two generations, had reappeared in the third, in a curious and abnormal manner.

The inherited instability of his higher nerve-regions caused the stress of his earlier years of student's toil and professional worry to act with an effect that, had he been in easier circumstances, would, perhaps, never have been produced.

It found its expression in a bent of instinctive criminality, slight at first, but intensified by his extraordinary mental activity, and by the knowledge of his power over others. To him every kind of subtle, intellectual, scientific crime came as second nature. And with the skill to plan and execute came the skill to evade the consequences of his actions. Criminality was to him a hobby, a relaxation from severe scientific research. He brought his powerful brain and brilliant inventive faculties to the subject, and it was to him as ordinary amusements are to other men. His utter lack of moral sensibility enabled him to commit crimes at which many hardened criminals would have recoiled, and caused him to manifest cynical and contemplative delight in inflicting suffering for the mere gratification of experiencing the emotion of power while so doing.

While he was yet a young man, he had come across the entry in his father's diary. He had been convinced then that Belmont was the murderer, and had vowed to some day hunt him down, and, if the treasure actually existed, to secure the share that should have descended to him, and become the avenger of his father at the same time.

Even now, when his professional success was assured, and he was fairly well off, his lust for revenge, and the chance of acquiring a possible fortune, were still ever in his thoughts.

III.

THE next afternoon the Doctor strolled round to the club, where he knew Major Dennis was in the habit of indulging in billiards. He found him idly knocking the balls about.

"Hullo!" said Dennis, as the Doctor entered, "it isn't often you are out of your den this time of day."

"I came specially to see you, Major; just had the offer of a hack at a remarkably low figure, and I wanted to ask your advice on the matter, as I know you're a good judge of horseflesh."

"Delighted, my dear boy! I'll have a look at it whenever you like. Will you give me a hundred up? I'm just waiting for a game."

"With pleasure," replied the Doctor, choosing a cue.

"I say, Doctor, if you really want a first-class horse, there's a friend of mine in Leicestershire, who is getting rid of part of his stud, as he is going to be married shortly, and I've no doubt you would be able to pick one up cheap from him. He's coming up to town in a week or two, and is sure to look me up. I'll let you know when he's coming, and you can come round to my diggings one night, and see him about it."

"You don't mean Lascelles, of Leicester, do you? He has a good name up there for horses."

"No, it's Arthur Belmont. He lives at Kneston, just outside the town, and a fine place he keeps up, too. I never heard where he got his money from, but he's got enough of it—lucky devil! Besides his bank balances and investments, he has a second fortune in jewels. Makes a hobby of them, I believe. I've never seen such a collection of stones. But, there, I'll arrange for you to meet him."

"Thanks, Major," replied the Doctor, with a bland smile, "I shall be most happy to make his acquaintance. My shot? How's the score?"

"75 to 33; I lead. Any odds you like on me for this game, Doctor."

"Yes, I must pull up, or you'll run out." And he played a careful and finished break of 42, that showed his complete mastery over the balls when he chose to exert himself. He finished with a safety miss, and chuckled.

"There, Major, how are the odds now, eh? That makes it a better game—75 to your 76. I don't grudge you the odd one. Never bet unless you're certain. That's an excellent old rule in life as well as in billiards."

"Well, I'm damned; you're a perfect juggler with the balls. Just as I thought I had the game in my own hands, too!" And the Major screwed his eyeglass viciously into his eye, as he made his next shot. His attempt to score, however, was fruitless, and the Doctor, picking up his cue, ran out an easy winner.

"Thanks for the game, Major. I must be off; professional engagements won't wait for billiards, y'know. Give you your revenge another day."

"I'm really not surprised that Arthur Belmont is fond of jewels," he mused, as he walked homeward. "From what the Major says, I should think he's a bit of a collector and connoisseur. All the better; he'll be easier to draw. I really think my time is coming at last. What care I whether it be this man or his father who wronged me? The father's dead, and I'll take my revenge on the son. After all, he's merely a unit, an organism, and if I can make any use of him, I'll do it. I must get possession of my part of the property first, and then I'll consider whether it will be advisable to bring to an abrupt conclusion his adaptation to environment. That sounds better than saying, 'I'll kill him,' or rather, that I will be the means of his death. But let me forget all about the matter until I hear from Dennis. By Jove, what an exquisite bit of sky!" he added, glancing upward.

A week later Dr. Makyne received a note from Major Dennis, asking him to come round the same night to meet Arthur Belmont. Before leaving his house, he took from a jewel-case an antique Egyptian signet ring, with a curiously carved stone, which, set in a hoop of gold, revolved on its own axis. On one side was engraved the typical



"HE TOOK FROM A JEWEL CASE AN ANTIQUE EGYPTIAN SIGNET RING."

face of an Egyptian beauty, and on the reverse was the semblance of a death's head, in which the sockets of the eyes were set with emeralds, giving a ghastly and uncanny appearance to the wearer's hand.

"That's a ring that ought to excite his interest, if he's anything of the lover of jewels that Dennis says he is," he muttered, slipping it on his finger, with the death's head turned outward.

"Come in, Doctor, called out the Major, as the servant opened the door. "Let me introduce you to my friend, Belmont. I was just telling him that you wanted to buy a horse." And the three men fell to discussing horseflesh and stable lore.

"Well," said Belmont, finally, "if you will give me the pleasure of putting you and your wife up for a few days at

my p
my h
and t
gees l
"F
accep
add
isn't s
"V
marri
medic
defere
"M
Grun
look
inter
matic
precis
ing s
logica
not h
that u
"E
Major
but i
don't
quene
what
dodgi
horse
think
and I
mean
"I
dened
way,
choic
'God
angel
"G
"onl
round
to rav
you g
been
minut
ness.
"T
I dar
hand
up at
some
"I
Belm
antiqu
volv
"I

my place at Kneston, after I return from my honeymoon, I shall be delighted, and then you can have your pick of the gees before they go up for auction."

"For my own part, I most readily accept; but as for my wife," the Doctor added, laughing, "you know, a bachelor isn't supposed to have one."

"Why, I certainly took you for a married man, Doctor. I thought most medical men were so, if only out of deference to Mrs. Grundy."

"My dear fellow, I ignore Mrs. Grundy entirely, and I have always looked upon my life, with its scientific interests and pursuits, as an exact mathematical problem, expressed in terms of precision and clearness, the corresponding sequences of which will be both logical and complete. Surely you would not have me introduce into this equation that unknown quantity—woman?"

"Bravo, Doctor!" chimed in the Major. "I don't know what you mean, but it's just what I think about it. I don't worry much about the logical sequences and mathematical problems, or whatever you call 'em, of my life—dodging bullets and looking after troop horses has been more in my line—but I think that woman's a damned nuisance, and I suppose that's just about what you mean, eh?"

"It's all very well for you two hardened bachelors to talk of woman in this way," said Belmont. "I think she's the choicest flower of earth. You know, 'God made man a little lower than the angels, and woman a little above 'em.'"

"Good idea," growled the Major, "only you've got it the wrong way round; but engaged men are permitted to rave, y'know. Where the deuce did you get that ring from, Makyne? It's been worrying me for the last ten minutes," he added, with his usual bluntness. "Let's have a look at it."

"There's a history connected with it, I dare say," replied the Doctor, as he handed it to the Major. "I picked it up at a sale a year or two ago. It has some amount of value, I believe."

"I should think it had," exclaimed Belmont, "It looks like an Egyptian; antique, too, I should say. Those revolving signets are very distinctive."

"I see you are something of a con-

noisseur," said the doctor, "I'm rather interested in jewels myself, I have a small collection, principally antique."

"Yes," returned Belmont, "I am rather keen on the subject. I have a very fair collection of old Indian specimens; they were brought home by my father a few years after the mutiny. How he got them, I never knew. One doesn't enquire too closely into the financial operations of those times. There were originally more, I believe, but he disposed of some, shortly after leaving India."

"Then you will be able to criticise mine. You must come round one day, I shall value your opinion."

"I will, with pleasure, I'm always glad to meet with a fellow-lover of old stones."

* * * *

"Good morning, Doctor," said Belmont's jovial voice, as he was ushered into Dr. Makyne's study, a couple of days later. "You see, I've kept my promise. I'm as bad as a society girl, when jewels are the attraction."

"Come in, my dear fellow, and make yourself at home," said the Doctor, shaking hands heartily. "You're just in time to join me in a cigar before lunch. I can offer you something choice in the way of Havannas; I flatter myself I'm a good judge in that line." And he pulled forward an easy chair, and made his visitor comfortable.

"I'm afraid my collection is not a very grand one, but I have one or two rather choice specimens," he went on, unlocking a cabinet and drawing out a box of Oriental workmanship, curiously carved, and apparently of great age.

"You've an uncommonly quaint box to keep 'em in, anyway," said Belmont, examining it with interest.

"Yes, it belonged to my father, and was sent home with his effects after he died in India. There is a strange story connected with it, that I will perhaps tell you some day." And the speaker chuckled to himself, as he thought how little his listener guessed that the story was of vital importance to him.

He took from the box a few rare specimens of rings, and chains, and Belmont criticised and approved with that zest of which only an enthusiast is capable.

"This is a fine piece of work," he exclaimed at length, holding up a delicate anklet, carved and pierced in a thousand fantastic shapes. "I have one almost identical, but mine is even finer in workmanship."

"Nonsense," said the Doctor; "why, I regard that as exceedingly fine, perhaps the finest specimen of that particular style extant. Modern goldsmiths seem to have lost the art of such delicate piercing, and most of the so-called genuine native work is manufactured to order in the Indian province of Birmingham."

"I'd like to bet you, Doctor, that mine's finer."

"I should be robbing you, my dear fellow. There isn't a finer in the world. But just for the sake of a friendly bet, I will wager you a box of cigars on it, and you can bring your collection round here one day, and we can compare."

"Right, I will. I have the jewels in town with me. They are keeping them in the safe at my hotel, until we get settled. I brought them up to let Miss Shafton make her choice from them for a wedding gift. I mean to surprise her," he added with a smile, "she doesn't even know I have them with me."

"That's a bet then, and as you're bound to lose, have another cigar now." And the Doctor smiled as he passed the box.

"No, no more, Doctor. They're excellent, but ever since I was thrown in the hunting field, a couple of seasons ago, I have been subject to attacks of giddiness, and smoking much before meals seems to bring them on. That one cigar, even, has made my head feel a bit dizzy."

"That's bad. What do you do for it? A little patching up would soon put you all right."

"Well, I thought I'd ask your advice on the matter;" and Belmont gave an account of his symptoms. "I heard from Major Dennis that you practise hypnotism for nervous complaints, and perhaps you can cure me by that. Everything I've tried seems no use."

"Certainly. Nothing easier. It is just in such cases as this that the value of suggestion becomes immense."

"I don't know much about mesmerism, or hypnotism, or whatever you call it, Doctor, but I've seen professionals do some queer things at the music halls."

"Three-fourths pure trickery. Very widely different from hypnotic suggestion as taught by the modern scientific schools. Put shortly, hypnotism is nothing more than a particular mental state in which susceptibility to suggestion is heightened. The use of hypnotism to medical men is founded on the premiss that many nervous diseases can be cured, or relieved, merely by making the patient believe that he will soon be better."

"Let me put you to sleep, and suggest that your giddiness will pass away, and you will be all right in five minutes."

"Now try to sleep, think of nothing but that you are to go to sleep. Lie back in that chair, you will be more rested and feel easier; you look tired already, your eyelids are beginning to close. You are feeling more and more fatigued all over—your head is so heavy that it is falling forward—your eyes are quite closed now, your thinking powers are getting dull and confused, you are nearly asleep, now you are quite off. Fast asleep!"

The Doctor kept his eyes fixed intently on his subject.

"You are still asleep?" he asked after a few moments.

"Yes," answered Belmont drowsily.

"Fast asleep?"

"Yes."

"But you can hear the ticking of this watch," and he held a sheet of paper to Belmont's ear.

"Yes, perfectly."

"Excellent," said the Doctor to himself. "An organisation most susceptible to hypnotic suggestion. Perfect hypnosis induced at first attempt. This ought to lead to some interesting experiments. But he will need some two or three weeks' training. He told me the wedding would not be for a month yet, that ought to give me ample time for— for any experiments I may deem advisable in the interests of science, or—of myself."

He stood motionless, gazing intently at Belmont. For years had he en-

deavoured to trace out the murderer of his father, and now at last, he had every reason to believe that the murderer's son was in his power; but of this he still required absolute proof.

"Arthur Belmont," he said, addressing the hypnotic, "were you with your father when he died?"

"Yes," Belmont answered in a quiet, steady voice, only a shade different from his normal tones.

"He died in '84, did he not?"

"Yes."

"He came from India, and had in his possession a valuable collection of jewels, I think?"

"Yes."

"Now—you are to tell me everything he said just before he died, everything that you heard."

"There's just a chance that old Belmont let drop some word about his secret," the Doctor went on to himself, "one word is all I want to make sure."

"Tell me," he repeated aloud.

Belmont started without any hesitation, and speaking freely and easily as though he were repeating some well-learned lesson.

"It was only for Arthur's sake I did it. The old woman was right—Curse you, I will have them all—How his eyes stared and his face turned livid—My knife!—Ha! Varuna has another offering—Poor old Jack, and no one knew. The papers said it was a native——"

"Stop," said the Doctor.

And Belmont ceased talking.

A smile of grim satisfaction played about the Doctor's hard lips. His search of years was ended, and before him, peacefully wrapped in hypnotic sleep, was the son of the man who had murdered and robbed his father.

"Your giddiness is passing off now," he said. "How do you feel? Better?"

"Yes, I think it is," Belmont answered;

"I feel much better."

"It will be better still in a moment, and when you wake up, it will be quite gone, and you will forget everything you've said, and simply think you've had a little nap. Wake up now, and try another cigar."

Belmont opened his eyes, and stretched himself.

"I really beg your pardon, Doctor, I do believe I dropped off to sleep; I was extra late last night, and——"

The Doctor laughed.

"Don't apologise, my dear fellow, at all. How's your giddiness? Any better?"

"It's gone. Suddenly this time. These attacks generally last an hour or so."

"Well, next time you feel one of them coming on, give me a look up, and I'll cure you permanently in a week or two. I thought I could manage to take it away this time."

"Why—you don't mean to say you hypnotised me, surely?"

"No," smiled the doctor, "I merely suggested to you, while you were asleep, that you felt better, and you fell in with my suggestion. I told you hypnotism was nothing more than suggestion, you know."

"Well, it's served my turn this time. I'll certainly come and see you when next I feel at all queer, and I shall be glad if you will look upon me as a case for your skill."

"Thanks, I will. Now, have another cigar. It won't hurt you this time."

"Thank you, I don't think it will, though I haven't been able to smoke two cigars running since I had that smash. You've worked wonders, doctor."

"Science does sometimes," replied the doctor, with a slight smile.

Arthur Belmont felt instinctively attracted to Dr. Makyne. He had fallen under the spell of the geniality of manner, the intimate knowledge the doctor had of men and things, and the pleasant, easy familiarity with which he was welcomed to the house in Harley Street. He had had recurrences of the giddiness of which he had complained, and had, time after time, availed himself of Dr. Makyne's hypnotic power to relieve it.

But unconsciously he had by slow but certain degrees fallen under the domination of the superior will, for in each succeeding hypnosis the doctor had increased his power over his subject, and had brought him to such a state of hypnotic training, that Belmont's will and mind were entirely under the doctor's control, without the subject

being aware of the fact in his waking moments.

It was some weeks after their first introduction, and but a few days to the wedding, that the doctor had asked Belmont to bring the jewels from his hotel for examination and comparison.

Belmont had readily consented, and the next evening the two men were sitting in the doctor's study deeply engaged in discussing the merits of the various specimens.

Dr. Makyne looked worried and anxious, so much so, that Belmont noticed it.

"Why, doctor, you're looking quite knocked up; I thought a brain like yours could stand any amount of hard work. You've been overdoing it."

The doctor laughed. "Yes," he replied, "I do feel a bit worried, I

suppose. The fact is, I have an important experiment to undertake to-night, and if I fail, it might possibly affect my reputation."

"No fear of your failing, I should say. You high priests of science seem to have the power of invoking success in whatever you attempt."

"Thanks. I accept your compliment as an augury of my good fortune and success."

He half rose from his chair as he spoke. He was sitting opposite Belmont, the table, spread with the glittering and precious collection, between them.

"Arthur Belmont," he said, in a low penetrating voice, fixing his companion with his piercing, cold eyes, "these jewels, which you have brought to my house to-night, are not your own. They were stolen by your father from mine, and they are now coming back to their rightful owner, myself."

"Sit still! Your will is under my control, and you cannot move or prevent my actions. Your—will—is—under—my—control," he repeated slowly, settling himself back in his chair, but still keeping his eyes on his victim, fascinating him by their intense power.

Belmont sat huddled together, unable to move, save to follow the doctor's movements with his eyes. His face had grown pallid and lined with fear, and his eyes had that dumb look of agony at an approaching fate that the doctor had seen so often in those of a dog when he was slowly torturing it to death, "in the interests of scientific investigation."

"Listen;" he went on. "Years ago, in India, your father



"SIT STILL! YOUR WILL IS UNDER MY CONTROL."

murdered mine for the sake of these very jewels. You gave me the final proof of that fact when you repeated the words that he uttered on his deathbed when I first hypnotised you. What did you think of those words at the time? Answer me."

"We thought he was raving; he had a touch of fever for some days before his death. I never thought, I never knew—oh, my God!"—the voice broke off in a wail of agony—"you—you are torturing me. I swear I never thought the words were true, or that it was of his own acts he was speaking."

"That may be so; it matters little now. What does matter is that I had to suffer for the lack of the money you were enjoying. Now it is my chance of adjusting the balance, and I mean to do so. I intend to regain my father's share of the treasure and to avenge his death at the same time. You will leave these jewels here, and when you go from this house, you will entirely forget that such jewels ever existed, except that, should the hotel people inquire after them, you will say that you have left them for better security at your London banker's. No other people here know you have them in town. You told me, I think, that you informed no one, as you wished to surprise your bride by letting her make a selection for her wedding gift."

"Afterwards, if your friends should ask—but that, I think, will be immaterial, when the next few days have passed—" and the doctor laughed a vicious little laugh which came to his lips but not his eyes, as if some hidden thought had suddenly appealed to him and amused him—

"Your memory of these jewels will be an absolute blank, and you will even forget that you ever were interested in such things," he repeated, to the crouching, shrinking figure in the chair before him.

"So much for the jewels. Now listen to me further, Arthur Belmont. I am a scientist, and the pursuit of scientific investigations is my very life. There is one experiment I have long wanted to undertake, but a suitable human organisation had not been found till I met you."

"I have studied your mental characteristics with the greatest care and com-

pleteness, since my good friend, Major Dennis, introduced you to me. I owe him a deeper debt of gratitude than I think he can ever be aware of, by the way. I have made full notes on the hypnoses that you have been in, and of your symptoms, and have come to the conclusion that you are an admirable subject for my purpose. You quite follow me so far?"

"I—quite—follow—you." The words were jerked out from the parched and whitened lips, as if some involuntary power, apart from the action of the throat, impelled their utterance.

"Very well. Next Thursday you will be standing before the altar with your bride. You doubtless know the form of the Marriage Service. I must admit that personally I am better acquainted with scientific rather than with religious formulæ."

He took a Prayer-book from the book-case and turned to the Form of Solemnization of Matrimony, and went on—

"You will come to the part where you plight your troth and will be required to say after the priest:—'I, Arthur Belmont, take thee . . . in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish. . . .'"

The doctor stopped. Belmont still sat motionless in a condition of deep hypnosis, his widely staring eyes following the doctor with a look of intense horror and despair, which played over his face like a wave, distorting it in a ghastly and inhuman manner.

Dr. Makyne keenly observed the effect his words produced, and laid down the Prayer-book in order to note them in his case-book before going on speaking.

"'Mental emotion under suggestion produces similar results as physical.' I remember a woman we experimented on in the Bicêtre at Paris years ago, to whom I suggested that her flesh was being torn off with red-hot pincers. Her expressions and reflexes were very similar to the present ones. This is worth noting."

He went on speaking to Belmont, leaning towards him and dropping his voice, that any chance servant passing the door might not hear.

"When you reach the next sentence at the word 'part,' you will—" and he leaned still closer and whispered in Belmont's ear words that caused the whole

expression of the hypnotic to assume a still more intense horror, and his face to twist and writhe, till it seemed to shrivel up, as if the blast of a furnace had passed over it.

Dr. Makyne drew back and watched the effect of his suggestion—at first with an unmoved face and then with a slight pleased smile, as of an artist who contemplates a neatly touched-in sketch.

"I think my experiment is in a fair way to succeed, and that it will clear up a point in hypnotism about which, I must confess, I have been somewhat sceptical. We shall know the result by Thursday, at any rate. At present we can do no more, except to replace these jewels in their old resting-place, from which they have been absent so long.

"I must awaken him gently and by degrees this time," he went on, as he thrust the box into the cabinet and locked it. "I have rarely seen such a deep hypnosis."

He paused a moment, and then spoke in a softer voice:

"You are looking better now, Belmont. You had a nasty touch of neuralgia, but it's wearing off. You will be quite free from pain in a minute. Here is a volume of Longfellow, my favourite poet," and he laid an open book on the table. "Presently, when you wake up, you will think you've been absorbed in reading, and be asking for a cigar, forgetting everything you have dreamed, until that moment I mentioned to you next Thursday. Then you will remember. Now," he added, glancing at the clock on the mantelpiece, which pointed to a few minutes to nine, "when the clock strikes nine, wake up."

He strolled to the other end of the room, and stood admiring the soft beauty of a water-colour, when the clock commenced chiming, and almost simultaneously came Belmont's usual clear, pleasant voice—

"Doctor, I think I'll try another of your cigars. I was so interested in the immortal Miles Standish that I've let this go out, and it spoils a good cigar to re-light it."

"Certainly," replied the Doctor, turning round; "help yourself. It's awfully good of you to come and help

an old bachelor get through them. Oh, by the way, I want you to look at this old Indian bangle I bought at a sale. It's very ancient, and rather valuable, I believe. Are you a judge of such things?"

"Not I, Doctor. I can tell you the points of a good foxhound, or talk to you about the latest pattern or a gun, but I never took any interest in jewellery. Just wear a ring or two myself, but that's all."

"Ah! It's a very interesting subject, though," replied the Doctor, drily.

"Yes," he added to himself, "I really think my experiment will succeed."

IV.

Dr. Makyne sat in his study, filling in some details to the notes he had made on the case of Belmont. He laid down his pen, and leaned back in the softly-padded chair, glancing at his watch, which he placed on the table in front of him.

"Ten minutes to twelve. I won't add the final note until I am certain, and that won't be for an hour or more yet. Let's see—wedding timed for twelve. The critical point will be reached by about twelve-fifteen. That's as near as we can estimate. Then they will wire to Fleet Street. Nearest telegraph office to St. George's Church is in Grosvenor Street, a short three-minutes' walk—say two, for an enterprising reporter in a hurry. That will catch the one o'clock edition nicely, and the boys will have the papers up here inside another ten minutes, now that they all ride machines. That's about an hour and a-quarter. Time for a cigar and a liqueur before lunch.

He rose, and going to a cigar cabinet on the sideboard, chose, with care, a choice cigar, lit it, and poured out a glass of Chartreuse.

Passing the bookcase, as he sauntered back to his seat, he paused a moment to select a volume from its well-stocked shelves, and then settled himself luxuriously in his easy chair.

"I believe in a perfectly equable enjoyment of life, as far as is possible in man," he would have said. "When I was poor and in hardship, I was happy, and now that I am rich and in comfort,

I am exactly the same. It is only the environments that have altered."

He opened the book, and turned to the lines—

"I stood upon the hills, when Heaven's high arch

*Was glorious with the sun's returning march,
And woods were brightened, and soft gales
Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales.*

*If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,*

*Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears."*

He re-read the words slowly, and laid the book down.

"Ah," he said to himself, "how exquisitely Longfellow has written of Nature's beauties! How his poetry appeals to one's sense of peace and harmony!"

* * * * *

"Happy the bride that the sun shines upon." And if the same remark applies to a bridegroom, Belmont should indeed have been happy, for the morning of the 16th June, in London, was as if it had been brought from the Sunny South.

The church was filled with that throng of fashionable people to whom a Society wedding is as attractive as a remnant sale to the ordinary British matron. The sunlight streamed in through the stained glass windows, adding a further charm to the many and delicate shades of the silks and satins with which the average Society woman seeks to rival "Solomon in all his glory."

Belmont was laughing and chatting in the vestry with his best man, waiting the moment when he should join his bride at the altar.

"Never felt better in my life," he said, in reply to a query.

"That's all right, then. And so you ought, marrying a girl like that, you lucky devil. Now I'm responsible for you for the next few minutes, until you are married, so just do as I tell you. Don't drop the ring when I pass it to you, so that I have to go on my knees and grovel for it; and if you want to sneeze at all, just arrange that it shan't happen when the Parson Johnny asks

you if you'll have her; and, above all, when he tells you to take her hand, don't ask, 'What's trumps?' Sounds bad, y'know."

"All right," said Belmont, laughing; "I'll remember. Look out! here they come!" And they left the vestry to meet the bride and her father.

The service started. The first responses had been made, and the bridegroom commenced repeating after the officiating clergyman—

"I, Arthur Belmont, take thee, Violet Neville Shafton, to be my wedded wife—"

With some surprise the best man noticed a slight hesitation in Belmont's speech, and a sudden pallor that overspread his face. The hesitation and pallor, however, both appeared to be but momentary, and he continued in a firm, clear voice:—"to have and to hold, from this time forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness, in health, to love and to cherish, till—death—do—us—part—"

The soft stillness of the church was suddenly broken by a piercing shriek from the bride; for the words "till death do us part" had been uttered by the bridegroom in a voice growing gradually slower and slower, until the last word came with a horrible gasp, an expression of intense mental agony passing over his face, as he fell, with a low moan, across the altar steps, his head striking the sharp edge, and staining their fair whiteness with a dull stream of crimson.

* * * * *

In his study the Doctor sat wrapped in thought, pondering over his Longfellow, as he had so often done before, when he was aroused from his reverie by the clock chiming a quarter past one. He put the book down, and paced the room, straining his ears to every sound in the streets.

Suddenly he stopped, and flung up the window and listened intently, as he heard the newsboys shrilling the words of their contents bills:

"Speshul 'dishun! 'Orrible tragedy at fashionable wedding! Bridegroom drops dead at the altar!"

He bought a paper as the lad passed

the window, and turning to the stop-press telegram, read with a satisfied smile: "At the wedding of Mr. Arthur Belmont and the Hon. Violet Shafton, at St. George's Church, this morning, the bridegroom dropped dead, from heart disease, at the altar steps."

He walked to the table, and completed his memoranda on the case, with the sentence—

"On the 16th of June, Arthur Belmont died from cardiac failure."

He blotted the words, and locked the papers away in his safe.

"My theory is proved, then. Death can be caused by post-hypnotic suggestion."

He rang the bell, and the page appeared.

"Is luncheon served yet?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, it's just going in."

And Dr. Makyne strolled in to lunch with a calm and contented manner—and a most excellent appetite.



colou
wealt
wore
look"
the b
Actin
the p
gloric
differ
move
trees.

Jus
close,
borde
seem
in wh
carrie
did f
they
now
exqui
as ye
yet b
—hov
verda

It
onese
and
poste
—the
fallen
sheet
press
achin
hard
hous
beau
elast
vol.

The Mountain-Heart of Jamaica

WRITTEN BY MAY CROMMELIN.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



N Autumn night in Jamaica! That is, indeed, a scene of enchantment!

One such September night has limmed itself on my brain in undying impression; for I had landed in the dream-island but a few days before, and its hot beauty, the splendour of colouring of its sea and land-scapes, the wealth of its gorgeous vegetation still wore what Kingsley called "the bride-look" of Nature to my eyes. All around the big country-house, or pen, of the Acting-Governor, where I was staying, the park lay bathed in moonlight so gloriously bright one recognised the different ponies grazing, unless they moved under the heavy-headed mango-trees.

Just beneath my window lay a small close, hedged with *lignum vitæ*, and bordered by tamarind trees. This spot seemed chosen for a fairies' ball-room, in which hundreds of invisible dancers carried soft yet brilliant lamps. Never did fire-flies gleam more beautifully, as they appeared moving in mazy dance, now vanishing, now flashing with their exquisite green lights. No scientific man as yet has guessed—no instrument has yet been made delicate enough to detect—how the insect produces the delicate verdant hue of its radiance.

It seemed well-nigh impossible to tear oneself away from this fascinating sight, and seek sleep in a mahogany four-poster, on a stony mattress. Sleep, when—though the thermometer had lately fallen from 94 to 84—even the single sheet and mosquito curtains were oppressive. It was a poor consolation for aching ribs to hear that to these cruelly hard couches, found in all old planters' houses, the once celebrated Jamaican beauties are said to have owed their elastic figures.

After a hot, restless night, it was delightful to rise in the grey dawn, bound for a week's visit in the Blue Mountains. Round came the buggy at half-past six; a true Jamaican pony, lean and wiry, in the shafts. As typical a native groom sprang up behind. "Ahlbert" seemed inky-black to my ignorant eyes; but the youth was proud of calling himself "a yellow boy." Black, brown, yellow—these shades distinguish ladies and gentlemen of colour. The difference was always held to be so strong that "Brown lady, black woman," became a proverbial expression.

At this early hour the air was as delicious, the meadows and grass-edged lanes as dewy and green as any in England, as we sped towards Gordon Town between hedges of logwood, and by negro hamlets of reed-thatched huts, embowered in luxuriant bananas, or with a burning bush of poinsettia flaming higher than the tiny cabin it sheltered. Groups of strong, straight, black nymphs strode past us, with splendid carriage, bearing heavy baskets of fruit or guinea-grass on their heads as easily as they often do a glass of water. Their dress, if scanty, was picturesque; merely a red turban, a white shift and a pink cotton skirt, kilted to the knee, when walking, by a cord knotted round the hips.

As we drew nearer the mountains bounding our flat plain, the vegetation became less homelike. Rows of straight cactus fenced the road, like strangely elongated soldiers on parade; or else came low penguin aloes, green whorls tipped with crimson.

Presently, our road entered a beautifully wooded valley, then sloped sharply into a gorge where the Hope river brawled in its rocky bed. For a year, and more, each Wednesday has seen a strange scene not far down-stream,

where negro pilgrims, fired by a religious mania called the Bedward craze, have flocked in thousands to be cured by a latterday prophet, naturally a negro also. This fanatic, one Bedward, announced that in a vision he had received divine command to heal all diseases at a certain spot of the Hope river.

Two officers of one of the West Indian regiments told me how, being curious to see the sight, a coloured sergeant led them by bypaths as near the holy spot as the crowd of devotees would allow. Hundreds of negroes were swarming on the banks, and the river was black with bathers immersed to their waists. After bathing, the latter drank in the stream—a repulsive idea, as almost all were suffering, and some from loathsome diseases. Others carried away cans and pitchers of the water on their heads. Meanwhile the prophet was standing on the bank, gazing steadfastly at the sun. He boasted the power of doing this; and certainly, for as long as my friends watched him, his eyes seemed fixed. But presently the crowd closed in on the white men with displeased looks, and angry mutterings of, "What buckra doing here?" So, not to give more offence, the sceptics rode away, walking their ponies quietly till they had passed the last stragglers of the seekers after health.

How the mind reverts to other waters, different scenes in the world where like cures have been, and still are being enacted! But the negro temperament has ever been given to periods of religious excitement, breaking out during this century already more dangerously in Christian revivals, and later the savage Myal craze—a rival to Obeah magic.

As each swift minute took us deeper into the heart of the hills, the opposite mountain side became a green sloping sea of tropical foliage—here leafy swells, there high palm-breakers. Beetling cliffs rose high over our heads, overgrown with forest giants, and in little coigns cottages were niched, each under the shade of its akee-tree, blushing with rosy fruit.

"Akee, mixed with salt fish, is a favourite dish of the country people here, that is, of the negroes," said my companion, one of the highest officials in this fair "Island of Springs." (It appears this was the meaning of the name Xay-maca, which Columbus found, that the Indians gave to their island. Like the cassava, if ill-cooked or over-ripe, the akee can be dangerously poisonous.)

We soon came to Gordon Town, that most exquisite mountain village, its houses hidden among rocks near the rushing river, or screened by cliffs and gorgeous vegetation. Under a tamarind-



THE PILGRIMAGE TO THE HEALING WATERS

tree
carry
sent
us.
dark
Me
the n
ing p
of th
fifty
wall
Su
throu
ing, b
whole
and
blur
eyes
up w
alway
vapor
steeds
earth-
shoul
our h
many
aware
Only
over
down
trees.
At la
one p
around
steam,
formed
crests
hand,
and dri
mantle
front,
tion an
berries
house
This w
land w
Kind
drench
clothes
follow,
sened
after m
plains i
not so l
suppose
fever.
ties de

tree we presently saw a mule ready to carry our baggage; also our ponies, sent ahead at cockcrow, stood awaiting us. Unluckily the sky was ominously darkening, as if the rain would not wait.

Mounting in haste, we plunged into the mountain forest by a steeply ascending path, cut in zigzags along the face of the wooded bluffs. But before going fifty yards the rain met us like a moving wall of water.

Such rain! It drove in streams through the thick foliage—lashing, soaking, blinding. For an hour and more the whole world seemed a confusion of jungle and the deluge. Through the green blur of leaves and water one's smarting eyes only discerned the narrow path, up which we cantered everlastingly, always on the verge of an air-world, vaporous with mists, into which, if our steeds stumbled, or there chanced an earth-slip of the crumbling track, we should be inevitably hurled. Luckily our horses knew every sharp turn of the many-cornered path, and were well aware of the dangers of the "khud." Only a few days ago mine had slipped over the cliff side, sliding and rolling down some thirty feet until stopped by trees.

At last, emerging on more open heights, one perceived intensely green depths around, seemingly filled with rain, warm steam, and tree-tops. These mist-valleys formed rifts between a hundred hill-crests which rose in a crowd on every hand, their heads grassy bare to the sky and drifting clouds, their shoulders thick-mantled in glorious foliage. Just in front, beyond a deserted coffee plantation and barbecue, or drying-ground for berries, appeared a small smiling, white house perched on a steep-hill summit. This was our destination in the lone up-land world.

Kind hosts were awaiting their drenched guests, with a change of dry clothes laid out, besides breakfast to follow, both of which hospitalities lessened the danger of chills and fevers, after mounting 4,000 feet from the hot plains into these cool heights. In days not so long past, folk at home used to suppose Jamaica a hot-bed of yellow fever. As a matter of fact, its authorities declare that in the whole history

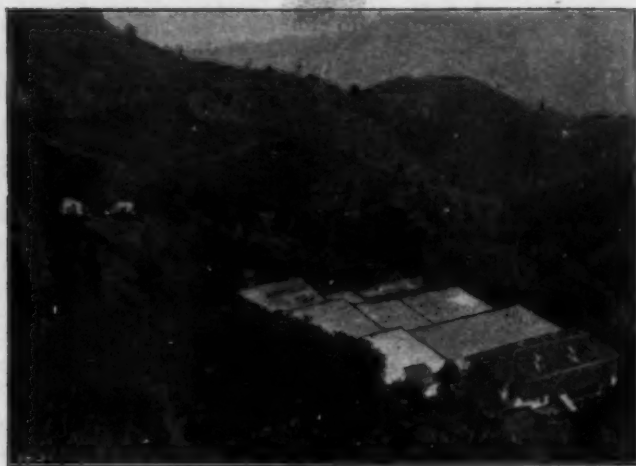
of the island there never was a real epidemic of "Yellow Jack," although he visited the white troops severely in 1842. Speaking of the low fever, which must be guarded against to the usual extent in a warm climate, I heard of a curious Jamaican remedy, called a bush-bed. This is a large bag filled with certain pounded leaves and sliced limes. The patient is left all night on this cool couch, with perhaps poultices of cinnamon moistened with brandy, tied on the wrists. By morning the moisture of the bag will be dried up, and the sufferer relieved wonderfully. So, at least, one lady assured me, who had tried the experiment.

Towards evening the rain torrents ceased, the clouds rolled away in magnificent masses, and in the garden, whence the ground sloped steeply down on all sides, one's eyes feasted on the brilliant colours of a widespread bird's-eye view.

Yonder, beyond the plain, lies Kingston, its bay a blue sapphire, edged with a snowy surf-line; and further still, Port Royal, a mere handful of houses marking the site of the engulfed city of blood and plundered gold, home of the famous buccaneers. Then that far-away green streak of savannah is near Spanish Town, where English governors under the Georges dwelt in state. That was when Jamaica waxed fat with wealth of rich sugar plantations, spices, and slaves, all which glory has passed, like "Nineveh or Tyre!"

That night, and many more, we sat by a fire of cedar branches crackling on the hearth, and talked of the romantic and often terrible or pitiful incidents in the history of this dream-island of loveliness.

One quoted history, to begin with, telling of the gentle Indians whom Columbus found here. They rowed out to greet him in great canoes, some of which measured ninety-four feet, being hollowed from a ceiba, or cotton-tree, merely by means of fire and stone implements. On land they were fond of dancing and playing ball; at sea their manner of sport in fishing was strange, for they used the remora, or sucking-fish, as if it were a hound trained to the chase. Their mode of doing this was as follows: The fishermen would paddle



COFFEE PLANTATION

out into the bay, having their hunting-fish fastened to the canoe, with a long line in reserve of many fathoms. The instant the remora saw a likely fish it darted after its prey, when the Indian in charge let go the line, that had a buoy at the end. This, remaining on the sea, marked where the finny finish was taking place below in the intensely clear water, in which one can see the coral reefs far down. Then the fishermen, following, seized and hauled up the line, when the remora would be found grasping its victim tenaciously.

Under the Spanish rule these Indians either died out or were exterminated, for not a trace of them has remained.

Next, another speaker told tales of the Maroons, who were long a terror to the early English colonists. Their history dates from the time when Cromwell resolved on capturing the Spanish West Indies, and Penn and Venables, grossly mismanaging this task, made an ill-footing on the island. Many of the Spanish settlers, retreating to the north side of Jamaica, freed their slaves. These instantly took refuge in the thickly-wooded mountains, and, exulting in their liberty, soon became a warlike race of fierce savages, haunting rocky fastnesses that might have been thought inaccessible to man.

"Yes, and for many years their num-

bers were constantly swelled by runaway slaves of English masters," added another of our party. Dark stories followed of the terrible negro risings of old, when the fetish oath was taken at dead of night, under a sacred cotton-tree, the vow pledged in a cup of rum and blood. Then the whites were murdered on their estates, even to the women and babes at the breast, the houses and cane-fields fired; but always swift vengeance vanquished the rebels. They were invariably subdued, most recaptured, and many put to death in horrible reprisals. In one or two cases some were roasted by slow fire, while two men were starved in cages exposed to public view on Kingston Parade, one living for seven, the other for nine days. But, on the other hand, there were comforting tales of timely warning having been given by faithful slaves to kindly owners, and plots averted. In one instance a black nurse prayed the conspirators that the life of her white foster-babe might be spared, and when this was refused, she betrayed her countrymen rather than her trust.

But what wonder there were risings! What wonder the slaves longed to make a rush for liberty and the woods, when one thinks of the horrid use of the cattle-whip which might be made, unchecked, by cruel overseers! Worse

still,
almo
tels."
wom
bran
the c
bolic
judge
death
memb

"I
a pla
caugh
leg. c
This
party
"Mos

Th
voyag
estate
slaves
the o
dawn
work
and c
ended
Lewis
of the
of his
such
them
poison
his bo
this th
ship v
home
theref
it is
Borne
cientl
after
island
turne

For
the lo
replie
fighti
rolle
cades
wild f
dica)
the fo
emitt
The
remain
days,
the id

still, the slave code gave the owner almost unlimited power over his "chattels." It was lawful to inflict lashes on women once a week for a year; to brand the cheeks; split noses; cut off the ears. And, even still more diabolical, two English planters, sitting as judges in a slave court, might put to death by hanging, by burning, by dismemberment!

"I saw an old letter lately, written by a planter, one of whose slaves was caught escaping. It said, 'Cut Cuffee's leg off; he won't run away again.' This was indignantly told by one of our party, a descendant of the well-known 'Monk' Lewis.

The latter, having undertaken the voyage from England to see his sugar estates for himself, was shocked by the slaves' sufferings. Their day began with the overseer's horn and whip-crack at dawn, as three gangs filed out to field-work—men; women; the sickly ones, and children. This lifelong toil was only ended by death, or successful flight. Lewis's humane conduct roused the ire of the old planters, who received the news of his decease whilst sailing home with such joy that the rumour arose some of them had caused his sudden illness by poison. The dying man had wished his body to be buried in Jamaica; but this the captain held impossible, as the ship was then several days' sail on her homeward journey. The corpse was, therefore, committed to the deep, when, it is said, a strange thing occurred. Borne by some current, and insufficiently weighted, it floated back, and after some days was landed on the island whither his dying thoughts had turned.

For many years the Maroons harassed the low-lying estates, while the planters replied with constant, hazardous hill-fighting. The foe was invisible, but rolled down rocks and planned ambuscades, subsisting meanwhile easily on wild fruits, roots, and withes (*vitus Indica*) that hung from the branches of the forest trees, and which, when cut, emitted a stream of pure water.

The Maroons would, perhaps, have remained unconquered till our own days, had not some planters conceived the idea of a terrible resource. This

was the importation of a hundred Cuban bloodhounds and their keepers, used to tracking down fugitives. At the deep baying of these unerring pursuers even the courage of the fierce Maroons quailed, and they formally surrendered on the promise of an English general that their lives should be spared. This engagement was dishonourably broken by the Jamaican Assembly, which exiled them to the cold shores of Nova Scotia, where many perished. The remainder were, however, in time transported to Sierra Leone. So they regained the homes whence their ancestors had been cruelly torn by slave-hunters, the heaven to which all dying negroes in Jamaica have hoped to go—Africa—where, it is to be hoped, they "lived happy ever after." Some few hundreds of Maroons, who had kept the peace, were nevertheless, allowed to remain in Jamaica, where they became faithful allies of the British Government.

Next morning, in the dewy freshness of the hill-garden, commanding all four sides of the horizon, I looked with greater interest at the innumerable hills that crowded around, crinkled and dimpled, recalling the description which Columbus gave Queen Isabella of the island, "Jamaica is like a crumpled parchment." But this lends but a faint idea of the outline of the Blue Mountains. In colouring they are beautiful as a poet's dream. Hill-crests emerging from clouds surround one in alternate layers of mist-veils and grassy ridges dotted with spicy shrubs. Close at hand roses and balsams are blowing beside the squat discs of sago palms, of which the bulbous stems look at a distance like the heads of giant Indian chiefs rising in resurrection from the ground, and wearing their war-plumes.

Here are tall, crimson dracænas, azaleas of all shades, and white spider-lilies that have sprung up and blossomed apparently in the night. Humming-birds hover around bushes of blue tube-like flower, and Jamaican iris edge the paths, their bright crimson petals surrounding white and yellow hearts spotted with red. A hammock is slung among glossy-green coffee bushes, above which a tree-fern is unrolling its curled, furry clusters of leaf-buds. Everywhere

the eyes feast upon glowing red or white poinsettias, on hybiscus of all shades, crimson, pink, or ruby; besides—loveliest of all—a plant nameless to our ignorant minds, with leaves of soft plush, in hue a rich Tyrian purple shot with emerald green. In the tangled background of taller shrubs old friends grow in luxuriance, orange-trees golden with fruit, and splendid lemons; while of native trees star-apples spread wide branches already bare of fruit, while

Englishwoman, her golden hair has yet kinks and a certain woolliness in texture that betray a darker strain.

This faithful and devout quadroon rather reluctantly allowed herself to be persuaded to tell a little concerning the dreaded Spirit of the Blue Mountains, called "the Rolling Calf." Plainly she knew, and probably believed, much more about the local hobgoblin, but feared the profane listener might smile. So, in deprecating tones, she admitted:



PLANTAINS, JAMAICA

rose-apples are also well-nigh all gathered.

The least, but most delightful person of our hill-party, has been diligently searching a passion-flower hedge for its purple fruit, and now trots forward to offer a "pitty sweetcup," which in taste resembles its yellow cousin, the grana-dilla.

The nurse of this three-year-old fairy is an interesting individual, about whose ancestry one might weave romances. In face fine-featured, and fair as any

"There is a good deal of superstition about; but they say this one is a duppy. It is a caat (cat), but if it do want to frighten any one it grows up and up, till it is like a caaf, or as big as a cow! And that is why it is called, 'Rollin' Caaf.' At night the hill-people staay at home for fear of it; but if they must go out they like to keep by any *buckra* (white man) for company."

This last I already knew, for an acquaintance of mine, riding among the hill-paths with a guide, was suddenly

deserted
the ha
difficul
tion th
Jamaic
ghosts,
every
return
just to
what t
least n
discom
days o
usual
pretend
parted
box an
coffin.
inside
the las
Africa.
days a
take th
proper
volatil
seem
infants

Wha
To beg
Tea is
by half
if disp
the br
mornin
reading
green
is often
side th
Siesta
wake f
Jamaic
These
tasting
flour w
Jamaic
them.

An a
in the
bours'
tant.
perche
bowed
pines s
more t
screw-
apples.
houses

deserted by the latter on nearing one of the haunts of the Calf, and with much difficulty found the way to his destination through the forest-gloom. But Jamaica is a happy hunting-ground for ghosts, or duppies. Little wonder, when every dead negro is supposed to enjoy returning periodically to his family, just to frighten or tease them, or inspect what they are all about, without the least regard to their great alarm and discomfort. In an old account of the days of slavery, I have read that the usual custom after a burial was to pretend to catch the spirit of the departed, which was then put in a small box and covered up snugly beside the coffin. Also food and drink were placed inside the latter, to support the dead in the last journey over the blue water to Africa. Naturally, if negroes now-a-days are too careless or too civilised to take these simple precautions for the proper housing and welfare of their volatile relatives after death, who then seem to become as irresponsible as infants, they must expect to suffer.

What do we do in the Blue Mountains? To begin with, early hours are the rule. Tea is brought to the various bedrooms by half-past six at latest, when one rises, if disposed, for an early stroll. After the breakfast, like an English one, the morning hours are used for work or reading, the breeze entering through the green jalousies of the verandah, which is often rather an enclosed corridor outside the dwelling-rooms than a piazza. Siesta follows lunch, and lazy people wake for tea, and that most toothsome Jamaican dainty, hot cassava cakes. These are toasted and buttered wafers, tasting as if made of slightly granular flour with a peculiar crispness; and all Jamaican people are passionately fond of them.

An afternoon walk may now be taken in the increasing coolness to some neighbours' houses, perhaps a mile or two distant. These hill residences are all either perched on grassy peaks, or knolls embowered in jungle, while some Norfolk pines stand out in sharp contrast to the more tropical foliage, besides queer screw-pines like giant distorted pine-apples. To reach these white wooden houses with their slate roofs, one dives

into hollows, dark-green with coffee bushes, or climbs heights of paler lemon or banana groves, while everywhere are brakes of feathery bamboo. Below the path the steep "khud," as the precipice is called, here as in India, is a sheet of luxuriant tangle; above, the high cliffs are clothed with all kinds of forest trees, which yield most beautiful and different woods, and they are fringed with gold and silver ferns, air-plants, and flowers like pinkish lace. Far below our feet clouds are floating over the valleys, in bluish smoke-wreaths, and the green and grey are so weirdly blended that all the expanse becomes a strange new world, like an enchanted dissolving view.

Returning from a pleasant visit, paid with the informality of the hills, we take a goodnight look at the tumbled sea of hill-crests inland, then seawards see the lights of Kingstown already twinkling. It is late, and swiftly the sky darkens, at which warning we hasten up the steep reddish-soiled paths, lest we be benighted. But before regaining home the fire-flies are shining, and the bats, called *pat-hooks* by the negroes, are swooping around.

When the day dawned, we must bid a reluctant farewell to the pleasant eyrie, where cool airs and cold nights are so wonderfully refreshing. We started to ride downhill towards seven o'clock. The morning was exquisite, fresh-washed by a shower, which still glistened on all the branches of bread-fruit and mango trees that overhung our winding paths, casting a shadow which soon became



NEWCASTLE



VIEW FROM NEWCASTLE

gratefully refreshing. The mango trees were so numerous, and often huge, that it was surprising to think they were only introduced, one hundred years ago; certainly wherever a mango stone has fallen, there it seems to have sprouted. But what of the many beautiful hardwoods of Jamaica—ebony, mahogany, and all the others which are shown in the Kingstown Museum? Looking round, none of these were to be seen near our paths, or by the picturesque thatched cabins.

Ah! the pity of it is that, in this black man's paradise, the merry, lazy country people are so thriftless. Quashey sees thousands of woodland acres lying free on the hillside, so he sneaks up thither, with wife and children, gleeful to escape the lowland rent of a pound an acre. Then, eager to start his helpmate or daughters at cultivating a patch of sugarcane or bananas, he will fire the forest, and sacrifice two hundred acres to clear two. These dark folk have much to learn; industry, the skill of eye and hand, for as artificers they are lamentably deficient; also foresight, for they look no further ahead than the sunny Jamaican day. But politeness comes as naturally to them as to the inhabitants of most lands where dame Nature is lavish in gifts to her children, where life is a holiday, and the climate a daily joy.

See the frequent groups climbing the hill - tracks; mothers, girls and children, all bearing great baskets or square water-tins, easily balanced on their heads. Even to the "pickneys," all greet the stranger with a bright, "Good evenin', Sah," or, "Missis." (It is usual to be quite indifferent as to the time of day, and as yet we have not breakfasted.)

Downhill let us hasten, for the day, though the first of October, is growing very warm, and we are still bound to climb up from Gordon Town by an opposite road to Newcastle, the camp of the white troops. Neat, white-washed and healthy, but deadly dull, in the opinion of poor Tommy Atkins, it lies far up yonder among the clouds. The road thither is shaded by semi-tropical trees, the banks fringed with flowers and rare ferns, through which brawling brooks or silver cascades come leaping down, to fling themselves into the boulder-strewn bed of a mountain torrent foaming in the deep gorge below. Above, the path emerges on an open sweep of mountain, overgrown with blackberries and honeysuckle, as with ginger shrubs bearing aromatic white blossoms, and mingling with the rugged spikes and homely fragrance of our English gorse. A breezy, pleasant upland, were it not too often covered with fogs, or drenched with rain-squalls.

All self-respecting travellers like ourselves, journey up to Newcastle to see its famous Ferntree Walk. So onwards our ponies pace, while their riders feast on the almost too vivid verdure that is occasionally relieved by white jasmine stars, or a branch of yellow acacia, drooping from the banks, while bell-like violet thunbergias are twining among tree branches high overhead.

IN OCTOBER.

RED and russet and gold and bronze
Where Summer was once so green,
Earlier dusks and lazier dawns
With chillier nights between—
For the winds to the late leaves coldly speak,
And I hear the doors of the winter creak.

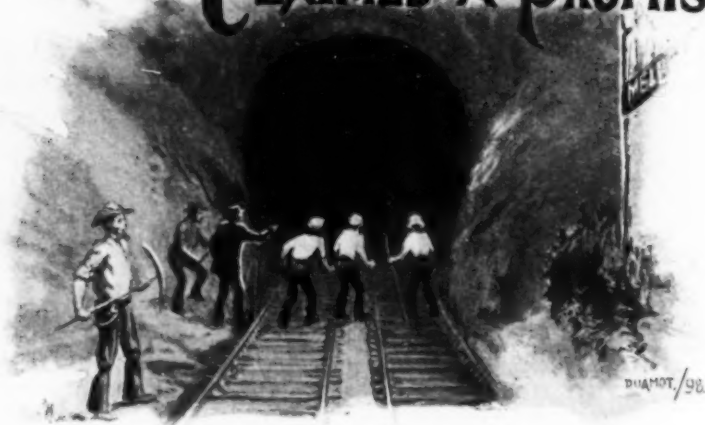
The great White King but bides his time :
Even now we can feel his breath ;
Even now in the morning's first frail rime
There shines a beautiful death.
And now, O Love, we must take the road
That leads to town and its prim abode.

Was ever a song so sweetly sung
As the last we heard in the glen,
When the robin sang : " You are young, you are young !
"And Summer shall blossom again !"
O Love, it is well when the heart is bold,
When hope keeps new tho' the year grows old.

Early and late, early and late,
My heart is singing of you,
As the redbreast sang at the winter's gate
The joy that he felt was true.
For I need but look in your eyes of grey
To make the season as merry as May !

J. J. BELL.

THE CONVICT WHO. CLAIMED A PROMISE



A RAILWAY TALE

WRITTEN BY GEORGE HAW.

ILLUSTRATED BY DUAMOT

AS the store van came steaming to the Tunnel station, Luke Milne, who was driving, cried out, "What's up now?" and closed his regulator sharply, and screwed down the hand-brake. The signal was against him.

The engine with the two vans came to a stand by the platform side. It became more evident that this was unusual by the wondering look in the driver's face as he stepped from the foot-plate to the station platform. For the store van—as they always called the small train that carried the weekly stores to the outlying cabins and stations—was not expected to stop at Melby at all.

The driver soon learnt the reason. From out the station-house came the station-master and a police officer. "Milne," cried the railway functionary, "you've got to take this van to Lingford.

It's on your way, and yours is the first train up since they caught him."

Then for the first time the driver noticed at the dead-end of the station a solitary van. He thought he saw the helmet of a constable within.

No need now for the station-master to whisper: "They've got him at last!" The driver knew it all in an instant.

A convict had escaped a month ago, and been discovered two or three hundred miles away riding under a carriage of one of the North-going expresses. The wheel-tapper, who espied him, passed along as though he had seen nothing, but at the end of the train he hurriedly called assistance, and half-a-dozen men hastened back to find the convict gone.

"I'll swear before heaven," the wheel-tapper said, "I saw him with my eyes"—nobody had suggested that he must have been looking with his boots. "It was

the v
the m
He m
and th
The
its fu
prete
not to
that t
guise
The
hour
himse
the st
much
men a
man
out of
ready
haulin
man's
Wh
was n
The
this r
up th
inquin
"V
cried,
engin
minut
don't
on he
Th
other
each
Ba
speak
worse
next
at al
Bu
terrib
the d
engin
with
"M
all up
So
conv
Mess
cabin
away
Alwa
engin
too c
expre

the very man, in the very clothes, all the newspapers have been describing. He must have noticed that I saw him, and then escaped."

They searched underneath the train its full length, while others, under the pretence of examining the tickets, so as not to alarm the passengers, made sure that the hunted man had in no manner of guise entered any of the compartments.

The train went away a quarter of an hour late, and the wheel-tapper took himself to the engine shed at the end of the station to tell all he had seen, and much that he had not seen, to the engine men and cleaners. The driver and fireman of an engine that had just come out of the shed, standing with steam up ready for duty, left their work of overhauling her for a moment to hear the man's narrative within.

When they came out again their engine was nowhere to be seen.

They ran hither and thither, asked of this man and that man, finally racing up the line to the signal cabin to make inquiries there.

"Why, of course," the signalman cried, amazed to see them, "I let your engine out on to the main line a few minutes after the express passed. You don't mean to tell me there was nobody on her!"

The two engine men gazed one at the other. They read each other's fears in each other's eyes. The convict!

Bad enough though it was they must speak out to prevent bad becoming worse. "Signalman, wire you to the next cabin, and get that engine stopped at all costs!"

But the message that came back was terrible. "Yes," wired the man from the cabin two miles ahead, "a light engine has just gone by at full speed with the signals against her."

"My God!" the driver cried. "It's all up."

Soon it was known widely that the convict had gone off with an engine. Messages were flashed from cabin to cabin until they got ahead of the runaway; but even that was of no avail. Always word came back that the stolen engine was pressing the express train too close to be stopped. To pull up the express itself they dare not, lest the

engine, rushing in the rear, should go crashing into it with fatal havoc.

They got the message miles ahead of the express at last in the hope that the pursuing engine might be switched into a siding or on to another line, but it was a great distance off before a signalman found a safe opportunity.

Swifter than the wind the express came sweeping past his cabin. Less than a mile, less than a minute behind it, the stolen engine was speeding equally fast.

The express went ahead on the main line, all unconscious of her pursuer. The other followed but a short while longer and then swerved off on to a cross track, and disappeared out of sight at a quickening speed.

At once the signalman wired to the first cabin on the branch line to look out for the speeding engine. He waited and waited, rang again, and then got back the message, "No engine passed as yet."

The pointsman guessed the reason. Finding himself switched off the main line the convict must have known he was found out, and so stopped the engine and taken to his feet.

Anyhow, they found the locomotive an hour later at a standstill by a cluster of trees. The closed regulator was sufficient proof she had been stopped by human hands.

Never had the railroads of those parts known such an incident. In cabins, stations, sheds, and engine cabs it was talked about from the going on in the morning to the leaving off at night. But there came a sequel to it all ere long, which was often told without the earlier incident, so completely did the sequel overshadow it.

Though they searched the countryside far and near, nothing was seen or heard of the convict for several days. Then a passenger train came in one afternoon with the news that the missing man had been seen prowling around some waggons in a siding. A search made one fact clear; some provisions in the waggons had been disturbed in a search for food.

The line thereabouts was watched and guarded day and night; baits were set; waggons and vans containing provisions

were left in lonely sidings. And thus it was the convict came to be trapped at Melby.

"We want to get him to the county town and into prison quietly," the police officer had told the station-master; and that was why they stopped the store van and called Luke Milne to lend a hand.

The convict had been manacled and placed in a van, a constable by his side.

"No one will suspect anything," the station-master told Luke Milne, "when they see you have an extra van attached. They'll think the stores are heavy this week, that's all."

So the engine backed down to the other van, and took it in tow. The police official had stepped within to join his brother officer by the prisoner's side. They entered the long tunnel and began tearing through it with a sound as though rocks were raining overhead.

Coming to the light again, the roar of the tunnel growing less, the driver and his mate gradually became conscious of another sound. Voices were crying, "Stop, driver, stop! You driver there, stop!"

The two police officers were hanging out of the window, waving their hands excitedly. So soon as ever the short train was pulled up, they leaped to the line and came running forward.

"He's escaped," they cried together; "escaped! He sprang up suddenly in the middle of the tunnel and felled us both with his fists. Somehow he'd got his handcuffs loosed. Before we could recover from his blows he'd got the door open, and had sprung out. Let's

get back at once with lamps, and have the tunnel searched. Quick, driver, get back again. He shan't, he can't escape!"

Said the driver, leaning out of the cab: "Better get the signalman at this end to wire back to the station. He can't have got out yet, and they'd better watch the tunnel at the other end."

They went back through the tunnel, nearly a mile in length, very slowly. Lights were hung outside the leading van,

and the two police officers, each carrying a lantern, walked on opposite sides of the tunnel. All the way back on the long slow journey, the van lights and the lanterns radiated the tunnel

far ahead, but no figure was seen, not even the shadow of a figure. As they approached the light at the other end, it was with a vague hope that the man they sought had been arrested at the station on emerging from the darkness.

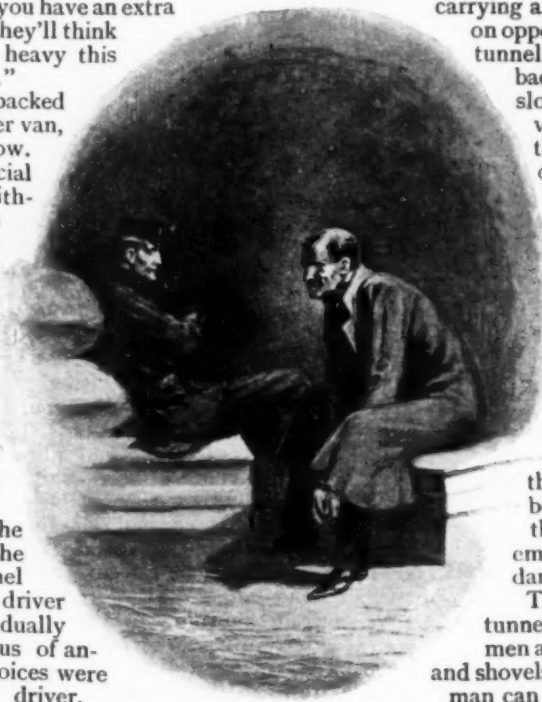
The mouth of the tunnel was lined by men armed with picks and shovels—how savagely man can hunt his fellow-man—for the station-master had called up a

gang of plate-layers, the instant he got the message from the cabin.

Had they seen him?

No. They could swear that neither man nor beast had come out of the tunnel for a quarter of an hour.

There was nothing for it but to return and search again. The officer told some of the men to remain at the mouth of the tunnel. He took two or three plate-layers with him, and they all sat on the footboard of the



"THE CONVICT HAD BEEN MANACLED"

van, and in five

The emph his e from the of that w

"N

he's c

"He's

in som

must

there

"guar

again

the ot

The

sorry,

my or

trains

I'll p

the d

he'll

but k

man."

"W

talking

a pass

come

while

corner

"N

lost e

You've

ends

We've

"T

when

mand

"I'

answe

catch

bothe

got h

than y

The

round

decla

them

in th

the tu

The

the t

count

allow

Luke

van, and were carried to the other end in five minutes.

The man in the signal cabin was quite emphatic that no one had come out at his end of the tunnel. He had watched from his windows all the time. He told the officer he must pass a train through that was nearly due.

"No train must enter the tunnel until he's captured," was the officer's order. "He's in that tunnel somewhere, hiding in some of the niches, probably, and we must search till we find him. You men there"—turning to the plate-layers—"guard the tunnel here, and we'll go in again and drive him out at one end or the other like a rat."

The signalman shook his head. "Very sorry," he said firmly, "but I don't take my orders from you. I must work my trains and do my duty as well as you. I'll pull the train up here, just to tell the driver what's happened, so that he'll go through the tunnel cautiously; but keep the train back I can't for any man."

"Well, I'm not going to waste time talking to you," returned the officer, in a passion. "Here, you driver there, come back into the tunnel again, slowly, while I and my officer search every corner."

"No, thank you," said Luke, "I've lost enough time over this job already. You've got the tunnel guarded at both ends now, so it's little more we can do. We've got to get to Daneport to-night."

"Then who's to take the convict when we catch him?" the officer demanded.

"I'll leave you the van, of course," answered the driver. "You'd better catch the convict before you begin to bother about another engine, and having got him, keep a closer watch on him than you did before."

The officer cursed railway men all round for their confounded independence, declaring that he would quickly teach them a thing or two if he only had them in the Force. He then ventured into the tunnel with his man alone.

The store van got to Daneport with the twilight. As this was always counted a two days' trip, the men were allowed lodging expenses here; but Luke Milne, having a large family and

a strong constitution, always saved the money and slept in the van.

That night, having set his engine by in the shed and left the two vans in the goods yard, he joined the fireman and guard in a stroll round the quaint old town. The harbour is formed by the mouth of the river, and completed by two breakwaters which run out into the sea at opposite angles, seemingly for the purpose of holding aloft two lighthouses. From the harbour bridge these look like two gigantic candlesticks, lighting the sea-way into the town.

The railway men walked the length of the longer breakwater. The end is rounded off with turrets, and you can walk between the furthestmost wall and the lighthouse. In one of these, with his back towards them, a man was sitting, in a long cloak, looking out over the dark sea. All the time the railway men loitered near, he never turned his face, though they talked and laughed loudly, hoping he might heed them. They gave him up at last, and passed round the other side of the lighthouse to return. A few dozen steps only, yet when they got round they saw the strange figure in the long cloak hurrying away towards the town with unseemly speed. Under one of the breakwater lights he turned to look back, though he never stayed his pace. The light fell full upon him, and Luke Milne cried out,

"The convict!"

The others scouted the idea. The tunnel was thirty miles off, and if he could tell them how the convict had covered that distance in the time they would believe it.

"Well, it does seem impossible," admitted the driver, "but say what you will, yon man was uncommonly like him."

They forgot the affair back in the town again. Luke bade the others "Good-night," and sought out his sleeping place in the railway van. He passed a few words with the gatekeeper in his cabin, and got the loan of a lantern. As he walked through the deserted goods yard he thought again of the figure in the cloak.

Was it fancy or reality that the moment his mind dwelt on the creature

he thought he saw the same passing on in front? Mistaken he could not be; there, sure enough, was a figure in a long dark cloak going on before. He stopped and squeezed his eyes as though to clear them, then raised his lamp aloft.

What a fool he must be to-night; there was no one to be seen.

The two vans stood linked together. He climbed into the one where the remainder of the stores were, and made for himself a rough shakedown. He had no great desire for sleep just then, so he stood at the window for some time, looking out upon the harbour water reflecting many lights. As he brought his eyes back to the goods yard around him, noting empty waggons, laden trucks, and occasional vans, he thought he saw again the figure in the cloak.

Again he called himself a fool, and, still looking out of the window, rated himself soundly for his weakness. It must be because he was tired, he told himself, so he would get to sleep. Turning from the window, he went cold from head to foot. The figure in the cloak was looking at him from the window opposite. As the engine-man stared, half in terror, half in daring, the head disappeared.

Lamp in hand, he rushed to the door. No one was in sight. All round the van he looked, and under it, ending up as before by calling himself a fool.

He clambered inside again. Just as he was about to stretch himself upon his shakedown he espied something upon the floor. He picked it up. It



"HE NEVER TURNED HIS FACE"

was the photograph of a woman, young and fair.

"What next?" he muttered. "But she's a handsome lass, whoever she is," he added, holding the miniature at arm's length.

The driver got to sleep at last. The next thing he knew was being awakened by a vigorous shake. He opened his eyes. Engine-driver though he was, he got the severest shock he had ever had in his life. Bending over him was the figure in the cloak. He was sure this time it was the convict. He made to

spring
and le
"Y
said.

It w
this w

"W
the en
his toi

"As
you,"
down,
and h
awaite

The
"W

"I

convic
out cl
preven
attack
friend.
deal w
be com
what
you fr

The
clearly
was w

"O

the co
in this
you se
I laugh
struck
though
but I
withou
almost
could
have h

I first
utmost
footbo
faces
bered
of the
heads
were l
to stop
boards
among
police-
until y
there c
I knew
stores

spring to his feet, but found his arms and legs tightly pinioned.

"You needn't be afraid," the convict said.

It was reassuring to hear a voice; and this was not the voice of a desperate man.

"What's all this about?" demanded the engine-driver angrily, straining at his toils.

"As soon as you are quiet, I'll tell you," the other answered. He sat down, resting his elbow on his knee, and his chin in his hand, and calmly awaited the driver's pleasure.

The engine-driver stopped writhing.

"What have you done this for?"

"I fastened you while you slept," the convict said, surveying the driver without changing his posture, "in order to prevent a scene. You might have attacked me. Not that I'm afraid, my friend. I'm in the mood to-night to deal with half-a-dozen men, and then be confident of victory. Listen first to what I've got to say, and then I'll set you free. I see you know me."

The engine-driver's look showed clearly that he knew him; also that he was wondering how the man got there.

"Our friend the police-officer," said the convict, "never thought of looking in this van for his escaped bird. I heard you searching for me in the tunnel, and I laughed and enjoyed it all. When I struck those fellows in the van, they thought I had leaped from the train, but I hadn't planned out the escape without foreseeing the danger, and the almost certainty of arrest again before I could get out of the tunnel. No; I have had to make too many plans since I first got away not to have learnt the utmost caution. I stepped on to the footboard, banged the door right in the faces of my pursuers, and had clambered over the buffers to the other side of the van before they had got their heads out of the window. While they were looking out and shouting for you to stop, I walked quietly along the footboards on the other side and got in here among the stores. When you left the police-officer and came on, I waited until you reached the next tunnel, and there came out and went underneath, for I knew you would be dropping the stores all the way along."

The man spoke without either fierceness or fear. Rather was his voice plaintive and his face resigned.

"Why I escaped at all you shall know, for I want you to carry out my last desire. I saw you pick up a photograph as I watched you through the window. I was not aware I had dropped it here. The first thing I did while you slept was to take it from you. Look at it again. The woman you see is the woman who made me a convict."

The engine-driver lay quite quiet now. His early fears of the man left him entirely.

"This is my native town," the convict went on, "and it was here I wooed the sweetest girl the town has ever known. I was not her only lover. Many others sought her. Though she was only a working girl, she had offers from all kinds of men. But it was I she favoured, and we became engaged."

"Never—no, never, never shall I forget the joy of our courting days. My life before I met her had been a hard one, with little pleasure, but she turned it into paradise. The sun shone in the morning with greater brightness, and I had never noticed before how beautiful it was at its setting. Each day brought new joys to my life. We worked together in the paper mills, and I used to see her every day. You can never know how that girl's presence in the mill influenced me for good. It made me work better, and made me hold my fellows in higher regard. She was so beautiful; you can see that yourself, can't you?"

The pinioned man, lying on the floor, nodded, as the convict held her likeness before his eyes.

"One morning she didn't come. I don't know why, but a strange fear came over me. Her behaviour had been somewhat strange lately, though I had passed it off without a second thought. The others in the mill saw my anxiety, and chaffed me, and the girls hinted at things which, had they been men, I should have knocked them down for uttering. I thought it was their jealousy, but, oh, my God! I learnt the very next day how true it all was. I had loved her so well that I had not noticed what had become common talk among them for weeks past."

"The son of the wealthy mill-owner, fresh from college, had recently entered the business. The girl attracted him straightway. He soon turned her head by his flattery, and having money of his own, he had persuaded her to run away with him.

"They told the truth to me in the mill the following day. I was like one out of his senses. I screamed out that, as he had ruined me, I would ruin him, and, seizing a crowbar, I smashed the machines right and left. The men and women in the mill fled in terror, thinking I had suddenly gone mad. The clerks in the counting-house came up, headed by the employer—his father. The sight of him infuriated me more. Crowbar aloft, I rushed at him, and before they could seize me, I had struck him to the ground.

"It took the lot of them to hold me till the police arrived, and I was taken to prison. It came out in the evidence that the old gentleman would never be able to get out of his bed again. I was calm then, and full of regrets.

"They sentenced me for life. Seven years—seven long terrible years I endured—and never a day or night of them without that girl being uppermost in my mind. I had long come to admit that she was better off, that she was ever a lady, and that she would fill her position as wife to the other man in a becoming manner. I cursed the mad jealousy that had driven me to crime, and became contrite, and was well regarded by the chaplain.

"But something happened that aroused the old spirit again with tenfold fury, and allied to it was a wild desire for a desperate revenge. In the next cell to me was placed a man who had been convicted in London. Although we convicts are not allowed to speak to each other, there are ways, and by signs and rappings we quickly came to understand each other.

"I soon had his history and he soon had mine. It was he who set aflame the mad desire for revenge. From him I learnt that for half-a-dozen years she had been a well-known unfortunate in London. She had told him with her own lips the story of her downfall. The man whom I had never doubted

would marry her had cast her off after a few months, and she had gone with the tide.

"It was revenge that helped me to escape. It was revenge that drove me to the many desperate things I've done to get so far away. It was revenge that brought me here to seek out that villain and take his life."

The helpless engineman on the floor grew cold under the convict's frenzy. He shuddered and shrank away. The other noticed the movement.

"Ah, you needn't be afraid," the convict said, softening his voice. "The thing is done now. I did it this very night."

"What! Murdered him?" the terrified engineman exclaimed.

"Pushed him into the sea," said the convict. "Fate was with me. I stole this disguise in a cabin in the goods yard here, and once in the town at dusk I met my man coming over the harbour bridge. I passed him, and then turned round and followed at a distance. He made for the breakwater, evidently for an evening stroll. Beyond the lighthouse he stood looking out to sea. I stole up stealthily and sprang upon him. I felt strong enough to have dealt with half-a-dozen men like him. I held him down to the ground, my hands on his throat, my knees on his chest, and told him all. He whined for mercy, but I lifted him into my arms to hurl him into the sea. He struggled frantically and slipped out of my arms on to the wall. I pushed him over. Half-way down was a narrow stone ledge, and he grasped at this with his hands as he fell, and there he hung. He was too heavy a man to raise himself. I knew he must let go his hold before long; so I gloated over him above. If I had thought for a moment he could save himself, I would have flung myself bodily upon him, and dragged him to the bottom.

"As I taunted him from above, his eyes big with terror, that was my hour of triumph. I saw he was more afraid of the leaping waves than of losing his hold. The heavier waves sprang up at him as they struck the breakwater, and threw their showers of spray even into my face. Still I mocked him, and my voice above the hissing sea brought

added
wave c
licked
heard
and la
Then
triumph
were g
"Th
mates.
hurling
for I ha
had be
the hu
arrest,
the poo
find my
money.
possessi
flinging
I heard
you wer

added terrors to his face. The black wave came at last that leaped up and licked him off like the worm he was. I heard his shrieks above the surging foam and laughed aloud."

There was no mistaking the convict's triumph, his face glowed and his eyes were gleaming.

"Then you came, you and your mates. You came as I was thinking of hurling myself into the water as well, for I had nothing more to live for. I had been chuckling at the thought of the hundred pounds offered for my arrest, and I was wondering whether the poor devil of a fisherman who might find my body would see any part of the money. Suddenly a strange idea took possession of me and saved me from flinging myself into the waves, and when I heard you men talking and learnt that you were yourself to sleep in this van

to-night, I made up my mind to ask you to help me to carry my idea out. I know I'll be hung, for I intend to let all the world know what I have done, and why I did it."

Here the convict got up and took a knife from his pocket:

"Now," he said, cutting the cords that bound the engine-driver, "I set you free, and I give myself up to you, for I believe you to be an honest man; I give myself up to you so that you may get this hundred pounds. And why? Because I want you to give it to that girl in London, and maybe save her from the life she is leading."

The engineman rose, stretching himself. "No," he said with a resolute shake of the head, "I can't do a thing like that."

"Can't!" the convict repeated with a blend of fierceness and sarcasm.



"'PROMISE!' HE SHRIEKED"

"But I insist upon it! See here"—handing him the photograph—"this is the woman; you can't mistake her; and here is her address on the back. The girl has an uncle in Australia. Write to her and tell her you are her uncle's friend, and that he has sent you a hundred pounds for her, the condition being that she has to come to you for the money. Once having got her out of London, try to keep her out by advising her to start in business."

Still the driver shook his head resolutely.

Then the convict sprang upon him. He seemed to throw him down, to put his knees on his body and his hands to

his throat, all in the same instant. "If you don't promise," he hissed, "I'll kill you as well."

It was impossible to mistake his earnestness. Equally was it impossible to overmatch his strength.

"Promise," he cried, shaking the helpless man under him.

"You—you don't know what you ask," the other faltered.

"Promise," in a louder voice and with a darker look. "Promise."

"But —"

"Promise," he shrieked raising his fist above the other's face.

Yielding at last, with a sincere look, the driver said: "I promise."



WRITT

"L

two-fift
fifteen ?
Three p
guineas-
guineas
Though
the cabr
The auc
down to
may figu
come.

The n
wide as l
domestic
necessary
means.
has this i
gods of
come to
Change o
debt, or



WRITTEN BY LEONARD W. LILLINGSTON.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. Y. DEAN

“**T**WO fifty-seven: Massive, carved, ebonised, centre table, ormolu bead bordered, with cabriole legs—Two guineas! two-ten! two-fifteen! A-n-y advance on two-fifteen? Three pounds: thank you, sir! Three pounds—guineas! Going at three guineas—for the last time at three guineas”—and the hammer falls. Though the highly desirable table with the cabriole legs is not necessarily sold. The auctioneer may have knocked it down to himself or to the owner, and it may figure again and again in sales to come.

The range of the auction room is as wide as human invention. Look at the domestic equipment which has become necessary even to the man of limited means. The property of the millionaire has this in common with the household gods of the meanest citizen, that both come to the hammer sooner or later. Change of taste or change of residence, debt, or death—the auctioneer's best

friend—the old masters of the one and the villa furnishings of the other pass through the same ordeal.

The proportion of the public that attends the sales is very small. The regular visitors do not exceed a few hundreds and the number of casual callers is quite inconsiderable. The Young Couple are conspicuous as *bonâ fide* buyers. In the least reputable rooms they are the special quarry of the touting broker.

There are firms which date back farther than Christie's, but none so distinguished for their connection with the fine arts. The most celebrated connoisseurs have foregathered at King Street, St. James's, from 1766 right down to the present day, though Christie's were not always so exclusive as now. They evidently had a connection in the hay and corn trade at the end of last century, for at that time I find them selling loads of “excellent meadow hay” for the Duke of Queensberry. “Old Q.” was perhaps a favoured client,

and Christie had an eye to future transactions. But he must already have had a reputation among art patrons, for he was selling china and Caxtons before then. He was in high favour with the "nobility and gentry." He induced the great Lord Chesterfield to visit in state a collection of pictures he had for sale; his lordship was graciously pleased to approve of them. The first Christie knew how to flatter, no doubt; and Lord Chesterfield, we may believe, knew how to swallow his flatteries. It would scarcely be safe for a noble lord

to imitate him to-day; a scandal-loving press would suggest mercenary motives.

Christie was known to most of the eminent men of his time, and sold up their belongings when they died. Gainsborough painted him, whilst Rowlandson and Gillray sketched his audiences. But for the change of costume, you find much the same people at the sales to-day. By the way, the identical ivory hammer which was used then is used now. There is now, as then, the successful merchant turned *dilettante*, and who is the best of patrons. There are



ENTRANCE HALL, CHRISTIE'S.

those
fash
the
to p
tren
to p
for a
been
The
cam
frien
Chri
war
wor
mem
gant
pers
Coun
Jame
Th
this
putat
were
sculp
costl
inspi
guine
for t
six th
en sw
got t
eye t
boug
sixte
barga
Chris
to ha
at a
resol
found
at the
Th
sales
are r
congr
used
empti
Tunb
taking
stand
Eclip
Huge
every
Welli
lasted
three
books

those who buy objects of art to be in the fashion and to pass the time; and lastly the few persons of taste who buy solely to please themselves. It would be extremely embarrassing to have to descend to particulars as to the Christie sales, for almost every well-known picture has been sold there at some time or other. The goods of the Chevalier D'Æon came under their hammer; he was a friend of the auctioneers. Mr. James Christie possesses part of the original wardrobe of the Chevalier, which he wore during his sensational career as a member of the opposite sex. The elegant trifles accumulated by another person of dubious character—the Countess Dubarry—also went to St. James's.

The Hamilton sale was the event of this century, and it is likely that its reputation will outlast the next. There were ten thousand lots of pictures, sculpture, furniture, china, and other costly objects. The prices are awe-inspiring: four thousand four hundred guineas for a secretaire, made originally for the luckless Marie Antoinette; and six thousand guineas for a writing table *en suite*. The Duke of Hamilton, who got together the collection, had a sharp eye to business. A triptych, originally bought by him for forty guineas, sold for sixteen hundred pounds! There are bargains, it is said, to be had at Christie's now. A Terburg is reported to have been bought there not long ago at a cost of seven guineas, which was resold for eighty pounds, and finally found its way into a Continental gallery at the cost of seven hundred pounds.

The old book auctioneers held their sales in the coffee houses where, as we are reminded, the wits were wont to congregate. One well-known auctioneer used to keep the pot boiling, when town emptied, by taking his books down to Tunbridge Wells, where the *bon ton* were taking the baths. Sotheby's in books stands where Christie's does in pictures; Eclipse first and the rest nowhere. Huge sums of money change hands every season in the quiet little room in Wellington Street. The Beckford sale lasted forty days, and produced seventy-three thousand pounds. Two thousand books sold from the Syson library aver-

aged fourteen pounds each. Talleyrand's books were sold there and those of that exceedingly correct person, the Hon. Joseph Addison. There is a pathetic interest in the sale of the books with which the exile of St. Helena tried to beguile the weary hours. They fetched four hundred and twenty pounds. Sotheby's is also celebrated amongst collectors of coins, prints and old china.

Puttick & Simpson's is another well-known firm, identified with the sale of books, musical instruments, and musical copyrights, postage stamps, and bookplates. Their house in Leicester Square was once the home of Sir Joshua Reynolds; he painted many of his masterpieces in the sale-room, which was his studio. Later it was tenanted by the Sacred Harmonic Society; Sir Michael de Costa conducted his rehearsals there. Though the bibliophile is most at home at Sotheby's, he is also a frequent visitor at Puttick's; they have distributed many splendid libraries. The sale of the Sunderland collection lasted two months and realised more than fifty thousand pounds. A copy of the Mazarin Bible was sold here. It is the corner stone which most collectors of the products of the early presses sigh for in vain. The copy was imperfect, there were only two volumes out of three, but it was the Mazarin Bible, and it fetched thirteen hundred pounds. Musical instruments of any value all find their way to Leicester Square. Big prices are realised at the sales of "guaranteed violins." The record so far is eight hundred and sixty pounds for a Stradivarius. Musical copyrights also run into a good deal of money. The copyright of the well-known song "Anchored," after having had a vogue for some years, realised twelve hundred pounds when brought to the hammer.

The value of the stamps sold at Puttick's during a single season amounts to many thousands of pounds. The highest price was for a block of four Mauritius "twopenny." These little bits of paper cost the purchaser two hundred and ten pounds. The pursuit of bookplates is a comparatively new hobby, but it has already enlisted many ardent spirits, especially in the United States. The bookplate of the collector is the engraved

label which the owner of a library pastes inside his books in token of possession. The very first sale of the kind in this country took place in Leicester Square at the beginning of last year. Old and scarce bookplates of celebrated personages and those engraved by distinguished engravers are most sought after. For example, the plate of Thomas Penn, the son of Penn the Quaker, fetched six pounds ten. Then there are autographs. The musical scores of Mozart, in the composer's own handwriting, fetched more than one hundred pounds.

Christie's for pictures, Sotheby's for books, Puttick & Simpson's for musical instruments and stamps, but Stevens, for natural curiosities. To-day they are selling a cargo of Egyptian mummies, to-morrow a valuable collection of butterflies. Let no one think slightly of the Lepidoptera; for a good pair of "Large Coppers" the present price is twelve guineas. They were plentiful enough thirty or forty years ago in the Fen districts, but the fens were drained and the Large Copper became extinct. Main drainage schemes are evidently opposed to the best interests of entomology.

But I am forgetting the Great Auk's Egg. Speak reverently of the egg; its value is greater even than Egyptian kings, or Benin idols "freely drenched in human blood." A perfect specimen, an egg with a pedigree, has fetched three hundred guineas. Two, whose history was not so well-known, sold at Stevens' not long ago, one at two hundred and eighty-six guineas, and the other at one hundred and eighty-five. A very respectable price, I think, for such a fragile object as a bird's egg. Happy the ornithologist who possesses one. Happier still the man who became the owner of the bird and egg complete. His triumph must have been cheap at six hundred and fifty guineas.



A CORNER IN CHRISTIE'S.

There is a wonderful story—which happens to be a true one—of a young man who bought for thirty shillings at a country sale a collection of bird's eggs. And there were two auk's eggs amongst them. He brought them joyfully to Mr. Stevens, who pronounced them genuine, and subsequently wrote out that young man a cheque in three figures.

Mineralogy is another strong feature at Stevens'. The catalogue of a sale as far back as 1834 refers to "Most select minerals, to be viewed two days prior to the sale, Sunday excepted." Those old mineralogists must have been a desperate crew, capable even of breaking the Sabbath to indulge their hobby. I read that a specimen of "green fibrous muriate of silver" is to be put up at twenty-five pounds. A "fanlike" and "starlike" kapolith or strawstone of unique and infinite beauty has a reserve of twenty-five pounds set upon it. "For years," the catalogue says pathetically, "this specimen was idolised by the owner." Mineralogy is no longer the rage, but certain specimens still fetch

large sums. Such as ruby silver, a magnificent piece of which was recently knocked down at one hundred guineas, and is now in the Jermyn Street Museum. And it is not the amount of silver it contains; the intrinsic value of that specimen would be about ten shillings.

But the interest in minerals has undoubtedly declined. I cannot say what has taken their place. The Dried

cite an instance, Du Chaillu and his gorillas for another. The present Mr. Stevens deals freely in lions, tigers, and other "fearful wildfowl," but they are generally of the stuffed variety. The firm, however, had once the selling of a collection, whilst the lions were still rampant.

When the London County Council found they had in the parks more water-fowl than they wanted, they consigned



STEVENS'

Human Heads from Ecuador perhaps. They sell freely enough, at any rate, at from fifteen to forty guineas. And extremely good value, if you have a taste for the gruesome. The bones of the skull are taken out, the head subjected to a peculiar drying process, by which it contracts to about one-sixth its natural size.

The mighty hunter brings the victims of his prowess to Stevens' to exchange for hard cash. Gordon Cumming, to

the surplus to Stevens. It is also the recognised market for homers and fancy pigeons. A homing pigeon of proved performance will easily fetch a ten-pound note; and turbits have been sold here at twenty-five and thirty guineas apiece. This is the place, too, for bulbs: orchids from two hundred and fifty guineas to three hundred guineas each; tulips and hyacinths. Mr. Chamberlain is to be seen here sometimes, scrutinising a new variety. There was

once an orchid sale at Stevens' at which thousands of lots were sold. The purchases of one great grower alone came to thousands of pounds. Another man there was who bought a single lot for a couple of shillings—a little piece of orchid with no apparent life in it. It grew up, however, in due course. And when it came to flower, what do you think he found? That he was the owner of a new and totally unknown variety. The moral of the story? He took it to Mr. Stevens, who sold it for one hundred and fifty pounds.

There is an old-world charm about Hodgson's, in Chancery Lane, which makes it one of the most attractive rooms in London. The booksellers sit facing each other—rusty, crabbed, old volumes some of them are!—passing the books from one to the other, sizing up their value at a glance. The barrow-men from Farringdon Road and the

New Cut are grouped picturesquely in the background, bidding for huge lots of worthless books, which go for a few shillings the hundred. Who buys them and who reads them, who shall say?—histories long discredited, out-of-date science, antiquated legal and medical books, old school books, encyclopædias, and sermons. Not old enough to be curious, not modern enough to be exact, the best place for them would be the paper mill. That, in fact, was their destination till the fall in the price of waste paper. But there seem to be degrees of worthlessness even in the Farringdon Road. The barrow-man, to meet the difficulty, labels his stock "Two a penny," with the significant addition that "You must take two."

Hodgson is the auctioneer to the trade—not so much for first editions and special rarities as for good, solid reading by authors of esteem. In fact, it is



HODGSONS

said Mr. Augustine Birrell once bought there for three and sixpence a first edition of "Gray's Elegy," value about fifty pounds. However, even if the story is true, similar finds have been recorded at Sotheby's; cataloguers are only human, after all. The copyrights of books are sold at Hodgson's. A work which has been very popular with one publisher will realise a thousand or two when passing over to another. This, too, is the place for "remainders"—the copies of a book which will not sell any longer at the published price. The "remainder bookseller" revives the sale by lowering the price, which, I suppose, would be below the dignity of the original publisher.

Most auctioneers specialise in some direction. There is a firm, for example, whose leading features are jewellery and old clothes. It seems a strange combination under one roof. The old clothes days are the most interesting. The buyers—chiefly Jewish wardrobe dealers—are quite up to their reputation for dirt and picturesqueness. They squabble amongst themselves all the while, and are facetious with the auctioneer, who has a reputation for repartee. The extent of the trade in second-hand clothing is enormous. There are many people who buy their wear of every kind second-hand. Even the goods which are too far gone for the home market are exported; partly-civilised races have a great liking for European dress, and look leniently at small deficiencies.

The Dutch auction is the sale at its lowest. The auctioneer, who comes from no one knows where, and leaves eventually for the same place, starts business in a good thoroughfare. He generally selects an empty shop. It makes an excellent sale room, with the advantage that the passer-by has a good view of him, his gold watch-chain, glossy silk hat, and generally irreproachable "get-up." It is true that under the influence of the heat and excitement he is sometimes driven to sell in his shirt sleeves, but he remains "quite the gentleman." He has a sunny smile, the smile of a man whose confidence in human nature cannot be shaken. He is very eloquent, and his humour is

undeniable. He does not follow the methods of the ordinary auctioneer, for he starts an article, say, at ten shillings, and if you will only wait, will bring it down to a shilling. His china, his bronzes, his clocks, his watches, his electro-plate and cutlery, his musical boxes, his cigars and oil paintings, in fact the whole of his stock, are all described in one word, and that is—shoddy. Wherever villainous parodies of useful and ornamental objects are to be bought he is a buyer, and wherever half-educated gulls are to be found he is a seller. The visitor from the country who, attracted by the flaring gaslights, steps inside to pass a cheap half-hour, often finds it has proved a dear one. The impudence of the Dutch auctioneer is colossal; so is his mendacity. He flourishes for a time like a green bay tree, but retribution comes, though it tarry long. Former customers flout him to his face and his reputation for ready wit suffers; humourists, like everybody else, must have a working majority. However, they have only the shadow while he has the substance; so he hires a furniture van, removes his stock and baits the trap elsewhere. Sometimes in the hurry of going he forgets to pay his rent.

The auction room is full of traps for the unwary. Overmantels of walnut wood are things which no drawing-room should be without. Some astonishing bargains of the kind are to be bought—brand new from the factory—warranted to warp, crack, and fall to pieces inside a twelvemonth. The pictures, one would think, would deceive no one; luckily for the artists—who turn them out by the score—they deceive a great many. There are rooms where the chief business is the sale of this rubbish, and of stock thrown out by dealers.

The common drawbacks of the average sale room—scanty room and miscellaneous company—are, however, forgotten in the fascinations of bargain hunting. To discover, on the viewing day, a fine old piece of furniture obscured by a pile of miscellanea; to unearth from a box of "sundries" something for the china cabinet; to find a first edition in a bundle of dirty books; to identify the work of a known artist

in a "speculative oil painting"; all these, though they come rarely, repay the auction hunter a hundredfold. To ascertain whether the marks on the china really do correspond to old Derby, Worcester, Lowestoft, Dresden, or what not; to collate the book; to compare the painting with works by the same master; these are further pleasures.

To carefully mark the lot in the

catalogue and arrive on the scene at least two hours before the time; to watch suspiciously the approach of any one to the coveted treasure; when it is put up to bid timidly, then feverishly, then excitedly; to win it for yourself—or at least to have the wicked satisfaction of making your opponent pay dearly for it—these are imperishable triumphs which age cannot wither or custom stale.



stre
effo
thin
mis
"a
gen
the
mo
com
tha
fro
var
tali
dra
of
aris
reg
des



WRITTEN BY MARY DE MORGAN. ILLUSTRATED BY ISABEL WATKIN

IF 17, Bartlet Street, Bloomsbury, could be seen the announcement "Furnished Apartments," in gold letters in a glass frame above the street door. Bartlet Street makes no effort to be residential, or indeed anything but cheap. Mrs. Quench, the mistress of 17, as she herself put it, "'adn't much to complain of in a general way; of course, like others, there's bad times and good ones, but mostly speakin' I'm full." The house contrived to shelter more human souls than one would have deemed possible from its outward aspect, but with varieties in the manner of its hospitalities. There were the parlours and drawing-rooms, with their complement of bedrooms—these were the more aristocratic quarters; but in the upper regions were three apartments genteelly described as "bed-sitting rooms," the

term really indicating that the owner possessed no room for day use. Three such apartments did Mrs. Quench offer to the public, and however much the parlours and first floor might stand empty, the more modest bed-sitting rooms were nearly always occupied, and knew the same owners for years. So constant were the tenants in these upper stories that when a room became suddenly vacant, Mrs. Quench felt almost as if some great national misfortune must ensue. However, England pursued her course, and before the end of a week the third floor front had found a new occupant in a pale, middle-aged lady, who announced herself as Miss Moore, and agreed to take the apartment at the modest rent of ten shillings a week, or £1 with breakfast and supper.

"You will not object to my piano?" Mrs. Quench demurred.

"I am out teaching all day, but I must have my piano here."

"Would you be playing it much, ma'am? Might you be 'avin' your pupils 'ere?"

"My pupils never come to me. I should not play it a great deal."

"The first floor's let for the present to some young gentlemen studyin' for the harmy, and they might regard it as a disturbance; and the lady who occu-

having the air of one granting a favour, and continued to expatiate on the advantages which the new tenant would enjoy. "I consider, though it's myself speaking, that there's not such another quiet 'ouse in Bloomsbury. I've always made a partikler pint of getting the most superior class of parties in the parlours and first floor; and as for the gentleman in the back room—well, you'd hardly know 'e was there. 'E



"HAVING THE AIR OF ONE GRANTING A FAVOUR"

pies the room above is a regular chapel lady, and very partikler, and would, I know, make objection to Sunday music."

"I can promise never to play on Sunday; indeed, I am nearly always away with my sister then. In the evening, between eight and ten, is the time when I use it, and I rarely play for more than an hour, but I cannot take the rooms without it."

Upon this Mrs. Quench consented,

lies late in the mornin', bein' kept late by 'is work at night, and 'e 'as 'is little bit of breakfast, and goes out as reg'lar as the clock about two. 'E goes to a newspaper office, and it keeps 'im out late; in fact, 'e's pretty well out all night. But you need not fear any disturbance, for 'e comes in about three just as quiet as a mouse; in fact, the lady above sez to me, only yesterday, that she believes she's only set eyes on 'im three times in all, and she's been

'ere upwards of three year, and 'e nine, so there's nothin' you could object to in 'im."

Miss Moore showed small interest in her companion lodgers.

"I shall come, then, on Thursday, and if all suits shall most likely be here as long as the chapel lady or the newspaper gentleman."

In due course the lady and her piano arrived, and were installed. In appearance she was not remarkable—a faded, middle-aged gentlewoman, with fair hair sprinkled with grey, and clear, grey eyes. In early youth she might have been pretty, but with the sort of prettiness which evaporates with the first twenty-five years of life; and she had now no look of beauty, and nothing noticeable about her, unless it were a certain wistfulness of expression and manner, which she seemed anxious to conceal. There was no appearance of poverty in her dress, which was suitable and well arranged.

It being late afternoon when Miss Moore arrived, she asked for tea, settled her belongings, and sat down to survey the domain. A first entry into any dwelling, where we may remain indefinitely, generally raises recollections of other entries which may make us sad; and Miss Moore had to do battle with a whole army of gloomy thoughts, which, do what she would, disturbed her self-possession.

"I am fifty. Both youth and middle age will soon be passed. Old age will come in view, and the prospect it holds out is one of unloved loneliness. I work for myself alone, to support an existence which is not worth supporting, since it brings with it no joy. As I have worked for the last fifteen years, so I shall most likely work for the next, except that each year work will grow more irksome, as I become less fit for it. I don't stand high enough in my profession to have much interest in it, and I have long wearied of the eternal teaching of scales to unmusical beginners at half-a-crown an hour. As I own £20 a year I can't starve, and by dint of strenuous saving I may make it £40. And then what shall I have toiled for? That I may go and economise in some foreign city or in the heart of the

country, away from any one whom I have loved or known. I am thankful my sisters are happy, but I wish I did not feel envious of their homes and children, and the love that surrounds them. I wonder what I have to be so very thankful for? I have some kind friends, it is true, but I think their brightness only makes my own loneliness more apparent. And then I seem to live in a ring fence of dreary self! I have neither time nor strength to help others, and this enforced selfishness is without fruit, as I bring no satisfaction to myself. I struggle on to support an existence which would be better at an end."

To fight gloomy thoughts was a constant effort with the thinker. Being naturally cheerful, she made a vigorous effort, and, rising, walked about the room to banish the enemy. "Come, come; this won't do. To-morrow Mary will be here, and perhaps, when she has seen it, the room won't seem so dreary," and she determinedly took up a book.

Next day Mary arrived. Some ten years younger than her sister, married and prosperous, cheerful in dress and manner, and with that attractive expression of expectation of happiness which much experience of it gives, she treated the question of the sister's habitation with lightness, as if, being in itself so small, it could not be of much moment.

"Well, dear, are you settled in, all right? It all seems very nice. I spoke to the landlady coming in, and she seems quite a nice person. Mrs. Quench! Good heavens! what a name! I gave her our address, and told her she was to send to us at once in case you were ill or anything. Who has the room behind you? One would like to know what sort of a mortal it is."

"According to Mrs. Quench, a perfect paragon of a lodger. He's an old journalist, and nobody ever sees him except the maid who takes in his breakfast. He goes to a newspaper office in the afternoon, and stays there till the small hours; and as I shall always be out when he is in, the chances are I shall leave the house without an interview."

"A sort of human bat. Well, as long

as he doesn't come in drunk, that is all right. I still wish you had fixed on something nearer St. John's Wood, but perhaps, as you say that this will save you so much in fares, you are right, and it's nice having the Dunlops in Russell Square. And, of course, you'll always come on Sundays. By the way, Edith says she'll be furious if you don't go to Totnes at Christmas."

The regularity of Miss Moore's life was almost equal to that of the unseen journalist, and confirmed Mrs. Quench in her good opinion of single lodgers in bed-sitting rooms. She remarked to the landlady next door, "They ain't no more trouble than a bit of clockwork. There's my new lady: she just 'as 'er bit of breakfast, and never worries over what I give her, and goes out as regular as the clock, and don't come back till seven, when she 'as 'er little bit of supper, and then plays 'er pianer a bit, and goes to bed; and never there on a Sunday at all."

The above was a fair epitome of Miss Moore's life for over two years. Few were the visitors who penetrated into her little room, and far apart were the small festivities which, to those whose home surroundings are more cheerful, are matters of frequent occurrence. If the look of gravity on the lady's face deepened, it was small wonder, seeing that little sun came into her life to drive the shadows away.

She was faithful to her promise, and only for an hour or so in the evening could her piano be heard. The inhabitants of No. 17 were not musicians, or they might have noted that the lady was an admirer of Schumann's works, and more particularly of one or two pieces. For whatever else she played, before the piano was silent for the night, there might always be heard the last of his "Nacht-Stücke," generally preceded by the "Romance in F." But if the latter were omitted, the evening never closed without the long, slow arpeggios of the "Nacht-Stücke" sounding in the dull room. Both, played from memory, and so often repeated, must surely have lost meaning to their performer; yet they had power to move her strangely. Sometimes she would stop suddenly, and, hiding her face in

her hands, sob with dry eyes; at others, betwixt the pieces, she would sit with hands clasping her head, gazing in front of her with knitted brows, as though trying hard to solve some knotty problem. Then, turning to the keyboard, she would repeat them again, as if by that she sought to discover some solution of her difficulty, and would try different renderings of the phrases, putting into them various expressions, as though to force them to utter what she wanted to know.

Mrs. Quench from the kitchen could not hear the sound of the piano; and the "chapel lady" above, being devoid of a musical ear, could not have said whether it was music-hall ditty or Gregorian chant that her neighbour played; while the other lodgers did not generally remain long enough to be struck with the incessant repetitions.

The servant who aided Mrs. Quench in the labours of the house was usually changed much more often than the lodgers, but in the second year of Miss Moore's occupation there appeared on the scene a rosy-faced damsel named Cornelia, who told her friends that the place suited her—that she did not mind the missis' tempers, or the bustle with the work, as she liked a "bit of life," and she appeared likely to become a fixture. Cornelia, having a good musical ear, noticed the perpetual repetition of the two pieces, and when, pail in hand, she was going to "do her rooms," paused and listened. "Drat that old tune! There she goes with it again! It's enough to drive one silly! I b'lieve she's goin' a bit silly herself!" On one of these occasions, when the player stopped suddenly, Cornelia, running to the door, peeped betwixt its hinges. The lady sat with her face in her hands, and elbows resting on the keys. Then she suddenly started up, took a turn about the room, and, sitting down again, resumed the "Nacht-Stücke," this time playing more softly. Cornelia, having a sympathetic nature, and experience gained from an engagement with the milkman, jumped to a conclusion. "Poor dear! it's that old tune upsets 'er. It must 'ave 'ad something to do with 'er young man. I wonder if 'e's dead, or if 'e give 'er the sack!" Re-



"CORNELIA, HAVING A GOOD MUSICAL EAR"

volving these matters in her mind, she picked up her pail, and continued her duties, saying to herself that Miss Moore wanted "cheerin' up a bit."

Conversation being in Cornelia's code the surest method of "cheerin' up," even when it dealt with misfortunes, she began, when next morning she took the lady her breakfast, a series of remarks to which the recipient paid little heed. Then, unabashed, she waxed eloquent on the condition of the gentleman in the back room.

"It's my belief 'e's as bad as 'e can be, and ought to be attended to. 'E looks just fit to frighten yer."

"Poor man! Is he ill? I daresay he can take care of himself."

"Why, 'e don't do nothing for 'imself, as far as I can see. In fact, I'm the only soul in the 'ouse that ever sets eyes on 'im, so of course I feels anxious. Missis 'aven't no call to see 'im, for even when 'e settles his little account, 'e sends the money down, and don't see 'er, 'avin' no call to, so there's no one but myself knows 'ow 'e is."

"But has he no friends or relations?—no one who ever comes to see him?"

"No one that I see. There 'ave been a gentleman or two 'ere sometimes of a Sunday, smoking with 'im, but that very seldom. It's my belief 'e's quite alone in the world, as you may say."

"How sad it is, in this immense city, how many utterly lonely people there seem to be," remarked Miss Moore, arranging her bonnet to go out for her day's work.

Some weeks after this, when in the evening as usual she sat down to her piano, the player had an audience of whose existence she was not aware. In the back room a solitary man, racked with pain, listened with a tired, odd feeling of pleasure as Chopin's waltzes sounded in his ears. He heard them drowsily, and began to forget his bodily suffering while sleep crept on him. The waltzes ceased; he half opened his eyes, and waited for the next strain, but when the first bars of Schuman's Romance began, he started up in bed, and listened without prospect of sleep, but with every nerve in his body vibrating, and with eyes that, fixed on the dingy wall, saw

something very different. In the room the furniture was shabby. It had been a day of thick, yellow fog, which had forced itself betwixt the window cracks to contaminate the atmosphere within. On the table a paraffin lamp, smoking slightly, gave small cheerfulness to the scene. But to all this the listener's eyes were blind. In place, he saw the parlour of a Devonshire parsonage, with outside a smooth lawn set with rose trees, against a background of wood and hill, and inside a smell of flowers; while at a piano, a slender girl, in a light, summer dress, played the music to which he now listened. The past and the present became confused to him. "Will she go on, and play the other?" He lay back when the Romance ended. Miss Moore paused. Then, when the "Nacht-Stücke" began, he covered his face with his hands, and gave deep sobs, heedless of Cornelia, who had come in to give the fire a vicious poke, and see that "all was right." The latter, taking in a letter to Miss Moore, reported of the state of affairs.

"The gentleman in the back room came 'ome very bad this evening, ma'am, as I knew 'e would."

"Poor man! I wonder what it is! Has he had a doctor?"

"Missis 'as sent for one now, but the gentleman says 'e's sure 'e can't do anything for 'im. 'E went to bed at once and 'e do look bad. 'E was groanin' fearful when 'e was listenin' to you playin' the pianner. I wonder yer didn't 'ear 'im."

"To my playing! Oh I am sorry! Of course I never knew he was in there ill, or I wouldn't have disturbed him. Please tell him I am so very sorry, and won't play again."

Cornelia went with the message, returning smiling and garrulous.

"If you please Miss, the gentleman sez 'e likes it, and 'e do 'ope you won't stop playin' on 'is account. And would be very much obliged if you'd play the same piece over again. 'E said: 'Just ask 'er if she don't mind.' That's what 'e said, ma'am."

"The same piece, of course I will. I wonder which he meant. Let me see, what was I playing." She sat down and

began one of Chopin's waltzes. "I wonder if that was what he meant. Couldn't you ask him its name or who it was by?" Cornelia departed, and Miss Moore continued to play Chopin softly, but stopped when after a more prolonged absence Cornelia returned, with a bit of paper, which she proffered for the lady's reading, remarking: "'E sez that's the name, Miss." On the paper was written in pencil in a shaky hand: "Schumann—Romance—Nacht-Stücke."

Miss Moore, sitting in front of her piano, turned deadly pale, and her hands dropped in her lap. Cornelia watched her interested. After a minute, the lady said, "I see—I will play them. You have never told me the gentleman's name. Do you know it?"

The girl considered. "Well, it's a singular thing, but I can't say I do. 'E never 'as his letters 'ere, or nothink to tell one, and Missis always calls 'im the gentleman upstairs, when she 'as any call to speak of 'im, which ain't very often. But no doubt she knows, and I'll ascertain and let yer know."

Cornelia went, and Miss Moore began the "Romance" with trembling hands. "Am I breaking my promise? But what does it matter? He broke all his." She played on, and before she had ended, Cornelia put her head in at the door, and remarked: "Please Missis sez she believes it's Carpenter, but it's a long time since she heard it, and she really can't be sure."

The lady started from the piano, catching the back of the chair to steady herself. "I am going in to see him," she said with forced self-possession. "I think it is unkind not to see if I can do anything. No, you needn't come," and without waiting, she left the astonished Cornelia staring after her. Her knock brought a weak "Come in."

Through the opened door she gazed a minute at the room's occupant. A little grey man. Grey of hair and face, with cheeks and forehead covered with anxious lines. Such a one as may be seen again and again in London, and about whom nothing calls for remark. A man with a weak kindly face, that spoke of infirm purpose, and indecision, but that showed now one absolute

assurance—the warning of the hand of death given with grim certainty, that shortly this human being should be seen no more of living comrades. This was all he would have seemed to an ordinary observer, but the woman before him, looking back thirty long years, saw a bright young fellow with crisp brown hair, a joyous laugh, and sanguine mouth, of whom the sick man was a ghastly paraphrase.

"Dick! it is I, Helen Moore."

The invalid gave a gasp. His eyes grew big. "You! Nelly! How did you come here? Where have you been? My God!"

"I did not know it was you, Dick, here in this house. I have lived here for near three years. Oh, my poor Dick, and the same roof has sheltered us both, and we have never known it!" She knelt by the bed holding one of the thin feverish hands and tried to stop the rising sobs. He gazed at her blankly, then with a weak action put up the other weak hand, as though he would have touched her face. She bent to him, and let her lips light on his forehead.

"Then it was you playing in the front room. Some one said—I thought you were married."

"Not I. Mary and Edith. I waited."

"Did you wait for me, Nelly?"

She caught her breath. "I suppose so, but I never knew; I thought you had only been flirting. Why did you never write or come back?"

He turned his face to the wall, as though not liking she should see it. "Didn't you know? I spoke to your father, and he forbade me to ask you till I should have found work or begun something. I was full of hope of success, and waited to write when I got to town, till I could tell you I was making my way. For long I could only just get on, but I always thought something was coming, coming, and it never came. And one day I found fifteen years had passed, and then I met a man who had been at Combe Regis, and he told me you were all married and away, and your father dead."

"No, that was the others. I lived with father till he died, twenty years ago. He never told me you had spoken.

He died very suddenly. Of course I never knew I should be so poor. So I began to teach music: it was all I could do, and first I lived with Mary, and then as I got on better, and she had not room for me, I lived alone, and for the last two years and more I have lived here. I have not done badly for work. Oh! why did I not know it was you?"

He tried to clasp his head. "Is it real? I can't understand it. You, Nelly! here in this house! Asleep in there when I came in at night, and thought there was not a creature to whom it mattered if I never came back again. My God! this is hard." She was silent. She thought of the last years. Of the weary monotony of her lessons, of her return to what she had bitterly called to herself, her solitary prison. If she had known, if once they had met. Old and worn though they were, how bright those two rooms might have grown for them!

"Poor Nelly! poor Nelly! How I have spoiled your life. If we could live it over again, my dear, how different it should be." Again he pulled her face down to him with the feverish hand, and kissed the wet cheek. "But it would have been small gain to you dear, to be the wife of such a broken down failure as I."

"We might have been very happy together, Dick."

He went on speaking, as if more to himself than her. "You see I mistook myself. I thought I had genius, and could do great things, and it was only because I loved the genius of others. There are so many like me—men I have met—who think that they can do something good themselves, because they admire what has been done by others. There should be some one to tell young men to be content to enjoy the great men, without thinking they are great men too. I was made to be the audience, not the actor, and so I failed. There were little things to encourage me, and I could just keep on. I was not bad enough to quite go under, but I could not rise. Most of us are like that." Again a silence, while she sat stroking his hair, and trying to strangle her sobs. He turned his eyes up to her.

"Did you play them often, Nelly?"

Those Schumanns. It was like a dream when I heard them in the next room."

"I have played them to myself almost every day, Dick, just to bring it back again, but I never played them to any one else. Do you remember my promise? I know it was all a joke, but I kept it." The habit of enforced cheerfulness came to her aid. "Come, I am being absurd," she said. "What an old fool any one would think me. Now I am going to turn nurse, and take care of you till you are quite well and strong."

"I never can be well, my dear, but I should like you to take care of me."

Cornelia, peeping through the door crack, and much interested, here thought best to look in, and remark: "'Ere's Missis and the doctor comin' upstairs, Miss."

"Very well, Cornelia, I shall be glad to speak to the doctor; Mr. Carpenter is a very old friend of mine, and he is going to let me nurse him."

During the next three weeks Miss Moore's pupils were obliged to forego their lessons, being told their teacher was occupied with the dangerous illness of a friend. Mrs. Quench considered that, as they were bound to have a bad illness in the house, it was a godsend that it should turn out to be a friend of the front room's, as it saved a lot of trouble about a nurse, and likewise "prevented words on the part of the same floor which otherwise might have complained."

When three weeks later Miss Moore knelt alone by the bed on which lay all that remained of the lover of her youth,



"'ERE'S MISSIS AND THE DOCTOR COMIN' UPSTAIRS'"

it was not sorrow only which filled her heart, but a certain contentment. "I was everything to Dick at last. He wanted no one but me, I feel as if I had had a honeymoon. My God, I can give thanks for this: and for the rest, I can wait. It may not be so long again."

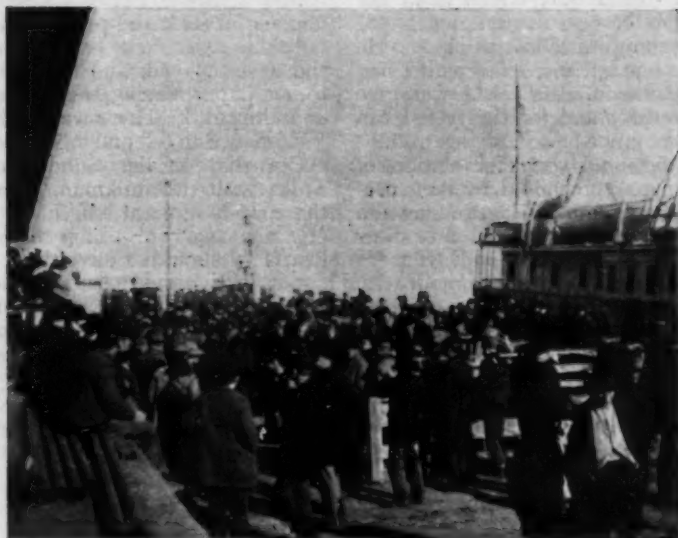
In vain did enquiry seek for relations of the dead man, who should by their presence at his funeral display an affection for him which they had failed to show in his life. One or two friends from his office, and the lady, were sole mourners. When what Mrs. Quench termed "the upset" was over, and the good lady prepared to negotiate for another lodger, Miss Moore stopped her. "I will take the room myself, Mrs. Quench, I have been very much cramped with only my own, and please don't alter any of the furniture."

She resumed her teaching with no uncheerful face, and practised as before, only there were one or two pieces that she never played, and declined to give to her pupils, saying they were fidgetty and difficult! These were Schumann's "Romance in F" and "Nacht-Stücke."

Cornelia, on her Sunday afternoon walks with the milkman, conversed of the episode at great length. "To think of them two old things being sweet-hearts! I shouldn't have thought they'd got it in them. It 'as giv' me quite a feelin', somehow, for all the old maids I see. I suppose they've all 'ad young men some time, and what's become of 'em? It gives me the 'ump to think of it."

To which the milkman replied sagely: "We shall be old some day ourselves, my dear."





GOLDBEEKERS' RUSH FOR THE KLONDIKE

The Golden Gateway to the Klondike

WRITTEN BY K. F. PURDON. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



TRAVELLER making the journey across the Continent of North America, between the months of November and May, probably gets a somewhat chilling impression of the greater part of the country through which the railway is bearing him. For the average winter there, in the same latitude as the Isle of Wight, and Paris, and the Riviera, means pretty constant severe weather. And, however luxurious the Pullman cars may be, five days of frosty outlook from the windows over a dreary monotony of hundreds of miles of snowy landscape is the reverse of cheerful.

But when he has reached the point where the Northern Pacific line crosses the Cascade Mountains, he may prepare himself for a wondrous change. Here,

at the Stampede Pass, after running through a bleak, arid desert, the train enters a tunnel nearly two miles long, emerging on the other side into a country as different from the frozen land of the dead he has left behind the mountain barrier as day is from night, or rather, summer from winter. He has passed in a few hours from a treeless waste to a forest region containing the great timber reserve of the world.

He is now on the Pacific Slope of the great Continent, sheltered by the mountains he has just passed through from the snows and blizzards, the cyclones and thunder-storms that so often devastate the more Eastern States. The climate is further tempered, as he approaches the coast, by a current of warm water from Japan; an Asiatic gulf stream repaying, on the western coast

of North America, the heat she sends off to us from her eastern shore. Through a land of extraordinary fertility and luxuriant vegetation he journeys on, till he reaches the point chosen by the great railway to connect their overland traffic with the highways of the ocean, the fair "City of Destiny," Tacoma.

Its history is unique in its brevity. Fifteen years ago Tacoma was a mere lumber camp, a tiny village of a few hundred souls dropped into the clearing they had cut out from the great forest. To-day it is a handsome city of 50,000 inhabitants, with broad, well-paved streets, good hotels, churches, schools, theatres, banks, and the best bicycle

known, of such vast extent, and containing trees of such enormous size, as here, in West Washington. Cedar shingles are better than any others, as they neither warp nor crack, and one is not surprised to learn that Tacoma possesses the largest shingle mill in the world. The Douglas fir, from its great strength and size, is splendidly adapted for making bridges, railway cars, etc. In comparison with its huge girth and towering height—it runs up sometimes to 400 feet—what saplings our European oaks and elms appear! Last year, five hundred million feet of lumber were cut. But the supply is practically inexhaustible. The lumber-men may cut at the



TACOMA STEAMERS

paths, and the grandest system of public parks probably in the world.

Truly here is a prosperity that has advanced by leaps and bounds. And the causes of this progress are not far to seek. Tacoma possesses natural advantages that may be said to be unrivalled.

It lies on Puget Sound, at the edge of a strip of forest land running for 800 miles between the Cascade Mountains and the Pacific. This forest is composed of Douglas fir and cedar. Nowhere in the world are such magnificent woods

same rate for a hundred years without making any sensible inroad on these mighty woods.

Beneath them lies more wealth. Within a radius of 150 miles from the centre of the city are rich deposits, not only of iron, coal, silver, copper, and sulphur, but of the gold which is luring so many to the far North. In 1896 the output of gold and silver was worth two and a-half million dollars, and of coal, nearly three millions.

Above and through the ocean of trees,

huge solitary mountain peaks rear their heads, like grim sentinels watching over the golden treasure-land from the Yukon to California. Of these, from S. Elias to Mt. Shasta, Tacoma—the name means “the great white mountain”—is the most imposing.

To say that it rises 15,000 feet above the sea level, conveys a very inadequate idea of its imposing effect. Though sixty miles distant from Tacoma city, its presence is always felt there, dominating all its surroundings, as it rises above the quiet beauty of the Puyallup Valley. Towering as it does 10,000 feet above the neighbouring Cascades, it exceeds any other known peak in its lonely grandeur, so close to tide-water. Viewed from Puget Sound, its appearance is very striking.

It is covered with snow from the line of green, forest-clad foot-hills, to the summit, where the mist from a slumbering volcano forms its “Cap of Liberty.” When steamers first began running between Tacoma and Japan, the Japanese sailors were struck by the marked resemblance between Mount Tacoma and Fusi-yama, their sacred mountain, the goal of so many pilgrimages.

Within easy reach of Tacoma city

lies the Puyallup Valley, a very paradise of fruit-growers. The soil in Washington is remarkably fertile, its average wheat-yield being 23 bushels, against 11 in Minnesota, and 8 in Virginia. This advantage is strengthened still further, along Puget Sound, by the climate, which is very similar to that of the South of England. No extremes are known in this favoured region. The seasons merge into one another almost imperceptibly. The thermometer scarcely ever rises to 90 degrees, and frost is so exceptional that Tacomans have small opportunity of learning “the skater’s art—the poetry of circles.” Occasionally there is a little snow in January, but it disappears speedily before the warm “chinook” wind.

Such conditions are ideal for fruit-growing. Apples, pears, and all small fruits flourish in abundance. What is more important, so do hops. Two tons to the acre is no unusual yield, and they are of superb quality.

Human nature is the same, and has similar developments all the world over. Hop-picking in England resolves itself into a kind of annual holiday task for those who are either unable or unwilling for regular labour. The loafers, and tramps,



TYPICAL INDIAN CANOE

and sickly unemployed, who swarm to Kentish hop-yards, are represented in Tacoma by the dusky-skinned Aborigines. Whole families betake themselves hither in the season, travelling hundreds of miles in high-prowed, gaily-painted canoes, from their homes in far Alaska. Such a journey is possible for these frail craft in the waterway along the shore, which is smooth as the proverbial mill-pond, thanks to the chain of islands which defends it from ocean storms and rollers, making it similar to the Inner Lead on the Norwegian coast.

A distinctive feature of these canoes is the high prow. Clumsy as they look, mere logs hollowed out, absolutely without any appliance more scientific than an axe, they are marvels of manual dexterity, as well as of some intuitive, perhaps inherited, skill, for they are exquisitely balanced, and accommodate safely a dozen persons or more, with their multifarious belongings. They move very easily, fortunately, for the Siwash, or Indian of the coast, is a very lazy individual. He is never known to paddle, except with the tide. In fact, he uses an amended version of a once popular comic song, and never "paddles his own canoe" when he can get any one else to do it for him. The women really do all the paddling, and hop-picking, and carrying of burdens, plodding patiently behind their lords as they swarm through Tacoma streets to spend their earnings on gaudy blankets, and shawls, and tin-ware.

In their leisure moments, the squaws make mocassins and pretty mats of strips of cedar-bark. Mrs. Siskiyou was very unwilling to be photographed while thus employed. Truly, human nature is ever the same. The small boy of civilisation has his red-skinned representative here, ready to jeer at her discomfiture.

The Japanese quality of the name Siskiyou points to the probable origin of the tribe. There are two distinct native races in Washington; one of the eagle type, stern, impassive, with a profile somewhat Dantesque; the other round-faced, short-featured, and, like Mrs. Siskiyou, capable of great variety of expression. These last are said to be descended from the crew of a Japanese

boat blown out to sea, and drifted by the warm current to the American coast.

Salmon and peaches convey an impression of luxury here. When Ouida wishes to depict reckless extravagance, she shows us gilded youths pelting one another with peaches at Richmond. Yet peaches from Puyallup, and salmon from the Sound, are staple articles of household fare among the farmers about Tacoma.

For fish is another of her resources. All along the coast the sea swarms with the best varieties known. It makes one's mouth water to hear of salmon being sold in the streets for twopence each, reminding one of the "good ould times" in Ireland, when—and this is not a century ago—in certain rural districts, servants hiring stipulated that they should not get salmon more than twice a week! The very word Klondike or, rather, Throndiuck, means "much salmon" in the Indian language, and this fact, coupled with visions easily conjured up in connection with a fishery exporting to the extent of over two million dollars yearly, suggests that the much salmon (or "Klondike") of Tacoma, may have money in it, as well as the Klondike, or much salmon, of the far North.

All these, the timber and wheat, the minerals, the fruit and hops, and fish, mean wealth to the beautiful city which, like a great, unresting heart, works ceaselessly, circulating its treasures all over the world.

Some idea may be formed of the supply of bread-stuffs sent out from Tacoma, from the statement that last season one hundred large ocean vessels took cargoes of wheat alone from Tacoma's wharves.

And here, at these wharves, we behold the greatest of Tacoma's many natural advantages. Her harbour is quite unique, from its size, its sheltered position, and the depth of its waters close to shore.

Puget Sound is a narrow stretch of water running south, and protected from the Pacific by a mountainous, still unexplored peninsula. It has been well called the Mediterranean of America. Off this Sound lies Commencement

Bay, an inlet of about four miles square; a land-locked harbour, capable of holding all the navies of the world. The water is so deep, that anchorage can only be found along the northern and eastern shores, and the largest ocean steamers can come alongside to load or discharge cargo.

Wood and water, two staple factors in commercial progress, meet here, and the stems of the forest giants have been utilised, ere now, to moor vessels in this placid haven. One strange enemy to be contended with is a curious seaworm, the Terebos. It does great mischief, by boring into the timbers used

noon of July 2nd, 1897, the news arrived in Tacoma of the wonderful gold discovery of the Klondike, in a few minutes the streets were thronged with excited crowds, discussing the situation. Before sundown preparations were being made by many for immediate departure to the frozen North; and within a week the first batch of treasure-seekers had started.

They had every facility for doing so. Tacoma had already an established communication by steamship with Alaska. Very little further development along the same lines was needed to render Tacoma what she has now



FIFTY MEN ON A CEDAR STUMP

in constructing the wharves. So extensive are its depredations, that the wood in the harbour only lasts for seven or eight years; at the end of that time it is perforated in every direction, and quite unsound. A process has lately been perfected, however, which will completely protect the timber from this insidious foe.

It is hard to realise that people living amidst all this natural wealth and beauty, were found willing to turn their backs upon it. Yet when, on the after-

become, the jumping-off place for the Klondike.

Tacoma was the first city to organise a Klondike Information Committee, a step much to be commended. For hard facts, not rosy reports, are what are wanted by men who are taking their lives in their hands when starting for the gold-fields of the North. She supplies more than information. Every imaginable requisite of a miner's outfit, from pick and pan, flour and bacon, to the sledge and boat by which these stores

are to be transported, can be had in Tacoma, made on the spot.

Shops, streets, and newspapers alike teem with Klondike in the largest type. All are busy, supplying the departing treasure-seekers, from the big outfitting stores, to the modest chemists, who put up assorted cases of condensed drugs, warranted to "break up" the severest colds or rheumatism, these being the

service, some intending prospectors at Tacoma spent their leisure last winter training large dogs to draw the sledges they are using this season.

A motley mixture of vessels has been pressed into the service to accommodate the great rush to the Klondike; from the stately old Cunarder, to the curious Sound steamer, built high out of the water, and drawing only about six feet.



IN WASHINGTON WOODS

ailments most to be feared in that frozen land.

Everything for Klondike is concentrated as much as possible. Bulk and weight are reduced to a minimum; an essential, when it is realised that it costs 2s. per pound to have supplies "packed" across the Coast Range from Skagway. To meet the demand for transport

Close by these passenger boats are the great ocean freight-ships, bearing away wheat and timber, and other produce to every part of the world. A little further on are the magnificent Oriental liners arriving from China and Japan, with their rich lading of silk and tea. Of the latter commodity, over sixty per cent. of the amount consumed

in the United States passes over Tacoma's wharves. She has a reputation for rapidity in handling goods, which is an important matter in the silk trade. A few hours' delay may mean a big fall in the market. It certainly means a loss of interest on capital, and an enormous sum is locked up in a single cargo of silk. Accordingly, the moment a silk ship touches the wharf, hundreds of long-shoremen are busy unloading her, working, if need be, all night, by electric light; and train-loads of silk are rushed across the continent at the highest possible rate of speed.

Side by side they lie, these precious reight-ships and the steamers for Klondike, ready to carry away the eager crowd of anxious gold-seekers that are

pressing on one another's heels in a never-ceasing race for wealth.

The average magazine reader probably thinks that what he does not know about the Klondike, is not worth knowing. He is in full possession of many glowing stories of gold-finds, most of which are apocryphal, as well as terrible tales of hard work, and misery and despair, which are probably only too true.

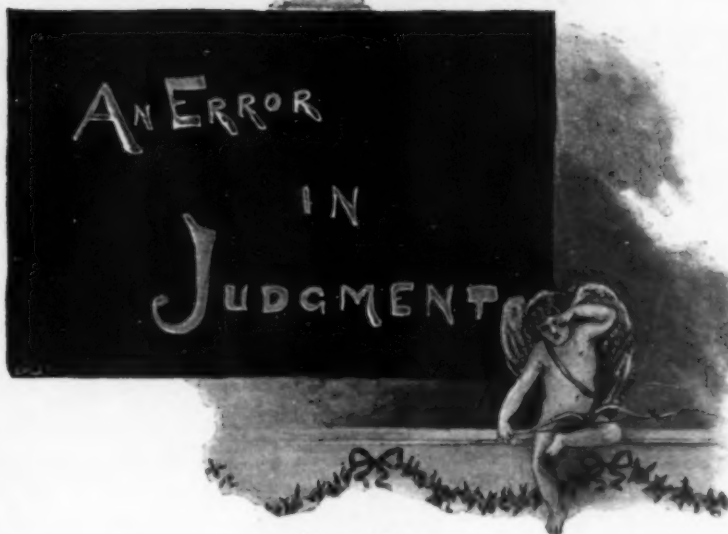
Let him weigh these against the charming conditions of life, the tangible evidences of prosperity, on which the Klondiker embarking on Puget Sound turns his back; and cease to wonder if many a treasure-seeker be tempted to stay his foot, and go no farther than Tacoma, the fair City of Destiny, the Golden Gateway of the Klondike.



N

band
was
"no
turn

Ap
truth
whil
worl
migh
are
fallil
unde
with
awfu
pers
she
adm
mac
Si
noc
prov
the
pres



BY E. M. DAVY,

Author of "Jack Dudley's Wife," "A Daughter of Earth," "A Prince of Como," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY "GUY"

CHAPTER X.

THE DEAD GIRL'S FATHER.

NOTWITHSTANDING the overwhelming evidence against him, Mrs. Lorraine's faith in her husband's innocence remained unshaken. It was of that nature which, knowing "no variableness neither shadow of turning," is in itself a sustaining force.

Again and again she said to herself truth must prevail, knowing all the while that thousands of times in the world's history lies have slain truth, might triumphed over right, and what are styled God's laws proved equally fallible with those of man. She could understand afterwards—looking back with comparative calmness to that awful period of her life—why certain persons deemed her mad for acting as she did; but at least it must be admitted there was method in her madness.

She believed in her husband's innocence and in her own power to prove it. The possibility—much less the probability—of failure, did not present itself in any shape; and she

thanked heaven that this was so. The Major undertook to engage the cleverest counsel in England for the defence. She left all such arrangements to be carried out by him. Her own work, she believed, lay entirely apart. She could speak of it to no one.

To prove the innocence of the man she loved—to bring the guilt home to some one—to find the true assassin—to hunt him to the death. To make him die a thousand deaths in one if that could be. The real murderer! Even now he must be trembling somewhere lest he should be discovered. His punishment had begun. It would continue until the end. Who, and what was he? Did he live? Had he ever lived at all? Had some inexplicable occurrence taken place? A tumult of such questions as these continuously surged through Nella's brain, but she could not answer them, for as yet she had no real clue.

On the day following the committal, Major Higgins, accompanied by a solicitor, went to have an interview with the accused. Rightly or wrongly Nella still adhered to her determination

to spare her husband the inexpressible pain of seeing her before his innocence was proved. Nevertheless, she wrote a few words, which she enclosed and sealed, and consigned to her uncle's care to give to him.

"Philip—I love you and know you are innocent, yet for our love's sake I ask you to write it all down for me—the whole—the truth."

During the Major's absence George

Then, without waiting for assent continued, "You see, the fact is I want your help."

"Do tell me in what way," he cried eagerly.

"To work with me in solving the mystery of this most dreadful death. If it was murder, to fix it on the right culprit. If, as I begin to suspect, there is some greater mystery involved, still you must work with me to solve

it. Will you answer me two or three simple questions?"

"A hundred!"

"You really did not recognise my husband in court?"

"On my honour, no. I did not recollect then that I had seen him at the vicarage at Gulcotes. That night, Mrs. Lorraine, I believe, I had eyes for no one but yourself. The name, too, was different, you know."

"Ah! That will do. Now about your father. Is he still abroad?"

"Yes, but is coming home to-night. He knows nothing. Has been travelling in out-of-the-way places, and probably has not seen an English paper. How shall I tell him the awful—"

"May I?"

"You?" he cried, startled, and looking at her with the greatest surprise. "How good you are! But no; it would be too great a trial—"

"It is not good of me. It will be no trial that I cannot bear, George; I wish it. May I?"

"May you? Why of course, since you put it in that way. It will be an awful relief to me. Only—"

"What?"

"There is something you ought to know first. My father is decidedly peculiar. He is reckoned very clever, mind you, in some branches of his profession, but clever people are often



"HE COULD SCARCELY SPEAK AS HE GRASPED HER HAND"

Waldy called, and asked for Mrs. Lorraine.

It made Nella's heart sore to see him; he could scarcely speak as he grasped her hand; "Tell me what I can do for you?" he asked brokenly.

"I wished to see you," she said, "because—because—sorrow seems to be drawing us together. May I call you—George?" she asked, looking with pity at the fair boyish face, and feeling herself years and years his senior.

just a little *odd*, aren't they? I know the pater is. He's got a hobby, Mrs. Lorraine, and it sometimes runs away with him."

"Many people have hobbies——"

"His is a crazy one—rather! He disapproves of punishment for murder—says it ought to be abolished."

"Capital punishment, you mean?"

"No, I don't. That theory is common enough. Father's isn't—yet; but he says soon will be. From his point of view murder does not appear to be a crime at all. He writes and lectures on the subject. Only get him on to talk, and he'll forget everything else in the world, and hold forth on that for hours. He might even forget——" he stopped short suddenly, and a spasm of pain crossed his face.

"It is strange," she said musingly, "that a man holding such views should be about to realise——"

"Isn't it?" he interrupted with animation. "And if he sticks to his principles, Mrs. Lorraine, he not only won't prosecute your husband, but will make a friend of him. I beg your pardon, I mean of the dastardly devil who has done this——"

"I have heard of many crazes," Nella said slowly—wondering all the while if she could turn this one to account, "but certainly your father's seems the most extraordinary for any man to advocate."

"Jove! It beats all, doesn't it? But, Mrs. Lorraine, look here, don't you think this—this—terrible affair will—cure him?"

"It is very possible he may see reason to change his views. That would only be human."

"But the pater prides himself on not being subject to ordinary human weaknesses."

"Under other and pleasanter circumstances, how I should like to meet your father! It is refreshing in this old world to meet a man with new ideas. But now——"

"It will be too painful to you, Mrs. Lorraine, I'm certain. What a selfish brute I am."

"Not another word," she said resolutely. "What I have undertaken I will do. I am strong—Oh, you don't

know what almost superhuman strength I feel endowed with now. But tell me, when do you expect Dr. Waldy to arrive?"

"The boat should reach Dover soon after six o' clock."

There was little enough time to spare. After a short consultation over "Bradshaw" they parted, to meet again on the platform at Charing Cross in time for the Dover train.

CHAPTER XI.

A MEDICAL MANIA.

It was in a storm of boisterous wind and pelting rain that George Waldy and Nella Lorraine arrived on Dover Pier.

The Calais boat had been sighted, and they struggled on in the wet darkness, whilst here and there a gleam of flaring gaslight showed the crested waves of the Channel, and the salt spray beating against Nella's face reminded her—oh, how sadly—of the dear "North Countrie" and the change—the woeful change—in her prospects that the last few days had wrought.

It had been arranged between them how the presence of Mrs. Lorraine was to be accounted for; therefore, both silent by mutual consent, they took up their position close to the gangway.

They had not long to wait. The boat arrived. The passengers began to land.

"There's father," said Nella's companion, as a man of military appearance, with perfectly white hair, which, however, he wore rather long, approached within a few yards of them. He was carrying a travelling bag.

"Does he know?" she wondered, as she noted what a grave look his features wore.

"He knows nothing," whispered George, seemingly in answer to her thoughts. "The pater is in one of his absent fits. Let us follow him."

They kept close to Dr. Waldy until he entered the station, then George touched him and he looked round.

"Hollo! my boy. What brings you here?" he asked, his grave face becoming for the moment animated.

"To meet you," the young man answered, simply. "A lady is with me

who wishes to speak to you in private. There is a room here we can have. I've bespoken it on purpose, to avoid being disturbed."

He opened the door of a small, bare, badly-lighted apartment as he spoke; and when they had entered he continued:

"Mrs. Lorraine; my father, Dr. Waldy, whom you wish to consult."

The Doctor bowed, and after looking at Nella keenly, said:

"It is not about yourself, I think. Will you be seated and explain? George, leave us."

"Your son need not go away, Dr. Waldy. No; it is not of myself I have to speak. May I ask if you have seen anything in the newspapers about a supposed murder?"

"I've not read an English newspaper for a week. I've been travelling with a patient far off the ordinary routes. But continue, Mrs. Lorraine, I am attending."

It struck Nella as quite necessary that he should say he was attending, otherwise it might have been doubted. His manner was abstracted to a degree.

"The accused is as innocent as I am, Dr. Waldy. I want you first to be quite assured of this—although the evidence was so strong against him."

"I am entirely in the dark, Madam, as to the circumstances, and can only accept your word for it. But may I ask how you know him to be innocent?"

"I am sure of it."

"A woman's answer. The man is something to you, then?"

"He is everything—all the world—my husband!"

"Ha! But what can I do. You must be more explicit."

"He is accused—O! believe me, most wrongfully—on circumstantial evidence alone, of killing a young girl. He! Oh, Dr. Waldy, when you see him, speak with him, know him—if you have any knowledge of human nature—you will be satisfied instantly that such a thing is impossible. *He could not do it!* The poor girl was found dead in a railway carriage—the evidence said *strangled*; and he, because he failed in giving what the law considered a satisfactory account of himself, was arrested

on suspicion, and having no witnesses to prove his innocence, is now in prison, awaiting his trial for wilful murder."

"Fools, fools!" he muttered—(she knew she had his full attention, now)—*"I will take up your husband's cause,"* he continued aloud. "It is a disease of the brain which conduces to murder, and until this becomes an admitted fact the Legislature is responsible for half the murders done. Can you picture to yourself the suffering—the excruciating *mental* agony—a human being may endure before the full disease takes such hold of him as to compel him to do the deed? I never had a clearer illustration of my theory than in the patient I have now been taking abroad. Let me tell you of it, for it seems to bear strongly on your case. The man came to me—we were old chums in India years ago—and knowing I am a specialist, he came and said: 'Waldy, old friend, there's something wrong with me. Hear my case and if you can't cure me, shut me up as a lunatic, for life.' He soon told me his symptoms; they were an overweening desire *to kill*. 'But, my God!' said he, holding his head while he spoke, 'it is my wife, my children—those whom I love best on earth that at times I long to slay with some weapon, or strangle with my own hands. I feel impelled to do it, as though some devil were urging me on, and the agony—the agony—is intolerable.' 'Why do you hold your head?' I asked, as it might seem, irrelevantly. 'Because it aches; but the physical suffering I hail with delight, for then I know I'm safe. It is when that pain leaves me that the mental torment begins?' To make a long story short, I performed a surgical operation, and removed a minute portion of bone which was pressing on the brain, the result of an old injury which had been forgotten. That man is as well now as either you or I. It was the inexpressible delight and pride I felt at seeing him restored to his wife and family *cured*, that induced me not only to go with him to join them in a remote part of France, but also to remain there."

His eyes sparkled with satisfaction; he stood up; he began to walk the floor.

Nella looked at George, who seemed in despair, and she felt he was blaming

her for
—too
—G
hand
and
"I
"T
Prepa
you c
Your
rose i
Oh!
had p
"V
this m
As
superl
self su
"P
than
—was
sudden
son ne
"G
How—
"S
sudden
Dr. V
her a
for him
at the
one w
have p
There
will h
"P
not ne
her!
profes
while
"N
do tha
"T
—now
"G
heave
husba
"F
in Lo
in pri
pened
partm
that b
time,
knows
How
have

her for leading his father—as he thought—too far off the track.

Going up to the doctor and laying a hand softly on his arm: "You *will* see and talk with my husband?" she asked.

"I will, Madam. Do you doubt it?"
 "Then listen, I have more to say. Prepare yourself, for it not only concerns you closely, but is most infinitely sad. Your daughter—Bertha—" A lump rose in her throat choking her utterance. Oh! why could she not go on as she had planned?

"What of her? George—what does this mean?"

As George was about to speak, by a superhuman effort Nella recovered herself sufficiently to say:

"Probably you were aware, better than any one else, sir, that she—she—was not strong. But to be seized so suddenly—cut off so young, neither your son nor yourself near her—"

"Great heaven! What has happened? How—when did it occur?"

"She died on Saturday night, quite suddenly. But not alone—thank God! Dr. Waldy, by great good fortune for her and you—though most unhappily for him—my dear husband was with her at the time. He, I repeat, is the only one who can tell you of her end. You have promised me you will go to him. There is a double inducement now, you will hear from his own lips—the truth."

"Poor Bertie! Poor child! And I not near her—I, who might have saved her! This is one of the penalties of our profession—those nearest us are left, while we—at least give me some details?"

"No one living but my husband can do that."

"Then take me to him, or bring him—now."

"George, repeat to your father—for, heaven help me, I can not—where my husband is, and why."

"Father," said he, "Mr. Lorraine is in London. You have heard that he is in prison awaiting his trial? He happened to be travelling in the same compartment as poor Bertha, and they think that because he alone was present at the time, he must have killed her. His wife knows he is innocent, and I believe it."

However much of this scene might have been premeditated, most assuredly

what next occurred was not on the programme. Nella lost all self-control and falling on her knees at this man's feet cried amid half-stifled sobs:

"Dr. Waldy, there is some mystery about this poor girl's death. You alone can solve it. For God's sake do so, and save my husband! Save him!"

"Madam, in the practice of my profession," he said sternly, as he assisted her to rise, "all personal feeling must be forgotten. What I do will be for the sake of science."

She was not sorry he spoke. It enabled her to regain composure, and restored her self-reliance; without these, alas, she knew, too well, she would be helpless in fighting the battle that was before her.

A few hours later, Dr. Waldy, George, and Nella returned to London.

On entering her apartments at Charing Cross she found the Major and a gentleman whom the former introduced as the solicitor for the defence.

"You've seen Philip?" asked Nella.

The Major nodded, then said: "He has every comfort that could be expected—"

"Did he ask for me? Did you say I was well and happy, in the belief of his innocence—certain that all would soon be right? Tell me! Don't keep me in suspense."

Ah! How she hungered for news of Philip! And these two men were newly come from his presence, had talked with him, had touched his hand, looked into his dear eyes, and yet they found no words to tell her of him.

Instead, they exchanged glances, but neither spoke. There was something ominous about that silence which struck her to the heart.

"Can't you speak, uncle, dear?"

"Well! I rather guess I can; but that's more than he did," he answered, with a compassionate ring in his voice and a softened look in his weather-beaten face which she resented, because she felt instinctively that these signs of kindly sympathy were shown for her—not for her husband.

"Am I to understand that you spoke to him—Philip—and received no answer?"

"That's so."



"'FOR GOD'S SAKE, SAVE MY HUSBAND'"

"And that you gave him my letter?"

"I did."

"Well? Oh, go on, please."

"He took it and held it unopened in his hand while we remained."

"Am I not to be told what actually occurred at the interview?"—she asked with studied calmness, trying to brace herself for whatever there might be to come.

Mr. C— had risen; with hat and gloves in hand he appeared about to go; but at a sign from the Major he answered her question:

"Mrs. Lorraine, the interview with my unfortunate client was not all that might be desired. It had only this result: I saw for myself that he appears deaf, dumb, blind to everything going on around him. On inquiry I find he has maintained the same demeanour ever since he was committed."

Womanlike, Nella guessed instinctively his meaning.

"And you wish me to infer rather

than put it into words, that your line of defence——"

He was looking at her intently, estimating probably what amount of moral courage she possessed. He gauged it favourably, for presently he said, "I congratulate you on your penetration, Mrs. Lorraine. There is only one line of defence possible."

Nella bowed, not trusting herself to speak.

When the Major had seen him from the room, "Uncle dear," said Nella with assumed cheerfulness, "somehow this seems to have been rather a long fatiguing day. I think we'd better say, 'Good-night' and don't—don't look so very sorry for me. See, I do not give way—I will not!"

"Great Cæsar!" he exclaimed below his breath, "what are you women made of?"

"I don't know," she answered wearily, "but we can bear a good deal when—we have to do it."

(To be continued.)

PRICE

UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
SIXPENCE

MAY 11 98
CAMBRIDGE

THE LUDGATE



VOL. VI. (NEW SERIES) No. 31. MAY, '98.

London: F. V. WHITE & CO., 14, Bedford Street, Strand.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE COLONIES: GORDON AND GOTCH.

THE LUDGATE.

EPPS'S COCOAINES

COCOA-NIB EXTRACT.

(Tea-like.)

The choicest roasted nibs (broken-up beans) of the natural Cocoa on being subjected to powerful hydraulic pressure, give forth their excess of oil, leaving for use a finely-flavoured powder—"Cocoaine," a product which, when prepared with boiling water, has the consistence of tea, of which it is now, with many, beneficially taking the place. Its active principle being a gentle nerve stimulant, supplies the needed energy without unduly exciting the system. Sold only in labelled tins. It is unable to obtain it of your tradesmen, a tin will be sent post free for 9 stamps.

JAMES EPPS and CO., Ltd.,
Homeopathic Chemists, London.

KEATING'S POWDER IS USEFUL

*in preserving blankets and furs
from Moths. Sprinkle well with
the Powder before putting away.*

KILLS BLACKBEETLES & FLEAS.

Tins 3d., 6d. and 1/- each.

J. TANN'S

"ANCHOR RELIANCE"

£5.5s. SAFES

LISTS FREE.

NEWGATE ST. E.C.

HEADACHE

Readers of this Journal should know that Bishop's Citrate of Caffeine, which obtained the highest award at the Paris Exhibition of 1889, is an immediate cure for headache. It is pleasant to take and will be found most refreshing after shopping, or as a morning restorative. Strongly recommended by the "Lancet" and "British Medical Journal." Of all chemists in two sizes. Price 1/12 and 2/6 per bottle. Inventors and Sole Manufacturers: A. Bishop & Sons, Ltd., Specks Fields, 46 Spelman St., London, N.E.

CURED.

THE LUDGATE.

UNDER EMINENT SCIENTIFIC SUPERVISION.

"APENTA"

THE BEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER.

FOR CONTINUOUS USE BY THE CONSTIPATED,
THE GOUTY, AND THE OBES.

"Its composition is constant."—THE LANCET.

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND MINERAL WATER DEALERS.

PRICES: 6d., 1s., and 1s. 3d. per Bottle.

SOLE IMPORTERS:

THE APOLLINARIS CO.,
4, STRATFORD PLACE, LONDON, W.

LONDON HOTEL METROPOLE

Offers unequalled accommodation for real comfort and
luxury in every detail. Table d'Hote Breakfasts, Luncheon,
and Dinner; also a la carte service at moderate prices.

Available for non-residents.

PROPRIETORS, THE GORDON HOTELS, Limited.

THE LUDGATE.

"Scotland's Best."

Pattisons'
WHISKY

THE PINK OF
PERFECTION

A wholesome and agreeable stimulant
of unrivalled quality and flavour.
Oldest, Finest, Purest,
Rich, Mellow, Soft

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Sole Proprietors:
PATTISONS, Limited
Highland Distillers,
Leith, Ballindalloch, & London

Head Office: Constitution Street, Leith.

**RECKITT'S
BLUE.**

*Ask for it
and See that you get it.*

PURE—WHOLESOME—DELICIOUS.

**BIRD'S
CUSTARD
POWDER**

Is the unfailing resource of every Lady of the
House and successful Housekeeper.
NO EGGS! NO RISK! NO TROUBLE!

FOR

FIRST-CLASS

JELLIES

ALWAYS USE

NELSON'S

OPAQUE

GELATINE.

WARRANTED PURE

**COLMAN'S
STARCH**

USE ONLY

BRITISH STARCH

IT IS THE BEST.

ZEBRA

Grate Polish.

In packets, or as a paste in tins.

PRICE

SIXPENCE.

THE LUDGATE



VOL. VI. (NEW SERIES) No. 32. JUNE, '98.

London: F. V. WHITE & CO., 11, Bedford Street, Strand.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE COLONIES: GORDON AND GOTCH.

THE LUDGATE.

"WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD"

THE ONLY
ABSOLUTE
REMEDY
FOR ALL
STOMACH
DISORDERS
!!!

IF IS
PRESCRIBED
BY THE
MOST EMINENT
MEDICAL
PRACTITIONERS
IN EVERY FAMILY !!!

LAMPLOUGH'S
ESTABLISHED
60 YEARS
PYRETIC SALINE

IT NEVER
FAILS
TO GIVE
RELIEF
DYSPEPSIA
INDIGESTION
FLATULENCE
TORPIDITY
OF THE
LIVER
BILIOUSNESS
BALL FEVERISH
SYMPTOMS

& SHOULD BE
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS IN STOPPERED BOTTLES
2/6 4/6 7/6 & 22/- EACH.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING

COCOA

BREAKFAST - SUPPER.

J. TANN'S

"ANCHOR RELIANCE"

£5.5s. SAFES

LISTS FREE.

NEWGATE ST. E.C.

HEADACHE

Readers of this Journal should know that Bishop's Citrate of Caffeine, which obtained the highest award at the Paris Exhibition of 1889, is an immediate cure for headache. It is pleasant to take and will be found most refreshing after shopping, or as a morning restorative. Strongly recommended by the "Lancet" and "British Medical Journal." Of all chemists in two sizes. Price 1/1¹/₄ and 2/0 per bottle. Inventors and Sole Manufacturers: A. Bishop & sons, Ltd., Specks Fields, 45 Spelman St., London, N.E.

CURED.

THE LUDGATE.

UNDER EMINENT SCIENTIFIC SUPERVISION.

"APENTA"

THE BEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER.

FOR CONTINUOUS USE BY THE CONSTIPATED,
THE GOUTY, AND THE OBESE.

"Its composition is constant."—THE LANCET.

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND MINERAL WATER DEALERS.

PRICES: 6d., 1s., and 1s. 3d. per Bottle.

SOLE IMPORTERS:

THE APOLLINARIS CO.,
4, STRATFORD PLACE, LONDON, W.

LONDON HOTEL METROPOLE

Offers unequalled accommodation for real comfort and
luxury in every detail. Table d'Hote Breakfasts, Luncheon,
and Dinner; also a la carte service at moderate prices.

Available for non-residents.

PROPRIETORS, THE GORDON HOTELS, Limited.

THE LUDGATE.

"Scotland's Best."

Pattisons'
WHISKY

THE PINK OF
PERFECTION

A wholesome and agreeable stimulant
of unrivalled quality and flavour.

Oldest, Finest, Purest,
Rich, Mellow, Soft

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Sole Proprietors:

PATTISONS, Limited
Highland Distillers,
Leith, Ballindalloch, & London

Head Office: Constitution Street, Leith.

PURE—WHOLESOME—DELICIOUS.

BIRD'S

NO EGGS!

NO TROUBLE;

CUSTARD

NO RISK!

The unfailing resource of every Lady Housekeeper.

POWDER

FOR

FIRST-CLASS

JELLIES

ALWAYS USE

NELSON'S

OPAQUE

GELATINE

Mustard Manufacturers to H.M. the QUEEN

Colman's
D.S.F. MUSTARD

 **Colman's**
Nº1. Starch

THE MOST PALATABLE TONIC WINE
EVER PRODUCED CHECKS AND PREVENTS
INFLUENZA COLDS, CHILLS, ETC.

Marza

CONTAINS IRON, COCA, PHOSPHORUS,
PEPSINE AND PORT WINE.

PRICE 42/
PER DOZ. **Wine**

ABSOLUTELY THE FINEST
TONIC PICK-ME-UP
SPECIFIC OF DYSPEPSIA

PRICE

SIXPENCE.

THE LUDGATE



VOL. VI. (NEW SERIES) NO. 33. JULY, '98.

London: F. V. WHITE & CO., 14, Bedford Street, Strand.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE COLONIES: GORDON AND GOTCH.

"WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD"

THE ONLY
ABSOLUTE
REMEDY
FOR ALL
STOMACH
DISORDERS
!!!

IT IS
PRESCRIBED
BY THE
MOST EMINENT
MEDICAL
PRACTITIONERS
IN EVERY FAMILY

LAMPLOUGH'S
ESTABLISHED
60 YEARS
PYRETIC SALINE

IT NEVER
FAILS
TO GIVE
RELIEF
DYSPEPSIA
INDIGESTION
FLATULENCE
TORPIDITY
OF THE
LIVER
BILIOUSNESS
SALT FEVERISH
SYMPTOMS

IT SHOULD BE
PRACTITIONERS IN EVERY FAMILY

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS IN STOPPERED BOTTLES
2/6 4/6 1/1 & 2/2 EACH.

EPPS'S COCOAINES

COCOA-NIB EXTRACT.

(Tea-like.)

The choicest roasted nibs (broken-up beans) of the natural Cocoa on being subjected to powerful hydraulic pressure, give forth their excess of oil, leaving for use a finely-flavoured powder—"Cocoaine," a product which, when prepared with boiling water, has the consistence of tea, of which it is now, with many, beneficially taking the place. Its active principle being a gentle nerve stimulant, supplies the needed energy without unduly exciting the system. Sold only in labelled tins. If unable to obtain it of your tradesman, a tin will be sent post free for 9 stamps.

JAMES EPPS and CO., Ltd.,
Homeopathic Chemists, London.

**KEATING'S
POWDER
IS
USEFUL**

*in preserving blankets and furs
from Moths. Sprinkle well with
the Powder before putting away.*

KILLS BLACKBEETLES & FLEAS.

Tins 3d., 6d. and 1/- each.

THE MOST PALATABLE TONIC WINE
EVER PRODUCED CHECKS AND PREVENTS
INFLUENZA COLDS, CHILLS, ETC.

Marza

CONTAINS IRON, COCA, PHOSPHORUS,
PEPSINE AND PORT WINE.

PRICE
42/-
PER DOZ.

Wine

ABSOLUTELY THE FINEST
TONIC PICK-UP
SPECIFIC FOR DYSPEPSIA.

J. TANN'S

"ANCHOR RELIANCE"

£5 5s. SAFES

LISTS FREE.

NEWGATE ST., E.C.

HEADACHE

Readers of this Journal should know that Bishop's Citrate of Caffeine, which obtained the highest award at the Paris Exhibition of 1889, is an immediate cure for headache. It is pleasant to take and will be found most refreshing after shopping, or as a morning restorative. Strongly recommended by the "Lancet" and "British Medical Journal." Of all chemists in two sizes. Price 1/1½ and 2/6 per bottle. Inventors and Sole Manufacturers: A. Bishop & Sons, Ltd., Specks Fields, 48 Spelman St., London, N.E.

CURED.

F. V.

T

A NE

1. Fo
2. A
3. Sh
4. Sw
5. Fo
6. Bl
7. Al
8. Th
9. He
10. A
11. La
12. Lo
13. A
14. Vi
15. An
16. He
17. Ma
18. A
19. A
20. La
21. Si
22. A
23. Ci
24. A

F. V. WHITE & CO.'S PUBLICATIONS.

The Welcome Library.

(With which is incorporated "THE MODERN NOVELIST.")

A NEW MONTHLY SERIES OF FICTION BY POPULAR AUTHORS.

PRICE THREEPENCE EACH.

LIST OF VOLUMES ALREADY ISSUED.

1. **For the Child's Sake.** By DORA RUSSELL.
2. **A Conquering Heroine.** By Mrs. HUNGERFORD.
3. **She Came Between.** By Mrs. ALEXANDER FRASER.
4. **Sweetheart and Wife.** By Lady CONSTANCE HOWARD.
5. **For a Woman's Pleasure.** By FLORENCE MARRYAT.
6. **Blue Eyes and Golden Hair.** By ANNIE THOMAS.
7. **All for Love.** By JEAN MIDDLEMASS.
8. **The Old Love Again.** By ANNIE THOMAS.
9. **Her Last Throw.** By Mrs. HUNGERFORD.
10. **A Lucky Disappointment.** By FLORENCE MARRYAT.
11. **Lady Betty's Chances.** By THEO. GIFT.
12. **Love's Spoiled Darling.** By JEAN MIDDLEMASS.
13. **A False Scent.** By Mrs. ALEXANDER.
14. **Victor's Widow.** By ANNIE THOMAS.
15. **An Ugly Secret.** By THEO. GIFT.
16. **Her Love and His Life.** By JEAN MIDDLEMASS.
17. **Mabel Meredith's Love Story.** By Mrs. LEITH ADAMS.
18. **A Good Settlement.** By ANNIE THOMAS.
19. **A Young Man and His Folly.** By THEO. GIFT.
20. **Lady Deane.** By Mrs. LEITH ADAMS.
21. **Sir Marcus's Choice.** By FLORENCE MARRYAT.
22. **A French Marriage.** By F. C. PHILIPS.
23. **Cicely Dennison.** By Mrs. LEITH ADAMS.
24. **A Devil in Nun's Veiling.** By F. C. PHILIPS.

14, BEDFORD STREET, STRAND, W.C.

THE LUDGATE.

HAS OVER 50 YEARS' REPUTATION
AND IS STILL UNRIVALLED FOR QUALITY & CHEAPNESS.

COX'S
REFINED SPARKLING
GELATINE

Makes Clear and Crystalline JELLY, Delicious BLANC-MANGE,
and many other appetising Luncheon, Dinner, & Supper Dishes.

Absolutely Pure—Economic in Time and Money—A One Ounce

Packet makes a Quart of Sparkling Jelly—Eggs may be dispensed with—Sample and Recipes Free on Application.

J. & G. COX, Ltd., Gorgie Mills, EDINBURGH, and Eastcheap Buildings, Eastcheap, LONDON

In
Packets
only.



**RECKITT'S
BLUE.**

*Ask for it
and See that you get it.*

FORGING AHEAD!

Rattisons

WHISKY

SCOTLAND'S BEST.

Sold Everywhere.

Under Eminent Scientific Supervision.

'APENTA'

The Best Natural Aperient Water

FOR CONTINUOUS USE BY
THE CONSTIPATED, THE COUTY,
AND THE OBESE.

"Its composition is constant."

—THE LANCET

OF ALL CHEMISTS & MINERAL WATER DEALERS

Prices: 6d., 1s., and 1s. 3d. per Bottle.

SOLE IMPORTERS:

THE APOLLINARIS CO.,

4, STRATFORD PLACE, LONDON, W.

ZEBRA
Grate Polish.

In packets or as a paste in tins.

Mustard Manufacturers to H.M. the QUEEN

Colman's
D.S.F. MUSTARD

Colman's
No. 1. Starch

PRICE

SIXPENCE.

THE LUDGATE



VOL. VI. (NEW SERIES) No. 34. AUGUST, '98.

London: F. V. WHITE & CO., 14, Bedford Street, Strand.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE COLONIES: GORDON AND GOTCH.

THE LUDGATE.

"WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD"

THE ONLY ABSOLUTE REMEDY FOR ALL STOMACH DISORDERS !!!

IT IS PRESCRIBED BY THE MOST EMINENT MEDICAL PRACTITIONERS IN EVERY FAMILY !!!

LAMPLOUGH'S

ESTABLISHED 60 YEARS

PYRETIC SALINE

IT NEVER FAILS TO GIVE RELIEF IN DYSPEPSIA INDIGESTION FLATULENCE TORPIDITY OF THE LIVER BILIOUSNESS SALL FEVERISH SYMPTOMS.

IT SHOULD BE SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS IN STOPPERED BOTTLES 2/6 4/6 1/2 5 22/- EACH.

EPPS'S COCOAINE

COCOA-NIB EXTRACT.

(Tea-like.)

The choicest roasted nibs (broken-up beans) of the natural Cocoa on being subjected to powerful hydraulic pressure, give forth their excess of oil, leaving for use a finely-flavoured powder—"Cocaine," a product which, when prepared with boiling water, has the consistence of tea, of which it is now, with many, beneficially taking the place. Its active principle being a gentle nerve stimulant, supplies the needed energy without unduly exciting the system. Sold only in labelled tins. If unable to obtain it of your tradesmen, a tin will be sent post free for 9 stamps.

JAMES EPPS and CO., Ltd.,
Homoeopathic Chemists, London.

KEATING'S POWDER IS USEFUL

in preserving blankets and furs from Moths. Sprinkle well with the Powder before putting away.

KILLS BLACKBEETLES & FLEAS.

Tins 3d., 6d. and 1/- each.

THE MOST PALATABLE TONIC WINE EVER PRODUCED CHECKS AND PREVENTS INFLUENZA COLDS, CHILLS, ETC.

Marza

CONTAINS IRON, COCA, PHOSPHORUS, PEPSINE AND PORT WINE.

PRICE 42/- PER DOZ.

Wine

ABSOLUTELY THE FINEST TONIC PICK-ME-UP SPECIFIC FOR DYSPEPSIA.

J. TANN'S

"ANCHOR RELIANCE"

£5 5s. SAFES

LISTS FREE.

NEWGATE ST., E.C.

HEADACHE

Readers of this Journal should know that Bishop's Citrate of Caffeine, which obtained the highest award at the Paris Exhibition of 1889, is an immediate cure for headache. It is pleasant to take and will be found most refreshing after shopping, or as a morning restorative. Strongly recommended by the "Lancet" and "British Medical Journal." Of all chemists in two sizes. Price 1/4 and 2/6 per bottle. Inventors and Sole Manufacturers: A. Bishop & Sons, Ltd., Specks Fields, 48 Spelman St., London, N.E.

CURED.

F. V. WHITE & CO.'S PUBLICATIONS.

The Welcome Library.

(With which is incorporated "THE MODERN NOVELIST.")

A NEW MONTHLY SERIES OF FICTION BY POPULAR AUTHORS.

PRICE THREEPENCE EACH.

LIST OF VOLUMES ALREADY ISSUED.

1. **For the Child's Sake.** By DORA RUSSELL.
2. **A Conquering Heroine.** By Mrs. HUNGERFORD.
3. **She Came Between.** By Mrs. ALEXANDER FRASER.
4. **Sweetheart and Wife.** By Lady CONSTANCE HOWARD.
5. **For a Woman's Pleasure.** By FLORENCE MARRYAT.
6. **Blue Eyes and Golden Hair.** By ANNIE THOMAS.
7. **All for Love.** By JEAN MIDDLEMASS.
8. **The Old Love Again.** By ANNIE THOMAS.
9. **Her Last Throw.** By Mrs. HUNGERFORD.
10. **A Lucky Disappointment.** By FLORENCE MARRYAT.
11. **Lady Betty's Chances.** By THEO. GIFT.
12. **Love's Spoiled Darling.** By JEAN MIDDLEMASS.
13. **A False Scent.** By Mrs. ALEXANDER.
14. **Victor's Widow.** By ANNIE THOMAS.
15. **An Ugly Secret.** By THEO. GIFT.
16. **Her Love and His Life.** By JEAN MIDDLEMASS.
17. **Mabel Meredith's Love Story.** By Mrs. LEITH ADAMS.
18. **A Good Settlement.** By ANNIE THOMAS.
19. **A Young Man and His Folly.** By THEO. GIFT.
20. **Lady Deane.** By Mrs. LEITH ADAMS.
21. **Sir Marcus's Choice.** By FLORENCE MARRYAT.
22. **A French Marriage.** By F. C. PHILIPS.
23. **Cicely Dennison.** By Mrs. LEITH ADAMS.
24. **A Devil in Nun's Veiling.** By F. C. PHILIPS.

THE LUDGATE.

HAS OVER 50 YEARS' REPUTATION
AND IS STILL UNRIVALLED FOR QUALITY & CHEAPNESS.

COX'S REFINED SPARKLING GELATINE

Makes Clear and Crystalline JELLY, Delicious BLANC-MANGE, and many other appetising Luncheon, Dinner, & Supper Dishes.

Absolutely Pure—Economic in Time and Money A One Ounce Packet makes a Quart of Sparkling Jelly—Eggs may be dispensed with—Sample and Recipes Free on Application.
J. & G. COX, Ltd., Gorgie Mills, EDINBURGH, and Eastcheap Buildings, Eastcheap, LONDON.

In
Packets
only.



Of Grocers,
Chemists,
and Stores
everywhere

PURE WHOLESOME DELICIOUS.

BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

Is the unfailing resource of every Lady of the House and successful Housekeeper.
NO EGGS! NO RISK! NO TROUBLE!

FORGING AHEAD!

Jatkinson's

WHISKY

SCOTLAND'S BEST.

Sold Everywhere.

Under Eminent Scientific Supervision.

'APENTA'

The Best Natural Aperient Water.

FOR CONTINUOUS USE BY
THE CONSTIPATED, THE COUTY,
AND THE OBESE.

"Its composition is constant."

—THE LANCET.

OF ALL CHEMISTS & MINERAL WATER DEALERS.

Prices: 6d., 1s., and 1s. 3d. per Bottle.

SOLE IMPORTERS:

THE APOLLINARIS CO.,

4, STRATFORD PLACE, LONDON, W.

ZEBRA Grate Polish.

In packets, or as a paste in tins.

Mustard Manufacturers to H.M. the QUEEN

Colman's

D.S.F. MUSTARD

Colman's

No. 1. Starch

PRICE

SIXPENCE.

THE LUDGATE



VOL. VI. (NEW SERIES) No. 35. SEPTEMBER, '98.

London: F. V. WHITE & CO., 14, Bedford Street, Strand.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE COLONIES: GORDON AND GOTCH.

415

"WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD"

THE ONLY ABSOLUTE REMEDY FOR ALL STOMACH DISORDERS !!!

IT IS PRESCRIBED BY THE MOST EMINENT MEDICAL PRACTITIONERS IN EVERY FAMILY !!!

LAMPLOUGH'S

ESTABLISHED 60 YEARS

PYRETIC SALINE

IT NEVER FAILS TO GIVE RELIEF TO DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, FLATULENCE, TORPIDITY OF THE LIVER, BILIOUSNESS, BIL FEVERISH SYMPTOMS.

OLD BY ALL CHEMISTS IN STOPPERED BOTTLES 2/6 4/6 10/6 & 22/- EACH.

KEATING'S POWDER IS USEFUL

in preserving blankets and furs from Moths. Sprinkle well with the Powder before putting away.

KILLS BLACKBEETLES & FLEAS.

Tins 3d., 6d. and 1/- each.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

E P P S ' S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

C O C O A

BREAKFAST — SUPPER.

THE MOST PALATABLE TONIC WINE EVER PRODUCED CHECKS AND PREVENTS INFLUENZA COLDS, CHILLS, ETC.

Marza

CONTAINS IRON, COCA, PHOSPHORUS, PEPSINE AND PORT WINE.

PRICE 42/- PER DOZ.

Wine

ABSOLUTELY THE FINEST TONIC PICK-ME-UP SPECIFIC FOR DYSPEPSIA.

J. TANN'S

"ANCHOR RELIANCE"

£5 5s.

SAFES

LISTS FREE.

NEWGATE STREET,

E.C.

HEADACHE

Readers of this Journal should know that Bishop's Citrate of Caffeine, which obtained the highest award at the Paris Exhibition of 1889, is an immediate cure for headache. It is pleasant to take and will be found most refreshing after shopping, or as a morning restorative. Strongly recommended by the "Lancet" and "British Medical Journal." Of all chemists in two sizes. Price 1/1½ and 2/6 per bottle. Inventors and Sole Manufacturers: A. Bishop & Sons, Ltd., Specks Fields, 48 Spelman St., London, N.E.

CURED.

THE LUDGATE.

The LADY'S POPULAR SWIFT

IS THE MOST "POPULAR" CYCLE ON THE MARKET.



Gradual
Payments
arranged
to suit
Customers

Gradual
Payments
arranged
to suit
Customers

PRICE, with A.B. Non-Puncturable Tyres, £12 12s. 0d.

Gents' Machines from £10 15s. 0d.

THE SWIFT CYCLE AGENCY (George Baker, Ltd.), 10 & 12 Queen's Road, Lavender Hill, London, S.W.

BRANCHES: 60 High Road, Knightsbridge; 23 High Street, Ealing Green; 88 South End, Croydon.

PEDIPAX.

TRADE (REGISTERED) MARK.

IN introducing this preparation to the general public the Proprietor begs to remind those suffering from

TENDER, ACHING, PERSPIRING, HOT-DRY FEET

that they can obtain immediate relief by using one of the Powders as directed: and a box is often all that is needed to effect a cure.

It is strongly recommended to people who are unaccustomed to walking on stone pavements, when the feet after a short time become hot and tender. To those who, in offices, shops, etc., are on their feet all day, its value cannot be over-estimated, and if used according to instructions a cure is certain.

SPECIALLY RECOMMENDED FOR INDIA.

It is prepared from the recipe of a celebrated French Physician, who has made this particular part of the human frame his special study, who after years of careful research succeeded in obtaining a specific for these distressing complaints.

The Proprietor can with the utmost confidence recommend it to sufferers.

Sold in Boxes, 1/1 each; or sent per Post for 15 Stamps.

Prepared by **K. ATKINSON, Taplow, Bucks.**

To be obtained of all Chemists, Stores, and the Wholesale London Patent Medicine Houses.

THE LUDGATE.

HAS OVER 50 YEARS' REPUTATION
AND IS STILL UNRIVALLED FOR QUALITY & CHEAPNESS.

COX'S REFINED SPARKLING GELATINE

Makes Clear and Crystalline JELLY, Delicious BLANC-MANGE,
and many other appetising Luncheon, Dinner, & Supper Dishes.

Absolutely Pure—Economic In Time and Money—A One Ounce
Packet makes a Quart of Sparkling Jelly—Eggs may be dispensed with—Sample and Recipes Free on Application.

J. & G. COX, Ltd., Gorgie Mills, EDINBURGH, and Eastcheap Buildings, Eastcheap, LONDON.

In
Packets
only.



RECKITT'S BLUE.

Ask for it
and See that you get it.

FORGING AHEAD!

Rattisons

WHISKY

SCOTLAND'S BEST.

Sold Everywhere.

Under Eminent Scientific Supervision.

'APENTA'

The Best Natural Aperient Water.

FOR CONTINUOUS USE BY
THE CONSTIPATED, THE COUNTRY,
AND THE OBES.

"Its composition is constant."

—THE LANCET.

OF ALL CHEMISTS & MINERAL WATER DEALERS.

Prices: 6d., 1s., and 1s. 3d. per Bottle.

SOLE IMPORTERS:

THE APOLLINARIS CO.,
4, STRATFORD PLACE, LONDON, W.

Mustard Manufacturers to H.M. the QUEEN

Colman's

D.S.F. MUSTARD



Colman's No. 1. Starch

ZEBRA

Grate Polish.

In packets or as a paste in tins.

PRICE

SIXPENCE.

THE LUDGATE



VOL. VI. (NEW SERIES) No. 36. OCTOBER, '98.

London: F. V. WHITE & CO., 14, Bedford Street, Strand.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE COLONIES: GORDON AND GUTCH.

415

"WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD"

THE ONLY ABSOLUTE REMEDY FOR ALL STOMACH DISORDERS!!!

IT IS PRESCRIBED BY THE MOST EMINENT MEDICAL PRACTITIONERS IN EVERY FAMILY!!!

LAMPLOUGH'S

ESTABLISHED 60 YEARS

PYRETIC SALINE

IT NEVER FAILS TO GIVE RELIEF DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, FLATULENCE, TORPIDITY OF THE LIVER, BILIOUSNESS, SALL FEVERISH SYMPTOMS.

SHOULD BE SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS IN STOPPERED BOTTLES 2/6 4/6 1/4 & 22/- EACH.

KEATING'S POWDER IS USEFUL

in preserving blankets and furs from Moths. Sprinkle well with the Powder before putting away.

KILLS BLACKBEETLES & FLEAS.

Tins 3d., 6d. and 1/- each.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

COCOA

BREAKFAST - SUPPER.

THE MOST PALATABLE TONIC WINE EVER PRODUCED CHECKS AND PREVENTS INFLUENZA COLDS, CHILLS, ETC.

Marza

CONTAINS IRON, COCA, PHOSPHORUS, PEPSINE AND PORT WINE.

PRICE 42/- PER DOZ.

Wine

ABSOLUTELY THE FINEST TONIC PICK-ME-UP SPECIFIC FOR DYSPEPSIA

J. TANN'S

"ANCHOR RELIANCE"

£5 5s.

SAFES

LISTS FREE.

NEWGATE STREET,

E.C.

HEADACHE

Readers of this Journal should know that Bishop's Citrate of Caffeine, which obtained the highest award at the Paris Exhibition of 1889, is an immediate cure for headache. It is pleasant to take and will be found most refreshing after shopping, or as a morning restorative. Strongly recommended by the "Lancet" and "British Medical Journal" Of all chemists in two sizes. Price 1/12 and 2/0 per bottle. Inventors and Sole Manufacturers: A. Bishop & Sons, Ltd., Specks Fields, 48 Spelman St., London, N.E.

CURED.

THE LUDGATE.

The LADY'S POPULAR SWIFT

IS THE MOST "POPULAR" CYCLE ON THE MARKET.



Gradual
Payments
arranged
to suit
Customers



Gradual
Payments
arranged
to suit
Customers



PRICE, with A.B. Non-Puncturable Tyres, £12 12s. 0d.

Gents' Machines from £10 15s. 0d.

THE SWIFT CYCLE AGENCY (George Baker, Ltd.), 10 & 12 Queen's Road, Lavender Hill, London, S.W.

BRANCHES: 60 High Road, Knightsbridge; 23 High Street, Ealing Green; 85 South End, Croydon.

PEDIPAX.

TRADE (REGISTERED) MARK.

IN introducing this preparation to the general public the Proprietor begs to remind those suffering from

TENDER. ACHING, PERSPIRING, HOT-DRY FEET

that they can obtain immediate relief by using one of the Powders as directed: and a box is often all that is needed to effect a cure.

It is strongly recommended to people who are unaccustomed to walking on stone pavements, when the feet after a short time become hot and tender. To those who, in offices, shops, etc., are on their feet all day, its value cannot be over-estimated, and if used according to instructions a cure is certain.

SPECIALLY RECOMMENDED FOR INDIA.

It is prepared from the recipe of a celebrated French Physician, who has made this particular part of the human frame his special study, who after years of careful research succeeded in obtaining a specific for these distressing complaints.

The Proprietor can with the utmost confidence recommend it to sufferers.

Sold in Boxes, 1/1½ each; or sent per Post for 15 Stamps.

Prepared by **K. ATKINSON, Taplow, Bucks.**

To be obtained of all Chemists, Stores, and the Wholesale London Patent Medicine Houses.

THE LUDGATE.

"Scotland's Best."

Pattisons'
WHISKY

THE PINK OF
PERFECTION.

A wholesome and agreeable stimulant
of unrivalled quality and flavour.

Oldest, Finest, Purest,
Rich, Mellow, Soft.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Sole Proprietors:

PATTISONS, Limited,
Highland Distillers,
Leith, Ballindalloch, & London.

Head Office: Constitution Street, Leith.

PURE—WHOLESOME—DELICIOUS.

**BIRD'S
CUSTARD
POWDER**

Is the unfailing resource of every Lady of the
House and successful Housekeeper.

NO EGGS! NO RISK! NO TROUBLE!

Has over Fifty Years' Reputation.

AND IS STILL UNRIVALLED FOR QUALITY AND CHEAPNESS

COX'S
REFINED SPARKLING
GELATINE

Makes Clear and Crystalline JELLY.

Delicious BLANC-MANGE, and many other appetising Luncheon, Dinner,
and Supper Dishes. Absolutely Pure—a one-ounce packet makes a Quart of
Sparkling Jelly—Eggs may be Dispensed With. Samples and Recipes Free
on Application.

In Packets only. Of Grocers, Chemists, and Stores EVERYWHERE.
J. & G. COX, Limited, Gorgie Mills, EDINBURGH.
And Kestcheap Buildings, Kestcheap, London. Established 1775.

Under Eminent Scientific Supervision.

'APENTA'

The Best Natural Aperient Water.

FOR CONTINUOUS USE BY
THE CONSTIPATED, THE COUTY,
AND THE OBESE.

"Its composition is constant."

—THE LANCET.

OF ALL CHEMISTS & MINERAL WATER DEALERS.

Prices: 6d., 1s., and 1s. 3d. per Bottle.

SOLE IMPORTERS:

THE APOLLINARIS CO.,
4, STRATFORD PLACE, LONDON, W.



ZEBRA
Grate Polish.
In packets or as a paste in tins.

N.
ant
ort.

d,
on.

er.

ERT.

RS.

D.,

IS.